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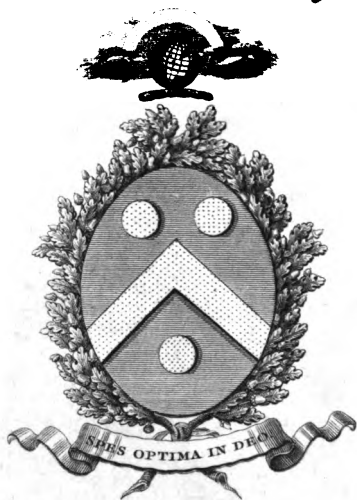
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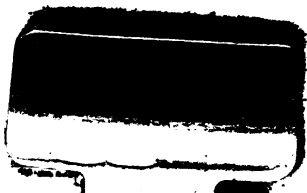
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Hope 24 days 67.



John Thomas Hope.











Nimium ne crede colori.

VIRGIL

*Trust not to my Face.*

G. Mullins delin.

H. P. Sculp.

THE  
B A T C H E L O R :

---

O R  
S P E C U L A T I O N S

O F  
Jeoffry Wagstaffe,



Esq;

---

*Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amicus : ut si  
Cecus iter monstrare velit, tamen aspice, si quid  
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur. HOR.*

---

V O L. I.

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D U B L I N :

Printed by JAMES HOEY, Junior, at the  
*Mercury in Parliament-street.*

M D C C L X I X.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

P R O V O S T,

F E L L O W S,

A N D

S T U D E N T S

Of TRINITY-COLLEGE, *Dublin.*

S I R S,

**I** AM thoroughly sensible of my Presumption, in thus addressing an imperfect Work to so learned and ingenious a Body.

I CAN plead no other Excuse for it, but that it is the only Attempt in this Way ever made in this Kingdom; and that I think it my Duty, to offer the First Fruits of my Labour, where I received my Education.

I HOPE

iv DEDICATION.

I HOPE also, that the good Intention of the Authors, will atone for the Imperfection of these Papers. If they shall meet with your Approbation, it will greatly add to the Happiness of him, who is with the most profound Respect,

GENTLEMEN,

*Your most Obedient,*

*And most Humble Servant,*

JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE.



THE  
B A T C H E L O R.

---

V O L. I.

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No. I.     *Saturday, March 29. 1766.*

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*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis*     VIRG.  
And with unequal pace I trip along.

**E**VERY writer, who communicates his thoughts to the public, either by the sheet, or through the medium of a Magazine or News-paper, presently arrogates to himself the title of Author: but without any colour of justice, as I conceive; for I take an author to be, one who sends forth, a volume, or at least a pamphlet, be it good or bad. Thus every petty shop-keeper, who perhaps sells two penny worth of figgs, places over his door this inscription, "SUCH A ONE'S GROCERY WARE-HOUSE." Thus news-boys may style themselves booksellers. Whereas, in these, my Speculations, I shall modestly call myself a *Haberdasher of small wares*.

Perhaps the reader may have a curiosity to know who this haberdasher may be: know then, that my name is **JEOPFRY WAGSTAFFE**. I am descended from an antient family of that name in England, and have the honour to be related to the famous **ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE**, esq; who so long entertained the world, by his **TATLING**. In his lucubrations he

VOL. I.

B

makes

makes honourable mention of my uncle, Mr. Humphry Wagstaffe. My father was a citizen of London, where I was born. My cousin Bickerstaffe, and Nestor Ironsides, were my godfathers, about the beginning of this century; and I am now past my grand climacteric. Notwithstanding my age, my constitution is as strong as ever, as I never hurt it by debauch, and I enjoy by that means, the blessing of a sound mind in a sound body. I came to Ireland when young, and here have remained ever since. After various turns of fortune, and vicissitudes of a busy life, I am at length settled in a country retirement near the metropolis, which I visit now and then, in order to make my remarks on mankind. For this purpose, I frequent play-houses, drums, coffee-rooms, shops, and tea-tables. I have an easy competency, so as to make me independent; and as I have lived single all my life, I am unacquainted with the plagues or comforts of matrimony. My family consists of only a maiden sister, two men and two women servants, and an old mastiff. My sister, Letitia Wagstaffe, is two years younger than I am; and though she never had any objection to a married state, nor do I believe has even now, yet, being a coquet in her younger days, she has missed of several good matches she might have had.

In the country where I live, people call me Jeoffry Wagstaffe, ESQ; a title, as I find, they give to every person who contrives to live without business or occupation. My neighbours have given me the name of the HUMOURIST, because I mix very seldom with them, as I can little relish their conversation, or they mine. I love to talk of books, or men; they, of hounds and horses: and as I never applied myself much to country business, nor ever took much delight in hunting, shooting or setting; besides, as their reading went no higher than novels, our company cannot be very pleasing to each other. Therefore, when in the country, I spend most of my time amongst my books, of which I have a good collection, consisting chiefly of Greek, Latin, and English classic authors, with some of history and divinity. I write sometimes, and that merely to gratify my humour, or for amusement:

ment: how my writing pleases any body else, I care not; I will communicate my thoughts thro' HOBY's *Mercury*, as often as I think proper, or have leisure from my books. This is the privilege of every British subject.

Two topics I shall avoid, politics and scandal; the former, I shall leave to hireling party scriblers, as I do not, by any means, think it the duty of a private man, to meddle in state affairs, or set up for a reformer of public abuses. This subject, therefore, shall never enter my Speculations. As to scandal, that I will leave to barren, shallow understandings, and prattling gossips: the very listening to it is criminal, the propagating it vicious. But if I can, by a faint imitation of my cousin Bickerstaffe, set forth matters in such a light, so as to cause one fellow creature to lop off a single foible, or relinquish a single fault, I shall be more than satisfied for my pains. My time shall be employed in my future Speculations, sometimes on moral, sometimes on classical subjects: now and then on criticism: and shall at certain periods put on my cousin Isaac's night-cap, which he left me as a legacy, to dream in.

\* \* \* *Letters, &c. (Post paid) directed for* JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, esq; *under cover to* J. HOBY, junior, *at the Mercury in Parliament-street, will be received.*

No. 2.

Tuesday, April 1.

*Admonet in somnis.*

VIRG

In dreams appears.

**T**HO' men have slept and dreamt time out of mind, and still continue to do so; yet few dreams have been worth telling, since those of my cousin Bickerstaffe, Nestor Ironsides, and the Spectator. Mankind now-a-days sleep only to recruit nature,

B 2

ture,

ture, or to carry off surfeits ; and if dreams do chance to come, they proceed from the fumes of indigestion, or the flights of a disordered imagination. However, I will venture to communicate one I had the other night. Before I went to bed, I had been reading the famous Battle of the Books in the Tale of a Tub, which suggested to my mind some ideas of antient and modern writers, and in my sleep presented to my fancy the following vision.

Methought I saw Apollo, attended by the Muses, seated on the summit of a lofty mountain. It appeared to be very delightful, the sides of it being enamelled with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers, that fancy can paint, which there grew spontaneous, and at once feasted the eye and smell. Apollo and the Muses sat under the shade of a laurel grove, which was sacred to the God. Beneath this flowed a most transparent fountain, which divided itself into numberless chrystal streams, that ran half way down the sides of the mountain. This was called the Fountain of Immortality. Here dwelt all the great poets, philosophers, and orators of antient Greece and Rome, and quaffed in abundance the waters of the fountain, whilst they enjoyed the sweet harmony which Apollo, accompanied by the Muses, made with his harp. The lower part of the mountain was exceeding craggy, steep, and difficult of ascent, insomuch that no body could climb it up, without either great natural strength, or the assistance of some of the antients, who inhabited the mountains.

I thought on a sudden, Apollo issued forth an order, that such of the moderns, as could ascend the mountain, should come and drink the waters of immortality. Accordingly, a most amazing multitude assembled in an instant, at the foot of the mountain, and all were eager to get up. Some walked up with great ease, assisted by the antients ; others, by their own natural strength : these were very few. Homer and Virgil kindly reached out their hands to Milton, Tasso, Cyder Philips, and the archbishop of Cambray. Horace led up Swift, Pope, Prior, Young, Parnell, Arbuthnot, Garth and Gay.—Lucian, Cerventes and Butler.

Euripides

Euripides and Sophocles, and almost all the antients, offered most readily their assistance to Shakespeare, but he rejected it, and flew up the mountain like an eagle by a Tempest himself had raised. They were obliged to drag up Ben Johnson, as his natural strength was not great, and his limbs were stiff. Beaumont and Fletcher ascended hand in hand. Terence and Plautus handed up Congreve, Steele, Vanburgh, Moliere, and some others. Addison had offers from many of the antients, particularly from Longinus, who brought up but few, (though numbers called to him,) I think they were Boileau, Lord Roscommon and Dacier. I must not omit, that Ovid danced up with Waller in one hand, and Lord Chesterfield in the other. But what gave me infinite pleasure, was, to see Demosthenes and Cicero so active in leading up so many British and Irish senators, and particularly one who is at present the glory of his country.

It would be tedious to recount the many that went up, however, they were very few, in comparison to the numbers which remained below. Alas! what a dreadful sight was it to behold such crouds, in attempting to climb, tumble headlong down the precipice, and, as I imagined, were dashed to pieces. These were weak, heavy, and vastly bulky, *et mole ruebant sua*, "tumbled by their own weight." None of the antients would give them the least help, as they did not acknowledge to know them. I found they were modern novel-writers, party scriblers, Essay-makers, Poetafters, &c, Grandison thrice essayed to climb, and thrice did his voluminous writings drag him down. Shandy attempted to fly, which only caused his more grievous fall. Let it suffice, they who fell were a thousand times as many as those who ascended to the fountain of immortality.

Momus, who stood all the while at the foot of the mountain, laughing at the misfortunes of these unhappy wretches, accosts them thus: "My friends, you see that your attempts are vain. Apollo, the muses, and the antients, are your enemies; follow me, and I will conduct ye to water, which has all the effects of the fountain of immortality." They all

readily accepted his offer. Accordingly he led this vast troop to the back part of the mountain, and there gave them large draughts, (which they greedily swallowed) from a pool which appeared to be ink; to them it seemed a fountain of limpid water. From this pool flowed several streams, which were called false wit, low conceits, fustian style, and poverty of invention. This liquor seemed to have the effect of intoxication, with which they appeared to be pleased; and what is still more strange, brought on them an incurable disorder, the Cacoethes Scribendi, or scribbling itch. I saw Miss Bright \* just ready to swallow a large draught, and in pulling the vessel from her I awaked.

\* A young lady mentioned in the first Numb. of the DUBLIN MERCURY, to have invited another to undertake a paper, called, The PRATLER, of which, only two or three were published in the early Mercuries.



No. 3. Tuesday, April 8.

*Barbara, celarent, darii, ferio, baralipton,  
Cesare, camestres, festino, borocco, secundo  
Tertio, darapti, sibi vindicat atque felapton,  
Adjungens dissamis datifis, bocardo, ferifon.*

BURGERS.

MY motto to this paper is a jargon of cant terms, introduced into the Latin tongue, by that facetious Dutch wag, Burgersdicius, which have no meaning at all, and are therefore as intelligible to the unlearned reader, as to the best scholar in the university. Our modern choice spirits, no doubt, in imitation of him, have likewise enriched our language with a number of phrases, cant words, and pretty conceits, which have just as much meaning. You have scarce any other, from all the pretty gentlemen about town, who style themselves Bucks: such as humbugging, humming, Dandy, the Sprig of Myrtle, the real Barber, and

and many others. Every smart young fellow lugs them in by the head and shoulders, upon all occasions, (no matter whether right or wrong applied) to shew he has kept good company, and seen the world. The smart *Cit* is easily distinguished from the raw, ignorant country fellow, by the use of these rhetorical flowers in conversation. I have often, with the utmost concern, observed many of our beautiful females, (with whom this island abounds more than any other country in the world) defile their pretty mouths by the repetition of them.

Humbugging (as it is called) carries with it more pernicious consequences, than being barely a cant word. By becoming fashionable, it has brought the meanest vice that can degrade human nature, into vogue; I mean that of lying. A man of honour, who, if you told him he lyed, would directly run you through the body, will, with the greatest composure imaginable, tell you a string of falsehoods, and when detected, will bring himself off, by saying he was humbugging, or humming. This gentleman would not for the world call it lying, although in reality they are synonymous terms.

I know a cruel instance, not many years ago, of this species of wit: A young gentleman, whose parents and friends lived in a remote part of this kingdom, happened to come to town. Some of his acquaintance, who had more wit than sense, out of a silly joke, caused his death to be inserted in some of the news-papers. This fretted the young man, and almost put him into the condition which they represented him in, lest it should alarm his parents, who dearly loved him. In order to prevent this, he was not satisfied with writing to them, to assure them in the strongest terms, that he was alive and well, and that they should not credit the public papers, but also got numbers of his friends in town to write to the same purpose.

As to the other modish cant words I mentioned, they are harmless when compared to this, as they only tend to a barbarism of language, and indicate a bad taste. As ours is not inferior to any living language in Eu-

rope, when pure and uncorrupted; and not only copious enough for all sorts of writing, but also for all manner of conversation; these low words brought into it, are like weeds in a rich meadow, which only take up the place of so much good herbage, and render it also much the less valuable, in proportion as they abound in it. These are to be met with in many of our modern novels and farces, which the ignorant look upon as a kind of sanction for them: But let my reader observe, that not one of them is to be found in any good writer, except in the Polite Conversation, and other pieces of that great author, which were written to ridicule and extirpate them out of the world.

I shall conclude my paper with a letter, which I met with the other day, written in this pretty style, by a Buck in town, to his friend in the country.

“ Dear JACK,

“ **H**OW mine misf'd ye, protest cant't say. My sister Jenny is to be buckl'd to Dick Terrible, who has seen service, but is now to the right about. Without humming, somehow he is a damnation fine fellow, and devilish clever. He got round Jenny by calling her the real Sprig of Myrtle. The old put, her Dad, posts the cole, as Dick wants to touch the Ready, to clear his acres, that are a little out at the elbows. Nelly Peppermint, the apothecary's daughter, is the real Barber, and takes box upon her since her hair was French'd. I forgot to tell ye, the bones have been damn'd unlucky: I lost all my shiners the other night, by shaking the wrist. I humbugg'd old Square-toes, and tipt him for a few corianders. I have got a new Nivernois that is the real Dandy, from honest Jack Felt. He is a damn'd good fellow, loves the turf, and has faith. I am to pay him for it when the gooseberries are ripe: as a friend, he abated me some hogs in the price. Our old friend, Jemmy Shallow, has slipt his wind. Bob Mulberry, Jack Bumper, Tim Guzzle and I, drank your health last night; we each of us clapt a brace and a half of decanters under our bels; no sky-lights or heel-taps. Bob was glorious, Jack was muggy, Tim was kickt up: I was not much flutter'd,

Butter'd, but half seas over, and a little volatile.      Pickt up some Reyno, and came to the village.

I am, dear Jack, your's,

FRANK MODISH."



No. 4.      *Saturday, April 12.*

*Mulier teterrima belli.*

HOR.

Woman set the world in arms.

**I** Find I am honoured with a card, in the sixth number of HOEY'S *Mercury*, \* from a young lady, who calls herself Miss Bright. In it she seems offended at my mention of an act of kindness, which I intended her in my vision, viz. to prevent her from drinking of Mommas's Ink. (This happens to be, what in the law is called a Misnomen; as the Pratler was the lady to whom this service was meant. I heartily beg Miss Bright's pardon for the mistake, which, I assure her,

B 5

came

\* A C A R D.

MISS BRIGHT'S compliments to JEOFFREY WAGSTAFFE, esq; and is much obliged to him for making mention of her in his second speculation, inserted in this paper last Tuesday.—Being one of the MERCURY'S familiars, she had an early knowledge of the favour Mr. Wagstaffe intended her. If he will please to peruse again the first number of this paper, with attention, he must confess that there is not the least grounds for charging her with the cacoethes scribendi; she is introduced only as an acquaintance of the young lady whom she pressed into the service of the MERCURY, and who has kindly (at her, Miss Bright's solicitations) undertaken the task of PRATLING to the public.—She farther begs leave to remark to Mr. Wagstaffe, that he has committed a little mistake in his WAGGISH dream, as the situation of persons, upon a re-consultation of his pillow, he will recollect to be thus—He was stealing up the mount of Immortality, under favour of a likeness he bore to his cousin Isaac Bickerstaffe, esq; when the PRATLER, endeavouring to climb after him, and fearing to tumble, caught so violent a grip of his skirt, that he awaked.

came about in the following manner: I did not get the first number of the *Mercury*, until it was night, and as my eyes are weak, it is painful to me to read by candle-light, so that I gave it to my sister Letty to read it for me. Her sight is not much better than mine, but as she is a *Miss*, forsooth, she will not use spectacles, and of course makes many blunders.

I understood, by her reading, that *Miss Bright* was the *Pratler*, nor did I discover my error till after my vision was published, or I should not have ranged her instead of the other, amongst *Momus's* gang. *Miss Bright* does me an honour, which I never so much as dreamed of; for in the conclusion of her card, she says, that as I was stealing up the Mount of Immortality, under favour of the likeness I bore to my cousin *Bickerstaffe*, when the *Pratler* endeavouring to climb after me, and fearing to tumble, caught so violent a grip of me, that I awaked. Now I beg leave also to assure her, that I never once attempted to steal up, for I knew that would be impracticable; nor do I believe my cousin *Bickerstaffe* would have called one of the antients to my assistance; and as to pretending to a family likeness, that trick would have been soon detected, and I should have been kicked down as a cheat. I am, therefore, sorry she could not find out some person's skirts to hold by besides mine.

I never did so much as dream of even tasting the waters of Immortality, for that would be such presumption, as even my exit out of *Virgil's* ivory gate of false dreams, would not have attoned for: on the contrary, I followed the multitude to the black pool, but with a full determination not to drink a drop myself, and to hinder as many as I could; among the rest, I thought to save a helpless virgin from ruin, who, I am certain, will thank me for my intention, when she hears the following true story.

Not many years since, at the repeated solicitations of my friends, I resolved to marry. Accordingly, I courted a rich widow, who was handsome, genteel, and young enough. I observed she had a melancholy cast, which I at first attributed to her having lost a good husband,

This

This I thought a second might cure her of; but I found, upon enquiry, it proceeded from her being a great reader of novels, and a scribler in that way. I proposed, after we should be married, to wean her of this by degrees, not knowing at that time, that it was an incurable disorder, in persons of her years. In short, she had no objection to my fortune, person, or age; the preliminaries were settled, the jointure agreed to, and the writings drawn. Nothing now, I imagined, could obstruct my happiness; but alas! we cannot be sure of any thing, till in our possession. The morning which was to precede our union, I went to pay my intended bride a visit. I found her quite in a dismalle, rather sluttish than neat; her fingers and cloaths were all smeared with ink: I found her sitting at a table, (which was loaded with modern novels) and so very intent was she on something she was writing, that she did not at first observe that I was in the room. At length she perceived me, and made me an apology; "My dear Mr. Wagstaffe," says she, "I beg your pardon, I did not see you, I was so busy: what do you think I have been writing?" "I suppose, madam," says I, "you are giving an account, by letter, to some of your friends, of our intended marriage." She smiled at my ignorance; "no, no, sir," says she, "I never employ my pen in such servile purposes; I am writing a novel." "A novel, madam," said I, in some surprize, "Yes, I have formed a most delightful one on our courtship and nuptials, in a Series of Letters, in the manner of Clarissa, Grandison, Danby, Eliza, Lady Caroline S——, and others. I have interspersed the whole with a most charming mixture of agreeable adventures, and pleasing distresses: I have drawn you as a Sir Charles, and I am a Harriot Byron: You are the best of men, and I the best of women: a lady Clementina runs mad for you, and I blush and glow in the cedar parlour."——

I could no longer contain myself; my patience was quite tired with such a rhapsody of nonsense; and I cried out with some emotion, "madam, for God's sake throw all that stuff into the fire, and make me a promise

“ a promise never to write more of it ; for when we  
 “ are married, I shall expect from you the duties of a  
 “ wife, and not to have your time so unprofitably em-  
 “ ployed ; otherwise I shall be under the necessity of  
 “ burning all those cursed pack of novels, as the cu-  
 “ rate did the unlucky romances which turned poor  
 “ Don Quixote’s brain.”

At these words her eyes darted fire, and she exclaimed in the utmost rage ; “ what ! would you make a  
 “ state prisoner of me ? would you deny me the use  
 “ of pen, ink and paper ? what ! debar me from writ-  
 “ ing, and burn my sweet books ? Thou tyrant ! thou  
 “ savage ! be gone ! and never see my face more : you  
 “ are worse than Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, more cruel  
 “ than Lovelace, more treacherous than Doocalb,  
 “ more villainous than——” here a flood of tears interrupted her, or in all probability she would have gone on abusing me in all the novel names which her disordered fancy could suggest. As I saw she was novel mad, I thought it prudent to retire, and without farther ceremony, I took my hat and walked off. I never saw her since that time, and I am told she cannot bear to hear my name mentioned to this day. She is still a widow.

From this woful example, Miss Bright may see, that my intention was good towards her, though by mistake ; I hope the Pratler will own her obligations to me. These ladies, perhaps, may think, that I have some design to break one of them to my own hand : I have no such view, as I am now too old to marry. At my time of life, I have nothing fit for the use of ladies but my advice, which if they will accept of, is at their service : I shall therefore conclude with this piece of it ; by saying, that there are many men in the world of my sentiments in this particular, who would rather have a good wife, who knows how to manage her house and family well, and to set off her table with œconomy and decency, than be married to the best the scribler of novels in Europe.

*Tuesday,*



No. 5.      Tuesday, April 15.

*Facilis est descensus averni.*

VIRG.

Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade.

I Believe there are not so many pretenders to any science in the world, as among those of the physical tribe. They are as numerous as the military; and tho' nothing can be seemingly more in extremes than these two professions, yet they meet in the main point,—the sending men out of the world. I entirely exclude from this number regular bred physicians, and only mean those, who, without any knowledge, either of physick, or anatomy of the human body, presume to prescribe for all disorders: such are mountebanks, quack doctors, and old women, who have infallible nostrums for all sorts of diseases: In short, every body is a physician: name any distemper in company, and you have twenty Sangrado's in an instant, offering you twenty certain cures. Even that *opprobrium medicorum*, the gout, does not escape those *Æsculapius's*; so just is that remark of Terence, *facile cum valemus consilium egrotis damus*: that is, when we are well ourselves, we with great ease give our advice to the sick:

I sometime ago rode about thirty miles to visit a relation, who was an honest, plain country gentleman, and married a very charitable, good woman; she was the daughter of a physician, was a lady bountiful, and kept a vast magazine of drugs and distilled waters, for the use of her friends and the poor. I had got a slight cold on my journey, and unfortunately for me, I was not long seated in the parlour when I coughed a little. "Cousin Wagstaffe," says she, "you have got a dreadful cough; you must give me leave to cure you." She then gave me a long list of wonderful cures performed by her that season, on patients who were afflicted

licted with all manner of diseases, and especially colds. I found this female Hippocrates also made use of as many hard terms as the mock Doctor, and apply'd them full as properly. She that instant ran into her closet, which resembled an apothecary's shop, and brought a large glass full of some stuff, which she said never failed for a cough. In vain I protested I never took any thing for a cold, but let it go as it came; and that for this, or any other disorder, I never used any other remedy, but fasting, as my constitution was naturally good. This did not save me, she peremptorily insisted I should take her prescription, and afresh gave me a long detail of its virtues. In order to cut her short, and for quier's sake, I drank it off, notwithstanding many wry faces, and secretly cursing the disagreeable dose. It absolutely took away all my appetite for dinner, which was a very plentiful one. I was pressed by the man of the house to eat hearty, as I had taken a long ride that day, and when he observed I scarce eat a bit, "I am sorry, cousin," says he, "we have nothing you can eat." "Indeed, my dear," says his lady, "cousin Wagstaffe has got a great cold, which has taken away his stomach; but I will cure him, and when he has taken a little more of my medicine, I hope he will recover it." The mention of the cursed nauseous draught had almost as bad an effect on me, as the balsam Firebras had on poor Sancho; for I could hardly contain my stomach from turning, and it effectually prevented my touching a morsel more. I took notice that her children, who all sat at the table, looked pale and consumptive, which I attributed to her being too liberal of her drugs to them.

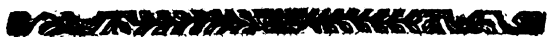
After dinner, however, as the claret was good, I drank a chearful bottle, to recover the effects of my dose. This perfectly recovered me; and at supper I was so well, as to make up for the loss of my dinner. I was in hopes my persecution was now at an end, but behold, when I was going to bed, she came into my room with a large silver cup in her hand; she said it contained only some wine whey, and other things, which would operate by perspiration; and therefore insisted I should keep myself warm. I found an im-

mense

menſe load of blankets on the bed, half of which I threw off, as the weather was rather warm, and there was a great fire in the room. I got up very early next morning, waked my ſervant, and made my eſcape before any of the family were ſtirring, in order to avoid any more doſes, or making excuſes for not drinking what was in the cup.

On my return home, I could not help reflecting on the good natural officiouſneſs of my female couſin. I could heartily wiſh that ſhe were the only ignorant practitioner who does miſchief with thoſe dangerous weapons—drugs. As her circle of practice is but ſmall, ſhe can have but few lives to answer for, beſides that her endeavours proceed from a good intention. But what ſhall we ſay to thoſe ignorant pretending fellows, who advertiſe themſelves in the publick papers, to cure thoſe diſorders, which are beyond the power and ſkill of the beſt phyſicians. The only excuſe they can make is, that they want to heal themſelves of a dreadful diſorder, called, STARVING.

Men of knowledge, who ground their practice on the principles of theory and experience, have been ever held in eſteem and veneration, by all wiſe nations; quacks and empirics have always been the objects of contempt, and baniſhed as deſtroyers of mankind. Medicines in the hands of the former, are often the means of preſerving life; in thoſe of the latter, they are ſure poiſons.



No. 6.      *Saturday, April 19.*

*Alienis menſibus eſas.*

VIRG.

Here ſummer ſhines in ſeaſons not her own.

**N**OTHING can be more ridiculous than the affectation we often ſee in old people, to appear young. None now, amongſt the higher rank of people, will acknowledge that they arrive at old age.  
One

One would really imagine, that the duration of our lives was shortened within this century, and no body now-a-days reached three score : or else, that years were objects of contempt and hatred, and that it was scandalous to have lived long in the world. At Athens and Rome it was quite otherwise ; there old age was held in the highest esteem, and grey hairs drew the utmost veneration from all ranks of people. At Athens, when an old men entered any public assembly, the young men instantly rose up out of respect, and offered him their seats. It was the province of those sages to instruct the youth, and by their wholesome advice, to correct the sallies of passions and appetites, which that unexperienced stage of life is subject to : but in this enlightened age, we see things in a quite different point of view ; our taste is much more refined ; what might pass in those places for reason and good sense, is now altogether unfashionable and impolite : we have youths in their grand climateric, who affect all the gallantry, gaiety, dress and airs of a lad of twenty : They do not appear at publick representations to check or discourage lewdness or obscenity, but to encourage and applaud it.

I have laughed to see one of my contemporaries flirting with a young coquet in a box at the play-house, with the same ease as he had done with her grandmother. These old fops would do well to consider, that what was allowable in them forty years ago, is now ridiculous ; and that the character of an old coxcomb, is the most contemptible upon earth : whereas, old age, supported by virtue and good sense, demands respect even from vicious youth ; and the knowledge of old men, which has been ripened by long experience and observation, cannot fail to delight and instruct those with whom they converse. This affectation of youth is more particularly to be observed in the fair sex, especially in point of dress. The wire cap shews no distinction of age ; the gauze, or net handkerchief, covers alike the withered breasts of antiquated maidens, and the snowy bosom of sixteen ; the grey, thin hair of the grand-mother, is French'd by the help of false

false curls and wool, as well as the jetty locks of her grand-daughter.

The pompadour is seen in the palsied head of old Brandina, and in the blooming forehead of young Cleora. We are indebted to our good neighbours, the French, for all these absurdities. In France, where decrepid old age, and lively youth, are equally mad for gallantry and intrigue, there is not an old woman to be seen. The superannuated ladies there, repair the traces of time by paint, and daub over their wrinkles, as house-painters fill the flaws and cracks in old wainscots, with putty.

When I chance to fall into company with some ladies, who happened to live unmarried, and were girls when I was a boy, I find I have the misfortune of offending them, by calling them Mrs. Such-a-one, instead of *Miss*. My sister Letitia is one of those *Misses*, and though a virgin in her sixty-third year, is affronted if you do not style her *Miss* Let. A gentleman, one day, at my table, drank to her, Mrs. Wagstaffe, your health. She reddened at it, and could never endure him afterwards. She never was handsome, and yet so careful is she of her virtue, that she will not go into publick (as she calls it) without a matron; and for this purpose, generally gets a married lady, whose age does not exceed a third of hers, to matronize her; yet I have seen her coquet with a lad of five-and-twenty.

Old maids are, in general, very troublesome to young people; and I could heartily wish they were separated from society. I think such a scheme as the nunnery at Quadlinburg, in the Prussian dominions, would answer for them. I would have all virgins who are past forty, obliged to retire into it, and there fret together, like the foul clothes of Falstaff's Buck-basket, in their own grease. This would prevent conceited prudes, and wicked coquets; this would make girls not over nice when good matches offer in the proper time. To hinder abuses, I would have an exact register kept in every parish, of the birth of each female, that so they might not sink their age on the publick. Perhaps I may be thought to speak like a disappointed old batchelor,

elor, I will therefore produce the following letter, to shew the usefulness of this scheme.

“ MR. WAGSTAFFE,

“ **T**HIS is to acquaint you that I am in my twentieth year; I am reckoned handsome: There is a young gentleman in our neighbourhood, that is intitled to me by birth and fortune, who proposed to my father to marry me. My father refused him, as he will not let me marry until he has disposed of my elder sister, who, between ourselves, is above forty, and very cross and ugly. By this, I am kept from my lover, who has fine teeth, and dances charmingly. Now, my business is this; as you are a batchelor, I wish to God you would either marry her yourself, or get somebody for this sister of mine, to get out of my way, and you'll oblige your distressed

“ BELINDA.”



No. 7.      Tuesday, April 22.

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To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq, at the Mercury in Parliament-street.

DEAR WAG,

20th April.

**I** Read your last lucubration, on antiquated affectation, with the highest transports of satisfaction. I am tormented by a maiden aunt, who in the bloom of her wrinkles, affects all the charms and gaiety of eighteen. In perusing your paper, the very paint of her cheeks turned pale, and her whole frame was shook with convulsions of resentment. Proceed for the good of society, to put these *Long-a-goes* out of countenance, who labour to engross all the flirting to themselves, and keep the Eighteens and Twentys in the awful bashfulness of silence: And I hope you have influence enough on some patriotic member, to bring in a bill

a bill for a sumptuary law, to raise a tax on all gauzes and pompadours worn after forty. Besides increasing the revenues of the crown considerably, it would be of another national benefit, in lessening the exorbitant demands of Friseurs, and hindering the importation of French curls. I am so sanguine in this matter, that I attempted to paint them in the following lines: If you judge this coup d'essai worthy a place in your instructive paper, you will, dear Wag, oblige your's,

LETTY LOVE-YOUTH.

*Insulting time! the moment comes  
That blasts that autumn face;  
In thy deep wrinkles, as in tombs,  
Lies buried every grace.*

*You'd still be fair, you still would please,  
Each childish art in vain:  
In vain thy palsy'd voice essays  
To lure love back again.*

*For learn this melancholy truth,  
Love chill'd embraces flies;  
Smiles on the florid cheek of youth,  
Not in thy faded eyes.*

*Thy locks made hoar by silv'ring age,  
Thy forehead plough'd by years;  
Thy useless cheeks no more engage  
A lover's hopes or fears.*

*The wool-prop'd hair, the mutton'd head,  
Ill suits with stale threescore;  
In vain you blush with borrow'd red;  
Time was—and is no more.*

*In vain you court bright drapery's aid,  
And blaze in rich array;*

*In*

*In vain the diamond's glare display'd,  
Darts forth a mimic day.*

*The sprightly filk adorns not more,  
When youth its grace denies ;  
Nor can the brilliant's ray restore  
The lustre of your eyes.*

F.



No. 8.      *Saturday, April 26.*

*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*      T E R.

I am a man, and know myself subject to the frailties of mankind.

**N**O quality of the mind dignifies human nature so much, as that of universal love and good will towards mankind. It is this exalted principle which sets the human so far above the brute creation, as it is the result of pure and unprejudiced reason. We see many of that creation excel us in activity, strength, and swiftness of body ; nay, some of them seem to rival the inferior part of our species, in point of reason and docility.—They contract strong friendships with each other, and their gratitude is often a reproach to human nature—but none of them are endued with this principle of universal love—This is the peculiar privilege of man—This renders him a sociable creature ; it is a principle so deeply implanted in his mind, by the great author of our being, that were a man to live in a desert, and be there supplied by providence with all the necessaries, nay, comforts of life, yet would he be wretched for want of society, and would pine away in misery, for not having some of his fellow creatures to share those blessings with him.

This amiable virtue is very well expressed in Latin by the word *humanitas*, or *humanity*, which implies that

that it properly belongs to our nature ; and is finely expressed in our own language, by the term good-nature, to signify that it is the perfection of our nature. It is the epitome of all virtues ; for where this is shut out, no other can enter the heart.

This softens our natures, and opens an easy passage for all the moral virtues to enter our minds. And, indeed, where men are unbiassed by prejudice, or uncorrupted by vicious appetites or passions, they are naturally inclined to sentiments of love and benevolence. A man, therefore, who is void of this lovely virtue, forfeits the dignity of his nature, and degrades himself to the rank of the most savage brutes.

Besides the amiableness of this virtue, the happiness, nay, the interests of mankind, make the practice of it absolutely necessary ; for as all men naturally stand upon the same level, every man, as he is a man, stands in need of the assistance of his fellow creatures, for help and support, consequently he must square his actions by a return of kindness and natural good-offices. This is the foundation of society, which can never be truly supported but upon this principle. Human laws may, indeed, draw men to obedience, as the heavy weights of a clock keep the machine a going ; but it is brotherly love, like the nicer movements, which makes the motion regular and uniform ; for this will extend its influence on man's actions in circumstances, where human laws can have no force ; for instance, the truly benevolent man will not be unjust in the smallest matter, (where he might even escape the cognizance of laws, or the censure of the world) lest he should injure the society of which he is a member, and thereby overturn the very basis of it, justice. He will not be vicious in his manners, lest his ill example should be the cause of ruining others : he will not corrupt or debauch a man's wife or daughter, because he justly looks upon it as the most cruel robbery, for which no reparation can possibly be made. In short, to this we owe the kind husband, the tender parent, the humane master, the good citizen, and the noble disinterested patriot. From this general source, then, is derived the sweet stream of friendship ;—the most enlivening  
cordial

cordial in the cup of life : For what pleasure can equal that of a true friend, to whom we may unboſom our moſt ſecret thoughts ? to whom we can impart our joys or our griefs, and by a ſincere participation of them, heighten the happineſs of the one, or alleviate the miſery of the other. The moral writers and poets are laſh of their encomiums on frienſhip——Tully in particular ſpeaks of it with raptures, and has written a whole treatiſe on it. The ſtory of Dionyſius the tyrant, and the two friends, is too well known to need a repetition. The Epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus in Virgil, is a charming picture of it.

As I am on this pleaſing ſubject, it would be unpardonable to paſs over in ſilence, a ſociety inſtituted on thoſe virtues I deſcribed. I mean that of the Friendly Brothers, and of which I have long had the honour to be a member. It took its firſt riſe in this kingdom, a country which has been ever renowned for hoſpitality, generoſity, frienſhip and good-nature. The friendly knots are general over this iſland ; they have reached England, and I am told have extended even to America. The inſtitution is really a moſt excellent one, as the rules of it injoin the members, not only to have a brotherly love and frienſhip for each other, but likewiſe to bear a univerſal benevolence to mankind.

To Miſs LETITIA LOVE-YOUTH.

MADAM,

“ I Return you my hearty thanks for your moſt excellent copy of verſes, \* and am not a little vain, that any thing I could write ſhould meet with the approbation of ſo good a judge as you appear to be. I wiſh I had influence enough to get ſuch a bill as you mentioned paſſed, but that, I fear, is impracticable : Beſides, I fear, if a ſumptuary law was made, it would not have the deſired effect. The diſorder is ſo epidemical, that, like the plague, no medicine would cure it : *Nam tota natio eſt comæda* ; (the whole nation are comedians,) as Juvenal ſays  
“ of

\* See the laſt B A T C H E L O R.

“ of Rome, when it was over-run with Greek fash-  
 “ ons, as we are by the French. All that can be  
 “ done, therefore, is to endeavour to shame people  
 “ out of their follies. I shall be proud of the honour  
 “ of your correspondence, and shall beg your further  
 “ assistance in these my Speculations.

“ I am, madam,

“ your most humble and

“ obedient servant,

“ J. WAGSTAFFE.”



No. 9. *Tuesday, April 29.*

*Nec meus hic sermo est.*

HOR.

Nor is this mine.

**I** Shall present my readers with the following letter,  
 as the subject of this day's paper : I give it word  
 for word as I received it, without the least alteration ;  
 and hope, as it is a real picture of life, it will not be  
 displeasing.

Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

“ **I** Am a man, who for many years followed busi-  
 ness, and have, by care and industry, acquired  
 a very easy fortune. I married a handsome, genteel  
 woman, who was a toast, with a very small portion :  
 however, she has blood, being descended from a long  
 ancestry of poor gentry : She does not want for sense ;  
 can be agreeable when she pleases ; and we have fine  
 children. Perhaps you may imagine (as many do) that  
 I am a happy man, but believe me, I am quite other-  
 wise. I am a very plain man, who does not covet any  
 higher character than that of being honest ; but at the  
 same time, would be glad to enjoy the company of my  
 friends and equals in as genteel a way as my fortune  
 will

will afford. As I can boast of no ancestors higher than honest, industrious tradesmen, my wife, who is family mad, despises me and my family : She is quite the fine lady ; will keep no company, forsooth, but those they call the Quality, who despise her and win her money at cards : would you believe it ! she is every night at a drum or a rout, either at home or abroad ; for sometimes she has the foolish vanity to give them in my house : when she has but a dozen card tables, she calls it a small party ; but when my whole house is in an uproar, it is a Drum : To imitate her betters, she sends cards to invite her company a month or two before-hand, for fear they should be pre-engaged, and my parlour chimney-piece is full of cards, praying her to small parties, drums and routs. If a summons from the hall of the corporation I belong to, happens to creep in among these cards, she immediately throws it into the fire, for fear any body should see it, as if she was ashamed to let any of her acquaintance know she was the wife of an honest tradesman.

But what is worse than all, she is mad after French fashions, and must be trickt out in the top of the mode. She often spends the best part of a day in getting her hair French'd, (as they call it) which absolutely deforms her ; for what, with the prodigious quantity of false hair, and wool clapt in to fill the curls, her head resembles a mop, or a pope's head, to brush down cobwebs. She knows I can't endure it, but my mouth is stoppt with, ' my dear, it's all the fashion,' and that's enough. Some time ago, I invited a friend to dine with me, and as he and I had some business to settle in the evening, I ordered dinner precisely at four o'clock : the gentleman came before the time appointed : At four I rang the bell, to enquire if dinner was ready : A servant came up and told me, his lady (for so they all call her) had ordered it to be kept back, as she was dressing. Five struck, and no dinner ; you may be sure I was heartily vexed. At length, after half a dozen messages to her, that I would wait no longer, down comes madam half dressed, to a dinner that was rotten done. The apology she made, was, that Mr. Harding, the hair-dresser, was so taken up by my lady

dy Such-a-one all the morning, that he could not come to her till twelve o'clock, and that while he was with her, he had several meffages from persons of quality to go to them, but that he was so civil and so obliging. —Here my friend interrupted her harangue, by asking her what the dressing of her hair might cost? She said the common price of a full dressing was a guinea; but that she got it for three crowns, as Mr. Harding was only five or six hours with her. Pray, my dear, says I, do you mean to go to Crow-street or Smock-alley to-night? there are rational and pleasing entertainments at both houses; or are you engaged to spend the evening at a friend's house? O, no, my dear, says she, with a scornful air, I have some visits to pay at Merrion-street, Sackville-street, and Frederick-street, and then I go to Lady Loo's drum.

“ My friend then happened to like the silk of her negligee; madam, says he, I admire your taste; that is a handsome silk; I suppose you bought it at the Irish silk ware-house. She cast a disdainful look at him; Lard, sir, says she, who but the wives of mechanicks would wear any thing Irish? no, I assure you, this is right French; I never wear any thing else: let those creatures who do not see life wear Irish manufactures. As I love my country, and made my fortune chiefly by dealing in goods of my own manufacture, I was nettled at this; and told her it was scandalous to encourage the French, and at the same time to let our own tradesmen starve; besides, that Irish silks and manufactures of all kinds, were good enough for any woman in the kingdom to wear—that I applauded the spirit of the people of England, for tearing French silks off the ladies backs. This so affronted her, that she flew out of the room, flaping-to the door, and I saw no more of her 'till four in the morning, when she returned from the drum ‘ with empty purse and aching head,’ as Swift says.

“ Now, Mr. Wagstaffe, don't you think my case is to be pitied? I love her with all her faults, and do not in the least suspect her virtue: she runs me to vast expence by her gaming, French fopperies and follies; yet this I could bear, but my house affairs are over-

looked, the education of my children is neglected, and I have but little share of her company. Perhaps, by giving this a place amongst your lucubrations, it may bring her to herself, or at least may be a warning to other wives, whose husbands are not so indulgent. A few remarks of your own, on those cursed gaming houses, the drums, and on the infamy of wearing French goods, might do some service amongst the wives of trading people in this city. As for ladies of distinction, they will not read your paper, or if they do, they will not regard all you can say.

I am, S I R,

T. your most humble servant,

B. BRITTLE."



No. 10. Saturday, May 3.

*Cælum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

HOR.

By crossing of the sea, my Buck, you'll find,  
You change your climate only, not your mind.

**W**HOEVER will be at the pains to enquire into the causes of many of the fopperies, fashions and absurdities, which every day over-run the people of this island, will find, upon due consideration, that they are not the natural product of this soil, but are most of them transplanted hither from other countries, by our gentry who travel for their education. This will not at all seem strange, if we take a view of those who are sent abroad, and consider how they are prepared for improvement by it. Very few of the young gentlemen who make the tour of Europe, (as 'tis called) are properly fitted for it, by a foundation of knowledge or learning for them to work upon. They are perhaps taken from the nursery, the dog-kennel, or the stable, and put into the hands of some wretched

ed pedagogue, from whom they get some smattering of Latin ; after this, a French and a dancing-master, complete the whole of this accomplished youth's qualifications for his travels. Thus, with his mind utterly unfurnished with a notion either of men or books, he is sent to improve himself by making remarks on the manners and customs of other nations, without having the least idea of those of his own ; when, in point of understanding, he is no more than a boy of larger growth : without the necessary preparation of knowledge and erudition, he sallies forth to see the world, and acquire an insight into human nature. This is in fact, beginning at the wrong end of education, as those unfledged raw travellers are in more danger of picking up the vices and follies of every country they go to, than in the way of reaping any solid advantage by going abroad. These shallow youths, for want of being acquainted with the excellency of our own constitution, return with strong prejudices against it, and with violent prepossession in favour of arbitrary power.

This is easily accounted for ; that as their minds are perfect blanks at their setting out, it is no wonder they should be blotted with those false notions of government which they have imbibed by conversing with abject slaves ; by having no settled principles, and by living in the dominions of absolute monarchs, just as they are entering into manhood, they become enamoured of tyranny and oppression. These are the great advocates in all companies for the police of France ; these are the men who argue so strenuously, that the French are a happy and a free people, and bring home numberless paradoxes of that sort, which every rational man must laugh at.

These fine gentlemen commonly spend the greatest part of their times of travel in France, from whence they bring us over all the vice, folly, and effminacy of that fantastical nation. All the improvement they get there, is chattering French, dancing a minuet, knowing the fashions, or learning to make ragouts ; so that you would think they were so many cooks, taylors, or dancing-masters, who went to perfect themselves in their respective trades. There are, no doubt, num-

bers of sensible, learned men in France; whom these youths never conversed with, or if they did, could be of no real use to them; as by the narrowness of their education, and their deficiency in point of knowledge and learning, they are incapable of either relishing or improving by the conversation of those great men; their company consists commonly of such of their own countrymen as are as ignorant as themselves, or else of *Petit Maitres* and the fair sex. The greatest glory of these French travellers, is to have seen the grand monarch hunt the boar, or to have turned jockies, and run races against some princes of the blood. Thus we see, these accomplished, finished gentlemen, go out raw, ignorant, simple youths, and return conceited fools and coxcombs. *Laurenzio* is one of them; he went to Paris, where he staid some time; and behold! he brought nothing back but some French clothes of the right Paris cut, a cargo of receipts for soups and fricassees, and a few of *Marcell's* capers. I heartily wish that these were the only inconveniencies which attend the scampering of these boobies; most of them contract false notions of honour and commence gladiators; upon the slightest provocation or imaginary affront, they pick quarrels to vindicate their honour (as they term it) or rather to shew what progress they have made under a fencing master at Paris.

From what I have said, I would by no means be understood, as if I thought that travelling on the continent was useless or prejudicial; I do not contend against the use, but the abuse of it: when men of natural good understandings (who have got a sufficient stock of learning in our university, and have afterwards acquired a competent knowledge of the customs, laws and constitutions of their own country) go to travel, we see quite contrary effects from those I mentioned: these gentlemen are enabled to discern the genius and tempers of people in other countries, and by comparing them with those in their own, can thence form a just idea of mankind in the general. They see the miseries and distresses those wretched slaves groan under, who bear the yoke of a despotic government, and are enraptured with the liberty and other blessings, which  
a British

a British subject enjoys: they not only enlarge their minds by making just observations on every object worthy of notice, but enjoy a vast pleasure in ranging over historical and classic grounds: they also gain most valuable acquisitions to their knowledge and learning, by conversing with learned foreigners, which cannot fail of turning to the honour and advantage of their native country. We have many instances both in England and Ireland, of gentlemen who have returned from their travels, the most agreeable, polite, and improving companions imaginable; and some have profited so well, and advanced so far in polite literature, as to become as shining men as any in Europe. In short, the travels of the sensible and judicious, are like wholesome food, which, to a healthy person becomes nourishment, and conveys health and strength; whereas, the rambles of the ignorant and foolish, are as meats to a weak, sickly stomach, which turn to phlegm and indigestion.



No. 11. Tuesday, May 6.

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*Fecunda culpa secula.*

HOR.

O! age, fruitful of faults.

**G**REAT as the mischiefs are, which arise both to themselves and their country, from the sending young, unlearned, unexperienced gentlemen to travel; yet still greater are those of suffering ladies to ramble into foreign countries, especially into France. This is the source of that inundation of French fashions and follies which daily flows in upon us: their minds are to the full as little cultivated or prepared for improvement by travelling, as those of the most ignorant youths just come from school. Their tender hearts are very susceptible of impressions, therefore they should by no means run the fatal hazard of bad examples.

C. 3.

The

The ladies of this island are naturally modest, reserved and virtuous. They cannot possibly be made better, but certainly may be made worse. The travelling, therefore, into a country, where vice passes under the name of gallantry and intrigue, is very dangerous; but where it is countenanced by fashion, so as not to be thought a crime, there it is hardly possible to escape the infection. It were well if it stopped there, but many of them introduce those poisons into their native country, and by their ill examples, corrupt their innocent country women. Hence, in a great measure, proceed those dreadful mishaps, which render the married state miserable, and disturb the peace of whole families. Happy, then, would it be, if these Irish French women, who are always raving of sweet Paris, were never to return, but make themselves perpetual absentees. They are the persons who introduce that cursed taste for French taste, for French Fashions in dress, and that utter dislike for the manufactures of their native country, which so universally prevails. They have no gout for any thing that is not French; French silks, French laces, ribbands, gauzes, and French hair-dressing. This gives encouragement to a set of idle, useless friseurs, who make the young women look like monkees, and the old ones like apes. My sister Letitia Wagstaffe, who is a great admirer of French fashions, has got her hair Frenched by a country barber, who has clapped such an immense quantity of brown buckled hair over her grey locks, that she looks like a country justice in petticoats.

Even the wives of sober citizens in trade, have caught the infection; and as frequent dressing is expensive, their heads of course cannot be very clean, for want of combing. You may see one of them scarce able to ascend her narrow stair-case with her vast expanse of hoop, and another sweep the floor of her shop with the long tail of her negligee. This evil is become so general, that when any thing is praised, the highest encomium is, that it is right French; inso-much, that one would imagine we were become a province of France.

I believe

I believe those things called Drums, which my friend Barnaby Brittle complains of, in his letter, were first introduced by those travelled ladies. They were a happy invention for beggaring whole families by gaming, and are places finely calculated for intrigue. They have been the ruin of many. Let a gentleman get a handsome young married lady into his debt at play, for so large a sum of money, (as she is afraid her husband should know) and the sequel is obvious. If these evil consequences affected the great only, they would not be so bad; but how often are the honest industrious tenants of great land-lords, racked for their rents, without mercy, if my lady, or madam, has had an ill run at cards?

Mrs. Brittle is an instance how far this malady reaches even to the middle rank of people; and makes the wives of men in business, totally to neglect the necessary duty which they owe their husbands and families; nay, I am told it has descended so low, as that even servants now-a-days have the impudence to give drums to one another. This corrupts their morals, and makes them dishonest; for they must have money to support their gaming at these meetings, which they can hardly get by honest means, as vales are out of fashion; they are, therefore, under a necessity to rob, thieve, or cheat, in imitation of their betters. T

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-Street.*

ON M A Y. By E. C.

I.

**Y**E sons and ye daughters of this happy isle,  
 Hibernia's glad summons obey;  
 Drefs, dress up your garlands, your toil cease a while,  
 And joyfully usher in May.

II.

View in this happy season what scenes of delight;  
 The meadows, what odours perfume;  
 What ravishing prospects, long hid from the sight,  
 Now to the eye beautiful bloom.

C 4

See

## III.

*See how the gay butterflies flutter around,  
Borne up on the rosy-wing'd breeze ;  
And see how the flowers that spangle the ground  
Are robb'd of their sweets by the bees.*

## IV.

*See the milk-maid (o'er woodlands in flow'rs array'd)  
Trips chearfully after her cows ;  
And see how enchanting, how lovely a shade  
Is form'd by the blossom rob'd boughs.*

## V.

*See lovers, how private they steal to the grove,  
Their old plighted vows to renew ;  
And see how the tell-tale, the tell-tale of love,  
Flies over them, chaunting cuckow.*

## VI.

*In extacy lost on the brink of yon stream,  
Whose water in sweet murmurs glide :  
See Damon a piping his favourite them  
While lambs gently play by his side.*

## VII.

*See, on the smooth surface of the silver flood,  
The goose 'fore her young gently floats ;  
And see, on the top of yon neighbouring wood,  
How sweetly the birds chaunt their notes.*

## VIII.

*See when the reviver of nature appears,  
The sick who were pining away,  
Deprest and decrepid, quite loaden with years,  
Soon, soon become sprightly and gay,*

## IX.

*Then come, come, ye children of this happy isle,  
Hibernia's glad summons obey ;  
Dress, dress up your garlands, your toil cease a while,  
And joyfully welcome the May.*



No. 12. Saturday, May 10.

*Multorum manibus grande levatur onus.*

Many hands make light work.

**I**T is no easy matter for a private person to furnish out an entertainment for the publick, two days in the week, from his own private funds. Princes are indebted to the contributions of their subjects for the magnificence of their tables. Antiently in this kingdom, when money was not so plenty as it is now, it was usual for the vassals of each petty king, to send to his majesty large supplies of cattle, corn and fowls; and, in short, all sorts of provisions, for the support of his dignity, and the grandeur of his court: in return, he not only kept an open table for them, but for every person who came to pay their homage to him. The same custom, I am told, holds still in some parts of Ireland, amongst their royal descendants.

Now, I, who endeavour to set out only a small repast, am not so unreasonable as to expect to levy such large taxes on my subjects, as those mighty monarchs did. As I am a young house-keeper in the writing way, I should at least hope for a small house-warming. The best œconomist, can scarce, without some assistance, supply his guests with such a variety of food as will please them by its novelty, or prevent their palates from nauseating. I have laid some of the best I had before my friends, the publick, without receiving the least help, except from the ingenious Miss Letty Love-youth, who furnished out my seventh number, by a very sensible letter, and an excellent copy of verses. All this I have given gratis, as by being conveyed thro' the medium of Hoey's Mercury, it costs, in reality, nothing to any body; for it is hard, if the best collection of news, *foreign* and *domestic*, and variety of literary matter, are not worth a halfpenny.

C 5

I am

I am sure so large and populous a city as this metropolis, cannot want persons capable of affording large supplies in all the different ways of learning, humour, or wit.

Those who will not be at the trouble of making out a whole entertainment, might at least give a single dish: an essay, for instance, would make a good *bread dish*; a letter will do at the *foot*; a parcel of witticisms will make a good *soup*; a fable or allegory, is a *pye with a good crust*; a copy of verses, a rare *side dish*; a piece of criticism, a *ragout*; an ode, a *syllabub*; a pointed epigram is *mustard*; and satire is *vinegar*: collections from antient or modern history will do well to toss into a *hash*. French dishes I abhor; the entertainments of that showy nation, generally consist, as Swift says, of *five nothings on five plates of delft*.

To speak more plainly, I request such as can write, will contribute their assistance to my Speculations. To aids of this sort, the world is indebted for the Spectators, Tatlers and Guardians. My cousin Bickerstaffe could never have carried those vast works into execution, which he undertook, without the help of powerful auxiliaries. Tho' I do not by any means presume to place myself on a level with him, nor can I in reason expect such assistance as he had, yet I think with some small helps, a useful, instructive and entertaining paper, might be kept up, twice a week. This island has been but too justly called the silent sister: it is a shame that nothing in this way has ever been undertaken here. People will say, that every subject is exhausted in those noble works I mentioned; but let them consider, what fresh matter arises every day: the foibles, follies, and absurdities of mankind, will constantly spring fresh game: it is not the want of matter, but of genius, or else laziness or modesty, which prevents attempts of this sort. No man can tell what he can do till he tries, as Horace says:

*Quid valeant humeri quidque ferre recusant,*

That is,

*What his strength will bear.*

I think

I think they who have a learned education should, by all means, prove the force of their powers: they may depend, that what ever they send, shall be published if it be worth it; if not, it shall be returned, and their names kept secret. Contributions of this kind will be received by the printer hereof.

P. S. Since I wrote the above, I have received the following pretty epistle, from my very sprightly, and highly esteemed correspondent, Miss LATTY LOVE-YOUTH.

‘ Dear WAG.

‘ I AM doubly out of temper with you; first, for the  
‘ fly insinuations of the merit of my attempt, and  
‘ your design to dub me a poet in petticoats: a female  
‘ wit? defend us, heavens! what a strange phænomen-  
‘ on: you are to well acquainted with the foible of  
‘ our sex, not to be convinced, that even ill-grounded  
‘ flattery will easily persuade us that we are all wit and  
‘ charms. I see the toils are spread, and it is my own  
‘ fault if I am entangled. &c.

‘ Dear SPECULATION, do you think it tolerable,  
‘ for sprightly eighteen, to pore and grow pale to the  
‘ sickly flame of a lamp, and exhaust a spring-tide of  
‘ spirits, in the idle world of imagination? when so  
‘ many soft realities could, in the mean time, be whis-  
‘ pered into our ears by the pretty fellows, who have  
‘ their love rhetoric larded with the pilfered scraps of  
‘ tragic extacy? Impossible. My second and princi-  
‘ pal discontent, arises from your neglecting to hunt  
‘ down the game you started, and the timed excuses  
‘ you plead for want of influence, and the universali-  
‘ ty of the infection. If the question be put in the  
‘ house, we may be sure of a majority: why then  
‘ should you dread application? The generality of the  
‘ French influenza, is the most prevalent argument for  
‘ exerting all your vigour to stop the further progress  
‘ of it. My uncle Foresight made a very sensible re-  
‘ mark on the folly of the times, That it was extraor-  
‘ dinary, that the French, after making asses of our  
‘ politicians, should make sheep of our women, and  
‘ raise a fortune by their fleeces. As the modern  
‘ heads

‘ heads are indebted to the African or Negro taste,  
 ‘ for their vast improvement, our Belles want nothing  
 ‘ now to render them compleatly enchanting, but the  
 ‘ importation of some American operators to scalp  
 ‘ them, and the additional hottentot ornament of  
 ‘ hanging pendants from their lips and nostrils; and  
 ‘ I dont question, but in a few years, it will be as  
 ‘ fashionable to be dressed *A-la cheroquis*, or *A-l’Hot-*  
 ‘ *tentaise*, as *A-la-mode de Paris*.

‘ Your constant reader,

F

‘ LETTY LOVE-YOUTH.’

No. 13. Tuesday, May 13.

*Malo me petit Galatea lasciva puslla.*

VIRG

Sweet Galatea, sprightly lass,  
 At aged Wagstaffe makes a pass.

**M**Y fair correspondent, Letty Love-youth, seems to be quite out of patience at the abuses of the fashions, which she says I only touched upon. She is a fine, sensible, lovely lass, and modestly declines those praises she so justly deserves, as she is at once, the Sapho and Dacier of the age. Surely the little minx does not pretend to draw Sixty-five into her toils: she must be a coquet; or if she is in earnest, she certainly has an odd fancy. This, however she may be assured of, that what Cadenus says of Vanessa, is true, with regard to her:

“ *Whate’er vexations love attend,*

“ *She need no rivals apprehend;*

“ *Her sex, with universal voice,*

“ *Must laugh at her capricious choice.*”

For, tho’ she may like me better than the pretty fellows, ‘ who have their love rhetoric larded with the pilfer’d scraps of tragic extacy,’ (as she finely expresses it) yet,

“ *What*

*"What charms can she find*

*"In eyes, with reading, almost blind."*

I am not a Vertumnus, to deceive so sweet a Pomona; nor a Pluto, to carry off a Proserpine: but this I shall always be proud of, to hold correspondence with such a lively girl; and to esteem, I won't say to love her, but in a Platonic way.

My sister Letitia (who has thrown aside her false curls, and appears now in her own grey again) presses me hard to marry, in order, as she says, to keep up the family of the Wagstaffes. I shewed her Miss Love-youth's letter, on which she cried out, with some vehemence, "Indeed, brother, this girl likes you; and were it not that she dislikes the fashions, I could wish it was a match. You have a good fortune, and no heir to inherit it." 'Sister,' says I, 'the objection you make to the lady, is the very reason I esteem her; she has good sense, abhors the folly of her sex, and despises very justly their poor vanity and affectation. If I could lop off but thirty years of my age, I should think myself extremely happy in a union with one of her refined understanding; but as I always had an utter aversion to unequal matches, I can only regret my want of youth. How would you relish a proposal from 'Squire Grause, our neighbour who is but twenty-eight?'—"I should not dislike it, brother," cried she, in some emotion, "but consider, I am some years your junior; I wish he would write me such a letter; I should have no scruples." Here I interrupted her, by observing, that in general old women are more fond of matching with young men, than old men with young women. I then instanced several wanton old dowagers, who sacrificed youths to their wanton appetites, as Achilles did to the manes of his friend Patroclus. Old Faustina, for this purpose, took Jack Knap-sack from wretchedness and want, to loll in her coach.—Here my sister could not contain herself, but flew out of the room, and left me to finish my Speculation. I shall, therefore, request that my fair, sensible correspondent, will persist in helping me to correct the absurdities of mankind in general,

and

and the foibles of her sex in particular; and shall conclude this day's Speculation with the following lines, which I just received from an unknown hand.

*Look into SWIFT's works, and you'll find  
The furniture of woman's mind:  
Compare our ladies with his letter,  
You'll, see they were, in his days, better.  
Our's now run mad with politesse  
Of France, in equipage and dress;  
Each modern fine lady places  
Her summum bonum in French laces;  
For Irish silk, she cannot bear it,  
The filthy trash! fob, who wou'd wear it?  
Thinks that the odious, nasty stuff,  
For tradesmen's wives is good enough:  
The mighty task of dress she plans,  
Of ribbands, gauzes, muffs and fans;  
On foreign luxury and nonsense,  
Which all our money carries off hence;  
Nor do I think her folly's less in  
The cursed fashion of hair-dressing;  
Where each fool with the other vies  
For beads of most enormous size;  
With monstrous Frenching in the front,  
And wool and horse hair clapt upon't.  
If young maids seem as gentle lambs,  
Old women, sure are cur'd rams:  
But greater ills are still behind,  
To taint the young and bending mind:  
What mischief to the fair one comes,  
From those pernicious places, druggs?  
A woman's virtue, and her cash,  
Are there, alike, accounted trash.*

*Corinna thus in vice grown old,  
With matchless impudence is bold;  
Who, tho' an arrant sharpening cheat,  
A H--se Sh--e forg'd to coronet.  
Flirting in side-box, she appears,  
Corrupting these of tender years;  
And, void of shame, the aged strumpet,  
Her vices to the world will trumpet.*

W

No. 14.



No. 14.

Saturday, May 17.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.* OVID.

Of fashions chang'd to better modes I sing.

I Most heartily congratulate the fair ones in this town, on their restoration to their pristine forms; I mean as to the dressing of their hair. The ladies are at length returned to the former cleanly custom of combing their own hair, and become once more *right in their heads*. I was really apprehensive that they might have contracted a *plica Gallica*, by that abominable mode of Frenching, in the same manner as the Poles, (who are a nasty people) by their filthiness are troubled with what is called, the *plica Polonica*, or Polish twist. I am rejoiced that they have not only escaped that dangerous disorder, which arises from the entangling of the hair, but that they have also thrown off the vast incumbrance of false curls and wool, with as much ease as the Countess Trifaldi got rid of her enchanted beard, and that without the puissant arm of a Don Quixote. I do not claim to myself entirely the merit of the disinchantment, as that Knight Errant did with regard to Trifaldi, but must partly attribute it to another cause, viz. that the approaching season will be too warm for such a superfluous covering of the head.

One ill consequence I fear will happen from the disuse of Frenching, that wool will fall considerably in its price, as I am well informed that large parcels of that commodity were bought up by the hair-dressers; they have large quantities of it, no doubt, upon their hands; and I am afraid, as they are out of business at present, that these Friseurs will be under the fatal necessity of manufacturing their stock into mops, and crying them about the streets during the summer season. I thought we should have had some succedaneum

um to answer for the Frenching, which would have been to the full as unbecoming and uncleanly; for instance, I expected that cotton, as it is a foreign commodity, would have been introduced instead of wool, for coolness, in hot weather, as Juvenal tells us that the Roman knights, in his time, had summer and winter-rings; but I am agreeably surprised to find that this has not come to pass, and that we can once more behold the ladies of this island in their native charms, and divested of their horrid curled snakes, look beautiful in the natural ornament of their own hair. As nothing recommends the fair sex so much to ours, as neatness in their persons, I hope they never will again bring up that odious fashion, because it is undoubtedly productive of a very disagreeable concomitant, but that they will continue to comb their own heads, as their grandmothers did. I know, that they who have the misfortune of red hair, and they whose grey locks betray their years, will in a body join against me; but I am sure of having the far greater party of the beautiful *browns*, and the delightful *blacks* on my side. Let then the *sorrels* and the *greys* disguise their form as they will, and make themselves as ugly as the Guinea negroes with their woolly heads.

I was beginning to grow serious upon this subject, when I received the following letter. My much valued correspondent, however, calls me out of my name, by styling my Speculations the HUMOURIST, as I have for some time dropped that title, on very just reasons, and do, for the future, intend to appear under that of my real character, the BATCHELOR, which I have this day assumed. \* I found that some of my readers mistook the meaning of the word HUMOURIST, and imagined I meant thereby to set up for an old fellow of wit and humout, or as the vulgar call a jocose man, a *humourfome man*. I now in form enter my Caveat against all witticisms on my new title of BATCHELOR, from the small wits, who, no doubt, will play off their whizzing artillery of nonsense on me,

\* The preceding numbers of this paper were entitled, The HUMOURIST.

me, by calling me the *Old Batchelor*, the *Fussy Batchelor*, and so forth. I hope the ladies will not frown on me for being so long in the world without having experienced the blessings of a married state : but my reasons for this, I have already set forth in my answer to the PRATLER.

W.

## TO GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE.

Friend GEOFFRY,

AS thou seemest to be a sober, discreet man, I could not resist the inward impulse of telling thee so, and of applauding thy design to reform the manners and dress of the wicked ones. I seldom put on my spectacles to read profane news-letters ; but sister Sarah stole one of thy papers into my hands, I think on the day before yesterday ; I looked at the title, and there found the wicked words *Mercury* and *Humourist* : sister, sister, quoth I, I fear our journey to Dublin upon the holy occasion, will entirely corrupt thy mind, and fasten the stings of the flesh in thy heart. Brother Obadiah, quoth she, be not too soon inflamed with wrath, but read—read—read : I read ; and lo—the spirit of humour was not in thy paper ; but the spirit of sober, modest gravity, seemed to dwell in every line thereof : I was pleased, an inward joy spread itself through all my bones, even unto the top of my skull—I was suddenly dosed—I felt workings within—and lo!—in half an hour I breathed forth thy whole piece in the interrupted ejaculations of a most godly sermon. Oh!—oh!—oh, that the brethren were listening unto me. Sister Sarah, who sometimes loveth to prink up her head in the vanities of delusion, most deliberately stood up, took off her cap, let it fall on the ground, crying out in the spirit of repentance, . . . why—why—why should we wear any dress at all?—are we not made without dress?—do we not come into the world without dress?—oh!—oh!—oh!—her head is bald : I feared she might catch cold : I took up the cap from a motive of tenderness to an elderly pate, that is not always regular, from sipping

too

' too much of the—spirit : the cap was stiff as whale-  
' bone ; sister, what is this ?— a French cap, she say-  
' ed, with a sigh—French ! quoth I ;—here indigna-  
' tion still corks the spirit - - - I can write no more—  
' Friend Wagstaffe,

' I am,

' OBADIAH PLAINCOAT.'

' P. S. I have been ruminating some days on the  
' above, and have read more of thy meditations, which  
' I hoped to form into spiritual discourses for my coun-  
' try brethren ; but, Jeoffry Wagstaffe, I begin to smell  
' something of the world in thee ; something profane  
' like wit and humour : if so, thou art a fox in a lamb-  
' skin, and I will have no more to do with thee or thine.'

F

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

### E P I G R A M

**O**NCE, the Almighty, for the sin of man,  
Did shorten by a Flood, his wretched span ;  
Tho' he should send a second, own we must,  
That the Almighty's punishment were just :  
Our S \* \* \* \* te's by corruption so unclean,  
Naught but a Flood can wash it white again, S.

TITHONUS and HIBERNIA.

**T**ITHONUS, when he grew decay'd,  
And wanted youth, at will,  
Address'd the gods — and humbly pray'd,  
They would renew his BILL.

This do, HIBERNIA — tho' 'tis odds  
You never gain your suit !  
Pray you to kings, and not to gods,  
Through mediator B \* \* \*.

Not in the way TITHONUS sued,  
Yet supplicate his fate : —  
But see — that when YOUR BILL's renew'd,  
It does not come — too late !

*Tuesday,*



No. 15.      Tuesday, May 20.

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*Dux famina facti.*

VIRG.

A woman leads the way.

I Have received the following letter from my charming female correspondent, wherein I find she is resolved to ~~out~~ do me, as much in superiority of writing, as sprightly youth blooms over sinking age. I perceive I am not a match for her even at my own weapon, the pen; how much less then could I attack her in a love conflict? *nam vires animique deficiunt*; “my strength and spirits fail,”

‘DEAR WAG,

‘IN love! O horrid creature! How could your  
 ‘sister dream of the unnatural union of January  
 ‘and May? to ingraft the blossoms of eighteen, on  
 ‘the autumnal trunk of sixty. Shocking! I am not  
 ‘of an ivy complexion to cling round a withered oak:  
 ‘I am not for a sinecure husband; ’tis contrary to the  
 ‘canons of matrimony: I am quite in a passion with  
 ‘her. Now, to chat rationally on this affair, what  
 ‘settlement could you make to atone for this sacrifice?  
 ‘The reversion of your Speculations, or a  
 ‘jointure in Parnassus? The former, tho’ voluminous,  
 ‘would raise but a scanty pittance, with snuff-shops  
 ‘and pastry cooks; and the latter is described by  
 ‘learned geographers, as the most barren spot of  
 ‘earth in the universe. A few sprigs of bay shoot  
 ‘up here and there ~~between~~ frightful thorns; and even  
 ‘that honorary tribute of an ungrateful soil, is  
 ‘guarded by a kind of voracious mungrels, called, Criticks,  
 ‘who, unless they are sopped to silence, Cerberus-like,  
 ‘open the tripple jaws of destruction to  
 ‘bark merit out of countenance. Besides, I am told  
 ‘there are so many pretenders to that small spot,  
 ‘that

' that I should never be able to recover a foot of it,  
 ' unless Chancellor Homer, or Secretary Pope, would  
 ' patronize the cause; and alas! contrary to the lau-  
 ' dable custom of the modern learned in the law, they  
 ' are above bribery. What expectation then of suc-  
 ' cess? I am quite terrified with the thought, especi-  
 ' ally when I consider the number of these poetical  
 ' architects who ran themselves out of house and out  
 ' at elbows, by soliciting a grant to build there; and  
 ' who after a fruitless consumption of time and study,  
 ' had the agreeable comfort to be billotted, by order  
 ' of court, in the Palace of Famine, erected at the  
 ' foot of the mountain, for the reception of maimed  
 ' authors, and disabled scriblers; where they pass the  
 ' remainder of their days, in the luxury of a garret  
 ' hung with cobweb tapestry, and ornamented with  
 ' lamentable ditties; and I question if all the fire  
 ' of Pindus would warm them of a frosty night, or all  
 ' the water of Helicon banish the lowness of spirits  
 ' occasioned by the stagnation of their purse.

' As to your Platonic scheme, I have no objection.  
 ' You may ogle thro' spectacles, if you please, and  
 ' get Babies by reflection; and I fancy, old W A G  
 ' they would be the proper heirs to inherit the for-  
 ' tune and support the dignity of the Wise-acres.  
 ' There is a committee of some smart, sensible girls  
 ' to sit on the modern heads, and as addressers are  
 ' quite fashionable, we intend to deliberate on one for  
 ' the reformation of these glaring abuses, which dis-  
 ' figure humanity. We design to issue writs for the  
 ' election of some members to erect ourselves into a  
 ' female parliament. We may have our Pitts and  
 ' Pratts, though I despair of finding any Lady Little-  
 ' tongue (the original name of Littleton.) Your Prat-  
 ' ler bids fair for being speaker. Adieu, dear Stre-  
 ' phon.

F

' Your sighing

' LETITIA LOVE-YOUTH.'

I cannot help acknowledging that her scheme for a  
 female parliament, to regulate the modes and fash-  
 ions of dress, would be a most excellent one: but  
 then I would have it restrained by proper limitations.  
 In the first place, I would insist on being absolute dic-  
 tator,

tator, to controul their determinations, or at least to have a negative on all their acts, as the sex is frail: in the next place, I would appoint a house superior to them, consisting of the *Lords of the creation*; I do not mean of fops, petit maitres, of women's men, but of MEN. My reason for this upper house is, that we see by fatal examples, how destructive the too great power of the commonalty has always proved. Rome lost its liberty by the licentious power which the Plebians usurped, and sold their country to Cæsar. The senate was too feeble to restrain them, and the Consuls were Cyphers. Now, without a counter balance of power, to restrain these female commoners, may it not be in the power of a prettier gentleman than Cæsar, to overturn this constitution?

To come to later times, observe the havock made in the English constitution in the reign of Charles the First, by the house of commons assuming the reins of government into their own hands; and I fear we have many Cromwells in petticoats, who would be as ready to turn these members out of their house, as that usurper did. Upon these accounts, therefore, I must lay down these regulations: I will assume the power of a negative on their bills; the lords shall consist of rational, sober men, who will not debauch the commons, and all bills shall take their rise in the lower house. This shall be triennial, as we too often experience the woful consequences of long sitting. This will, in some measure, be a security against bribery and corruption, and prevent many of the members from becoming old women, who are very apt to tire their hearers with tedious harangues. W

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

On a lady, who had received a paralytick stroke at night on her right arm, remarkable for an handsome hand, that was always open to the poor.

I.

CUPID straying from his bow'r,  
At length arriv'd at \* Park—

Eliza's arm now feels his pow'r;

He strikes it in the dark!—

II. That

\* The lady's country seat.

## II.

*That arm that often stole his bow,  
That polished smooth offender!—  
Its crime was being white as snow,  
And making hearts surrender.*

## III.

*A great invader it has been,  
Cries out the God of beauty—  
But charity shall cover sin;  
That band has done its duty!*

## IV.

*To Charity he leaves the fair!  
The Goddess's frait attends—  
To plead for her peculiar care,  
To heaven she frait ascends!*

## V.

*Eliza's strong memorial's sent!—  
Her prayer and alms by turns,  
Plead for the thousands she has lent!—  
Her guardian now returns,*

## VI.

*She comes!—She has it in command!—  
Her arm shall be restored—  
For He who heal'd the wither'd hand!  
Is good Eliza's Lord!*

Twenty-third ode, first book of HORACE, imitated.

**D**EAR Chloe, how can you disdain  
The heart, which has bled at your shrine?  
Why trifle, my love, with my pain,  
When my heart is unchangeably thine?  
Like the fawn, which the mountains have bred,  
Whose parent incautious has stray'd;  
When love winds his horn, you have fled,  
Nor could love stop the timorous maid.  
Yet pr'ythee, my charmer, believe,  
'Tis time soft sensations to prove;  
'Tis time your mamma you should leave—  
Sixteen should be brimful of love.

To

To a lady, on pruning her flowering shrubs, eminent for her power in musick.

**T**IS fable all—what dreaming bards advance,  
How Orpheus made the nodding trees to dance  
His Thracians, in their ringlets, thought the grove,  
Still as they beat the ground, appear'd to move:  
But grant the fable true—your pow'r is more!  
You, by your hand,—can open nature's store;  
Unbind the glebe—a new creation make—  
And bid the sleeping flowers—to awake!—  
Your all commanding charm!—your finger such!  
That by that art—your harpsicord you touch!  
The sickly shrubs revive—and prun'd by you,  
Forget their seasons—and all bloom—afew!—



No. 16. Saturday, May 24.

*In publica commoda peccem  
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora?*

HOR.

To Miss LETTY LOVE-YOUTH, Speaker of the  
Lower House.

Madam Speaker,

**I** Before gave you my sentiments and approbation  
of your scheme for erecting a Senate for the  
regulation of modes and fashions in dress. I hope  
you have, pursuant to my permission, issued out  
writs for the election of members. As I know you  
to be a sensible, discreet young lady, I intrust you,  
at your own desire, with the important manage-  
ment of the chair. Now, for goodness sake, let  
me, in imitation of the great Don Quixote, give you  
some instructions for your conduct in it, as that wise  
knight did to his faithful Squire Sancho, before he  
set out for the island of Baratania, to take upon him  
the government of it.

In

‘ In the first place, then, keep up your respect, in order to support the dignity of the chair you sit in : Preserve order and decency amongst the members ; for as I know women are naturally loquacious, it will be very difficult to manage it so, as that but one shall speak at a time. It is very possible you may, at times, have them all getting up to speak at once. This you must by all means, put a stop to, otherwise the dreadful consequence of pulling caps may ensue. If this should once be the case, I tremble even for the Speaker’s handkerchief, ruffles, tucker, or even her very cap. If these riotous proceedings should go on, I should be under the necessity of dissolving them, or at least of proroguing them, lest by their long sitting, they should be as troublesome as the Rump Parliament was in England in the time of Cromwell.

‘ In the next place, let all your proceedings be governed by the unerring rule of justice : let no party cabals, favour or affection, swerve you to partiality : but above all things, avoid-jobbs. These you must detest, even tho’ you should disoblige your nearest friends by it : For instance, you should not suffer any body to sit as a member whose head is French’d, who wears French silks, is a gabler at drums, raves of Tenducci, and all Italian singers, has scampered to Paris, or despises her native country. Such a fool as this, you should order to be expelled, even tho’ she were your sister ; for how can a person of this stamp, who is herself guilty of these enormous absurdities and fopperies, deliberate coolly or impartially, or give her vote honestly on the grand point of reforming abuses ? Members of this kind would soon overturn your very constitution, and destroy the end of your being called together. But above all, you must take care that fops, Petit Maitres, and these insects, commonly called pretty gentlemen, shall have no influence on your counsels ; your minds will be in as much danger from these shadows, as your persons would be in from real men.

‘ In your choice of members, I must also further advise you, if married women are to have a place, not  
‘ to

to admit any of the ROUSSEUSKYS; for they are so used to hector and bully their unfortunate husbands, that they never can be kept within any rules of order.

Wanton old dowagers I would likewise exclude, as being the very people who first brought into vogue the curled disguise of Frenching in order to hide their bald pates and grey hairs, and who will still persist in using false curls, and clapping that wool on their heads, which they should rather be employed in spinning. They will always, therefore, in this particular, be refractory, and will never consent to the abolishing a fashion which throws down all distinction between the head of sixty and sixteen. Policy then will make them endeavour to get the young ladies to keep them in countenance. For the same reason I would absolutely shut out old maids, as they will be apt to shew too much rancour and sourness in their debates. On this account, I do not desire that even my sister, Letty Wagstaffe, should be chosen a member: she is very positive, and loves to talk too much, and sometimes not much to the purpose; moreover, the malicious world might say, that I wanted, by her means, to have an undue influence on your house. This I shall never, by direct or indirect means, strive to do, as I could wish that all your acts and determinations may tend to the reforming the females of this island, with regard to manners and dress, which at present they stand very much in need of.

I shall, from time to time, expect from you, (or from whatever member you shall appoint for that purpose) an abstract of all your votes and resolutions, that they may be laid before me for my assent and negative. I shall most graciously receive any addresses which shall be presented to me. I do hereby appoint James Hoey, junior, to print these in the MERCURY, in my Speculations, or otherwise, as I shall think proper; and that no other person do presume to print the same. It is almost

‘ time for me to ask you, in the words of my motto,  
‘ as Horace did to Augustus,

‘ *Shall I once err against the common weal,*

‘ *And from its good your great attention steal?*

‘ I hope you will attend to these my directions, and  
‘ let me often have the pleasure of reading your  
‘ witty, sensible letters, I am, madam,

‘ Your admirer, and most humble servant,

‘ J. WAGSTAFFE.’

‘ P. S. Just as I had written the above, my sister  
‘ came into my closet, all smeared with Allen’s best  
‘ Rapee, and gave me a card, which she insisted I  
‘ should inclose to you. As she writes, as well as  
‘ reads without spectacles, the writing was so bad,  
‘ that even T——e could not read it. But as I am  
‘ acquainted with her hieroglyphics, I have made a  
‘ shift to transcribe it in her own words :

“ **M**ISS LETITIA’S WAGSTAFFE’S compli-  
“ ments to Miss LOVE-YOUTH ; she takes  
“ the liberty to acquaint her, that she has made very  
“ free with her brother Jeoffry, with regard to his  
“ years. She would have her to know he is not that  
“ old, withered dry oak she calls him, but young  
“ enough for her, or any young flirt like her. As to  
“ settlement, she assures her he has something more  
“ substantial than that high-flown one she mentions  
“ from *Omur*. He is rich enough, and she is sorry he  
“ should descend so low as to lessen the antient family  
“ of the Wagstaffles, by paying his addresses to any  
“ young jilt like her. She hopes Miss Love-youth  
“ will hereafter have reason to repent her haughty  
“ refusal of her brother, and her turning his years  
“ into ridicule. Notwithstanding her airs, she may  
“ yet come to be, what she so much despises in other  
“ folks, an Old Maid.”

T

‘ *To the*

‘ *To the* BATCHELOR.

‘ Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

‘ **I** ONLY waited for a hint from you that assistance  
 ‘ would be acceptable, to begin a correspondence,  
 ‘ but it must be on my own terms : first, you must  
 ‘ promise to correct and finish what I send you, and  
 ‘ if you do not approve of my compositions, to o-  
 ‘ mit them entirely : in a word, make whatever use  
 ‘ you think proper of them ; and secondly, you must  
 ‘ never attempt even to guess who, or what I am ;  
 ‘ for if once found out, I am silenced for ever. If  
 ‘ you knew I was old or ugly, you would throw a-  
 ‘ way all my letters with disgust, and without exa-  
 ‘ mining into their merits ; and on the other hand,  
 ‘ if you found I was young, handsome, and agree-  
 ‘ able, you would look with a too favourable eye on  
 ‘ my productions, and your prepossession in the au-  
 ‘ thor’s favour, might make you approve also of the  
 ‘ work, undeservedly ; thus, unless unknown, I  
 ‘ cannot hope to be treated with impartiality. If  
 ‘ you agree to the above conditions, assure yourself  
 ‘ you have a benevolent Fairy devoted to your ser-  
 ‘ vice, who will assume all shapes to convey instruc-  
 ‘ tion to those not too vain to be taught or im-  
 ‘ proved by,

‘ Yours, &amp;c.

I

‘ INCOGNITA.’

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

On the death of Miss L——E of COLERAINE.

**T**HE rose put early forth a dainty bud,  
 Which shed choice perfume on the ambient air ;  
 When from the north, on icy pinions bore,  
 Came a dire chilling blast which nipp’d that flower,  
 And spoil’d its sweets, ere yet it had disclos’d  
 Half its fair promis’d beauties to the sun.  
 Daphne, sweet Daphne, thus a tender shoot  
 In early infancy began to bloom ;

D 2

Serene

Serene her temper was, and winning mild;  
 Sprightly her fancy, and acute her wit;  
 Her heart and head, by lib'ral nature form'd,  
 To render her alike both good and great:  
 But death whose seyths, insatiate, mows down all  
 Without distinction, young, old, simple, wise,  
 Rudely, fell spotter, ah! untimely came,  
 And crop'd this op'ning bud, the garden's pride,  
 The hope, the glory of the cultivator;  
 Which e'en in unripe sweetness sweeter was  
 Than vulgar roses full blown on the stalk.  
 Ah me! grim death his hand might well have stay'd  
 Relenting, at so merciless a deed,  
 See now the precious girl all withering lies  
 A breatheless, clay cold corse; that faded cheek,  
 Which late like iv'ry stain'd with blood did glow;  
 See even the blended red and white, alas! how pale!  
 Those eyes which bright as diamonds, e'en now  
 Sparkled an amiable and lively sense,  
 How dim! how sunk! how clos'd in endless night!  
 The door of speech, by sacred silence barr'd.  
 How mute that tongue, whose sweet garrulity,  
 Like musick, oft has held the list'ning ear:  
 Those limbs, which active us'd to skip around  
 In sportive wise, how motionless! how stiff!  
 All—all is chang'd, naught of herself remains;  
 And what was late gay, animated grace,  
 Is now an inert piece of lifeless clay.  
 The spotless soul, from this poor cabin fled,  
 A naked traveller, thro' æther pure  
 Above the zodiack soars, eager to join  
 The seraph train, who, joys celestial quaff,  
 And chaunt incessant their Redeemer's praise.

No. 17.      Tuesday, May 27.

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**B** EING in arrears with my correspondents, I shall devote this day's BATCHELOR to the clearing off part of that account.

*The FORCE of PREJUDICE: A POEM.*

*ALL human race, by what I find,  
Are oft to real merit blind,  
While knaves and fools of ev'ry size,  
At times are counted good and wise;  
As each agrees or holds connection.  
With creatures of his own complexion.*

*Thus POTOMON, with aspect horrid,  
And elocution fierce and florid,  
By force of mere vociferation,  
Is grown the champion of the nation;  
And (were they now alive) might bully  
The great DEMOSTHENES or TULLY.*

*Thus PHLOGUS too, the State-Empiric,  
Becomes the theme of Panegyric;  
His printed stuff and pompous babble,  
The delectation of the rabble.*

*See, how the croud around him presses  
With speeches, ballads, shouts, addressees!  
But soft, my friends, attend to reason,  
Your compliments are out of season;  
For PHLOGUS, now in his declension,  
Is sick of praise, but wants a pension!*

*Is there a wretch, who only aims  
At flinging dirt and calling names;  
The good defames, reviles the great,  
Nay, libels both the church and state?*

*Eacō toping 'squire and stupid cit,  
Will dub the animal—a wit!*

*That fools can teize and give offence,  
We soon might shew from common sense,  
And prove by arguments conclusive,  
That ev'ry dunce can be abusive:  
For sure, to vilify his betters,  
No block-head needs the aid of letters,  
Nor doth the pow'r to hiss and slander  
Exceed the genius of a gander.*

*Not such the talent, such the spirit  
Requir'd to give its due to merit;  
To praise the man, who, firm and steady,  
To act his part is always ready;  
Who, 'mid the tumults of a realm,  
Can sit serenely at the helm;  
Not discompos'd or out of humour,  
At ev'ry vague and idle rumour;  
Nor is he mov'd by each suggestion,  
Which calls his conduct into question,  
But wisely leaves both foe and friend  
To judge his actions by their end.*

X

‘ Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

‘ **T**AKE my advice; direct the ladies as to their  
‘ dress, or any thing that may adorn their per-  
‘ sons, but don’t desire them to do a thing so con-  
‘ trary to their interest as taking the least pains with  
‘ their intellects; for let them deny it ever so posi-  
‘ tively, their first wish, (and it is a natural one) is to  
‘ be agreeable in the eyes of the noblest part of the  
‘ creation, as the gentlemen modestly style them-  
‘ selves; and that desire is entirely frustrated when  
‘ they are raised above the common level by extraor-  
‘ dinary parts and knowledge. An acquaintance of  
‘ mine, whose character I will give you, is a proof  
‘ that no charms can compensate with most men for  
‘ the unpardonable fault of being, what they think,  
‘ too wise.

‘ Celia

‘ Celia has a pleasing form, dances well, sings agreeably, plays the harpsichord and guittar enchantingly, and is remarkable for good nature and sweetness of temper, which shines forth in every turn of her expressive countenance; yet with all these perfections, she is beloved by those of her own sex; and why? because the men all agree in not liking her: this will surprise you ’till I give another touch to her picture, and paint her mind, adorned with every accomplishment, extensive reading and well chosen books, can bestow. The lordly sex are jealous of their prerogative, which they will have knowledge to be; or fear that a woman’s good sense sets their folly in too conspicuous a light: why else has the amiable Celia the mortification of seeing daily preferred to her such as hardly deserve the name of rational creatures, and whose little sense reaches no higher than a pert repartee, or an ill-natured sarcasm?

‘ I am quite of their opinion, who think there is no person more disagreeable than a woman that makes it her only study to shew her superior knowledge, and to quote passages she has read; but that is far from being Celia’s case, “ she bears her faculties most meekly,” and veils her reading under the greatest modesty: but she has got the name of a reader, a learned lady, and so on, which is enough to prepossess such against her, as would chuse to keep those characters to themselves. I have said a great deal to very little purpose, for it is needless to caution people against what they have no thoughts of, and very few young ladies now are guilty of much study of the kind.

‘ I am, yours, &c.

I

‘ HILARIA.

D 4

‘ Mr.

MR. WAGSTAFFE,

ON perusing your late lucubrations on humanity and benevolence, I was stimulated to send you an account of a company I lately happened to make one of, as with your correction it might serve to illustrate your remarks on the charms of good nature. That, and good temper, I think synonymous terms. I went to spend an evening last week, at a place where I expected to meet a very pleasing set, and among several very agreeable persons, were two who made themselves exactly the reverse, and cast a damp on the pleasure, the other part of the company would, but for them, have enjoyed; for good-natured people cannot help feeling uneasiness, when they see dissatisfaction imprinted on the countenance of any person they are in company with. One of them was an elderly maiden lady, who, if one might judge by her physiognomy, had not been even in her youth, blessed with much sweetness of temper; and all will agree, that ill humour is one of those perfections to which every revolving year adds largely: the other was a young girl, who would have had a pretty face but for a gloominess that appeared in it, through the vivacity she had assumed. Unfortunately, the old gentlewoman took some pique at the young one, I could not perceive on what account, but made no doubt of its being with some reason: however, she was much discomposed, and by way of revenge, inveighed bitterly against the present mode in every particular, rightly judging that would provoke the other, who was dressed in the extremity of the fashion. I am sure nothing would have given her half so much pleasure as to have pulled her fair antagonist's very fine hair about her ears. She exclaimed against the excessive immodesty of all the young women now a-days; "it was horrible, and made the prudent, sensible part of the sex, blush for them, as they were too much lost to modesty, to do it for themselves."

“ *selfes.*” Miss was not silent ; she answered as tartly  
 “ as the other reproached, till her mother made her  
 “ sign for silence, which she obeyed ! Her little live-  
 “ lines disappeared, and gave place to the original  
 “ cloudy look, nor did she open her lips the whole  
 “ evening after, but by a surly monosyllable. What  
 “ woman desires not to please ? I think I may answer,  
 “ none : why then will they not take the method ad-  
 “ vised by Pope.

*Good humour only teaches charms to last,  
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.*

“ A sweet tempered person must be beloved by all ;  
 “ they will in company avoid every thing that may pos-  
 “ sibly give offence ; they will seem pleased with all  
 “ around them, and that satisfaction will extend itself  
 “ to every one in company. I will appeal to the  
 “ reader, whether he or she is not under an awkward  
 “ restraint before a person remarkable for *sharp* wit  
 “ or smart repartee ; and quite at ease with the good  
 “ humoured ; one who avoids all these fallies, know-  
 “ ing they never fail to give some degree of pain.  
 “ This subject has drawn me on too far, but you  
 “ will do what you think proper with this letter ; I  
 “ give it up entirely to you, and am,

“ Your very humble servant,

I MARY HATEGRUFF.

*From the* MERCURY *in* Parliament-street.

FOUR EPIGRAMS by the author of TITHONUS and  
 HIBERNIA.

# I. The SAVING SCHEME.

*WITH* treating folks—quite tir’d out,  
 THRIFTY contrives a trick ;  
 Declares to all—he has the gout,  
 So limps upon a stick.

D 5

To

To put the matter past dispute,  
 A poultice round his toe,  
 With drugs to bind, or to dilute,  
 Which soon produc'd the woe.  
 THRIFTY, behold the just reward  
 Of your contriving wit!—  
 Nor once complain your case is hard,  
 But own, you're fairly bit.

## II. The CHURCH in DANGER.

**M**ETAMORPHOSING Jove, to carry his  
 farce on,  
 Took a smith from his trade, and ordain'd him a parson:  
 This done, he decreed—that the world should connive at  
 His preaching those sermons he can't make in private.  
 O Jove!—thy vagaries—the parish may wail!—  
 Whose case is the same with the frogs in the tale;  
 They pray'd thee to send them a guide that was good—  
 But lo!—thou hast granted, a Blackbeard of wood!

## III. WILFUL will do it.

**P**AT seeing MOLLY—quoth he, as I take it,  
 She would appear better—if she were but naked.  
 He lik'd the conceit—so made her his wife,  
 That she might go naked—the rest of her life!—

## IV. The STATE of the DAMN'D.

**T**HE gout in the stomach, quite fled from the tea,  
 The well painted tales of the regions of woe;  
 Of furies, curl'd snakes, of the wheel of Ixion—  
 Are nothing—to debt—and no friend to rely on.

No. 18.      *Saturday, May 31.**Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas sæpe caveto.* HOR.

Be very cautious what you say of any man, and before whom you say it.

**T**HE other day, I met in the street, my old acquaintance Eugenio: we had not seen one another a long time, and you may be sure the meeting was very agreeable on both sides. After a good deal of talk about old affairs, he told me he was lately married to an agreeable lady, of a good family, with an handsome fortune, and requested I should go to see them. Accordingly, next morning I went to my friend's house. I enquired from the footman who opened the door, if his master was at home? he answered, he was just gone out, but that his lady was at home. I then bad him to acquaint his lady, that Mr. Wagstaffe was come to pay his compliments to her. The servant went up stairs; but forgetting my name, only told his mistress that a gentleman came to wait upon her. This I found afterwards to be true. I was immediately ushered into the drawing room, where I found the lady sitting, surrounded with half a dozen morning visitors of her own sex. As she had never seen me before, and I was an utter stranger to the whole company, the meeting was somewhat awkward. Had she known my name, the affair would have been otherwise, for she had often heard her husband speak of me.

One of the visitants had Hoey's Mercury in her hand, which she was reading to the company when I came in, but upon my entrance laid it down on a table. She was a fat, ordinary woman, of about fifty; her head, as well as those of the rest of the company, was Frenched in most monstrous large curls, which  
made

made it look twice as big as the natural size. On this monstrous foundation of false hair, she wore a cap not larger than a moydore. The lady of the house, after a short silence, which is common on the coming in of a stranger, broke it, by saying that Miss Chatter had been just reading to them Wagstaffe's Speculations for that day, and asked me if I had seen them: I answered I had. 'Indeed then, sir,' says Miss Chatter, 'you have seen a very nonsensical piece of stuff: That Wagstaffe is a very impudent, foolish old fellow, and deserves to have his head broke. How dare he give himself such liberties to talk of ladies in the manner he does? or to make free with such as have chosen to live single, though they might have good matches if they pleased. What affair is it of his, if we choose to dress in the French fashion? To be sure, indeed, he is a good judge of what's genteel: marry come up, indeed! we must, forsooth, dress our heads as he pleases! but I can tell the old blockhead, not one of us will mind a word he says, and he may as well hold his tongue.' 'you are very right, Miss,' says an old lady, who sat next her, and whose head shook with the palsy, 'he is very impertinent, and gives himself too great airs, to speak of well-bred people of fashion who have travelled: I have been in Paris, and had opportunities of seeing what polite, genteel people the French are; we should be mere Hottentots but for them; we should not know how to dance, or even put on our cloaths; we should be quite old-fashioned creatures, if we were not polished by the delicateffe of sweet France: he would make frights indeed of us, by advising us to wear Irish silks, and the horrid manufactures of our own country, which are only fit for our women.' 'Oh! the odious wretch,' interrupted another lady, 'how hard he talks of drums; would he have us be mere mopes? would he not have ladies amuse themselves as well as gentlemen? For my part, I think nothing can be so charming as a full drum. O sweet Loo! O delightful Quadrille! Let the creature give his advice to the wives of tradesmen' and

‘and mechanics, and not meddle with us people of fashion.’ ‘Truly, madam,’ says a fourth, who sat in a corner, and seemed to be very grave and demure, ‘I do not think Wagstaffe so blameable for what he says with regard to drums: they often are attended with very bad consequences. I could forgive him if he let novels alone; he shewed his want of taste indeed, to speak disrespectfully of them. Can any thing be so delightful as that darling Grandison, or the sweet Clarissa, or lady Juliet Mandeville, Betsy Thoughtless, Jemmy, and Jenny Jeffamy? and’——

Here the drum lady was just going to interrupt her, and in all probability a battle would have ensued, if it were not put a stop to by the seasonable entry of my friend Eugenio, who accosted me with, ‘Mr. Wagstaffe, your humble servant; I am glad to see you here.’ Reader, hast thou seen a thief caught in the very fact? or hast thou seen a number of unhappy school-boys surprised in their full career of play, by a severe school-master? Even so looked those ladies on hearing my name: they were quite silent during their stay, which was but short, for they stole away one by one in the utmost confusion. Eugenio perceived their disorder, and asked what was the cause of it? I told him. He laughed very heartily; but his lady, who seemed to be still under some concern, began to make me many apologies, and said it was all owing to the stupidity of the servant, who did not tell her my name. I begged of her not to be the least uneasy, for that I was so far from being displeased at what the ladies said, that on the contrary, I was glad to hear their opinions candidly of my writings, which I should have lost, if they had known who I was. My friend insisted I should stay and take share of a family dinner, to which I consented, to shew I was not in the least out of humour. As my friend Eugenio is a very sensible man, and a scholar, and his wife, is a pleasing, agreeable woman, without vanity or affectation, I spent my time very pleasantly with them till evening; when my friend and I went to a coffee-house. I have already rather exceeded the

the limits of my paper, otherwise I would give an account of what passed there, and of the remarks made on me; but this shall be the subject of a future Speculation.

W

*From the* MERCURY *in* Parliament-street.

EPIGRAM.      *Mens est in patinis.*      TER.

**W**HEN little culinary wits  
     Wage war with ovens, pots and spits;  
 We pity the poor famish'd sinners,  
 And see——they only want their dinners.

X

Another.

**A** GOOSE in the oven! no, sir, 'tis a slander\*,  
     As some, who discover'd the fact, can declare,  
 For it was not a goose, but you a poor gander,  
 (As fools will be peeping) who thrust your head  
     there.

X

On

\* Alluding to the following Lines inserted in the Freeman's Journal of the 13th of May.

*A* PANEGYRICK, addressed to GRIPUS the PRUDENT.

— — — — —  
 " No blast'ring patriots now turn court-like sinners,  
 " No courtiers brib'd by promises and dinners.  
 " Thus spendthrift v—r—y's would their Courtiers cheat,  
 " E'er sage oeconomy forbid to eat.  
 " Now all such luscious bribes are banish'd hence,  
 " Behold, instead, celestial abstinence!  
 " The pious c—t on reformation bent,  
 " To all her train proclaim eternal lent.  
 " Eternal lent! three cooks, discarded cry,  
 " Eternal lent! the C—le walls reply.  
 " To the cool oven shall the gese repair,  
 " And hatch her young ones, unmolested, there  
 " The cat, a calm retirement to ensure  
 " Shall seek the hearth, and kitten there secure.

" No

On a late most *becoming* and *loyal* Resolution, agreed upon, and subscribed by, *Six hundred and eleven* most *respectable* Citizens of this Metropolis, in relation to the Bill for Septennial Parliaments.

*Nos numeri sumus*———HOR.

**G**REAT news! *the fine bill, that has made such a racket,*

*Will surely arrive by the very next packet ;  
For hundreds of citizens, men of condition,  
Have all put their names to an humble petition,  
Assuring his M——y on their allegiance,  
He need not depend on their future obedience,  
Or think they will yield to supplying his coffers,  
Unless he accedes to their dutiful offers.*

*To the door of the house thus (as Clarendon mentions)  
The modest apprentices brought their pretensions ;  
And ask'd in such sort for the things that they wanted,  
Their decent demands were immediately granted.*

*But some, who can censure the very best action,  
Impute this address to a spirit of faction ;  
While others condemn, without colour of reason,  
It's freedom of stile as the language of treason,  
Nay add, that the writer, who fram'd the expression,  
Was void of good manners and common discretion.  
But, would such ridiculous critics and gibbers  
Vouchsafe to read over the list of subscribers,  
The gentlemen then would forbear to be witty,  
And see, they were all the chief men of the city ;  
All persons of note, or responsible dealers,  
Smiths, shoe-makers, weavers, attornies and taylors ;*

“ No more in copious grate the fire shall burn,  
“ No more the jack shall groan, the spit shall turn,  
“ No more rich viands for intemp'rance drest,  
“ Shall gorge the unwelcome, unexpected guest.  
“ Far hence let lux'ry's pamper'd minions go,  
“ And join M'Cullough in the shades below ;  
“ While abstinence serene, with sober hue,  
“ Appears, and bids us, Gripus, copy you.

— — — — —  
— — — — —

Good

Good heads, which, without the assistance of letters,  
Can manage such matters—as well as their betters;  
And, humbly submitting to—none in high station,  
Conceive themselves fittest to govern the nation.

And as to the scribe, who compos'd and projected,  
The candid remonstrance, they call disaffected,  
He sure has the talent, the world will acknowledge,  
(Although he was never brought up in a college,  
And some have pronounc'd him the pest of society)  
To write and to speak with uncommon propriety.

Tho' block-heads may cavil then, let us not heed 'em,  
But boldly persist in defending our freedom:  
And straightway appoint, in contempt of their rally,  
Our great moderator, a competent salary;  
Nay, take off his head (which, I'm sure, would be  
proper)

In plaister of Paris, lead, marble or copper;  
Then fix on a column, as high as a gibbet,  
Facing Turn-stile-alley the object exhibit;  
There still to remain a memento perennial  
Of him, who procur'd us the statute septennial;  
As also to stand for a lasting direction  
To future constituents at ev'ry election.

X

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No. 19. Tuesday, June 3.

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*Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora supersint.* Juv.

We make use of such patterns, as tho' there were not:  
worse to follow.

• Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

• **W**ILD as the fire of youth and imagination is,  
• you shall find they can be fettered by the  
• bands of reason; and women even (unprecedented  
• condescension) submit to correction. I hinted an ob-  
• servation of my own to the honourable committee.  
• That our reasons when past through the focus of  
• your

' your spectacles, would, like the sun-beams col-  
 ' lected by the burning glass, not only warm but  
 ' fire; and it was concluded *Nem. Con.* that all the  
 ' resolutions of the house should be submitted to your  
 ' dictatorial wisdom. Your apprehensions were  
 ' quite Quixotical. Unbiased justice shall rear the  
 ' neutral scale. Order and decency shall be observed,  
 ' All inundation of words shall be dyked within the  
 ' ramparts of limited time. The *Beaux Esprits*, the  
 ' *Petits Maitres*, that half-peacock, half-lap-dog cre-  
 ' ation, are eternally excluded the house. All inter-  
 ' rested jobbing, all venal temporizing, we leave to  
 ' *low ambition and the pride of kings*. No undue in-  
 ' fluence can be dreaded, where reason directs the  
 ' head, and liberty fires the heart. All gambling,  
 ' drumming, ricketing, court-cards, ladies, as entirely  
 ' dedicated to Pam and Spadille, we judge non com-  
 ' pos mentis, of consequence, incapable to transact  
 ' the great affair of reformation. But as a noted pa-  
 ' triot has observed in the late important debates,  
 ' That the American Colonies not being represented,  
 ' had no right to be taxed contrary to their inclinati-  
 ' on; now, to remove all suspicion of unwarranted  
 ' or unpopular proceedings, and to convince the  
 ' world we have our country's interest sincerely at  
 ' heart, Miss Winterbottom, Miss Ever-green, and  
 ' *Madamoiselle Reverie*, were chosen representatives  
 ' of the superannuated virgins from forty to sixty.  
 ' Thus you have a compendious plan of our method  
 ' and principles, which are all submitted to your su-  
 ' perior direction. Since you have thrown the impor-  
 ' tant weight of government on my shoulders, I just-  
 ' ly claim your assistance to fill the chair with spirit  
 ' and dignity, and not to sink under the burthen, as  
 ' so many of our modern Atlases do. Without far-  
 ' ther introduction or ceremony, I shall send you an  
 ' abstract of our debates,

' LOVE-YOUTH.'

' **M**ISS LETITIA LOVE-YOUTH's compliments  
 ' to Miss WAGGSTAFF, assures her, no-  
 ' thing is so prejudicial to paint, as passion, as an  
 ' extraordinary

' extraordinary heat is apt to blister such complexi-  
 ' ons. Protests it was not her inclination to add one  
 ' wrinkle more to the numerous ones, the plough of  
 ' time, had already furrow'd in her forehead. De-  
 ' clares she has the greatest respect for a head silver'd  
 ' o'er with grey. Recommends it to Miss Wagstaffe to  
 ' use the *Eau de Beaute jeunesse*, and *de l'Amour*, as  
 ' she hopes in proportion as the wrinkles will be ba-  
 ' nish'd and her complexion re-bloom, the acid will  
 ' be squeezed out of her constitution. Confesses she  
 ' has a singular respect for Mr. WAGSTAFFE, but  
 ' would judge it felony to rob the public of his la-  
 ' bours, by confining him to the agreeable occupati-  
 ' on of lullababy. Begs of her not to indulge re-  
 ' venge to such an unchristian length.—An old maid &  
 ' Love and matrimony forbid it.

F

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

' S I R,

' I AM the monkey who at present affords so much  
 ' entertainment to the publick, and brings full  
 ' houses whenever I exhibit at Crow-street Theatre.  
 ' It would be endless to give you an account of the  
 ' several transmigrations I have undergone to this  
 ' time: let it suffice, that I was originally an Indian  
 ' prince; that I died, and that at my funeral pile  
 ' numbers of my wives were slain in order to accom-  
 ' pany me to the next world. The four dogs who  
 ' appear with me on the stage, are four of them I  
 ' loved best. They, after several changes, are what  
 ' you now see. They and I have passed thro' a vast  
 ' number of bodies. I was last, in that of Madam  
 ' Pompadour, the French King's mistress; and invent-  
 ' ed that famous part of the women's head-dress, called  
 ' by my name; and which, old and young, modest and  
 ' immodest, wear in imitation of me, I should be hap-  
 ' py enough if it were not for the immoderate claps  
 ' of the audience, designed as tokens of approbation;  
 ' but which terrify the dogs and me out of our wits.  
 ' The noise of the galleries have thrown me several  
 ' times.

‘ times off the rope. I beg, therefore, you will endeavour to make the people who frequent the play-house, to confine their applause to *Lear* or *Othello*, and to give me no more of it, as I do not desire it : for though I can bring a house when BARRY cannot, yet their noise is displeasing to, sir,

‘ Yours, in every shape and form,

‘ P U G G.’

**S**INCE I have assumed the title of B A T C H E L O R, I find I have a new female ally, who offers me assistance ; I shall therefore answer her polite letter, in the following manner.

*To Madam* I N C O G N I T A.

‘ MADAM,

‘ I was honoured with your kind offer of assistance, which, contrary to your desire, I inserted in my 16th paper : I can assure you, it shall be highly acceptable. You seem to be a lady of good sense, by the style and manner of your letter, and as such your terms shall be complied with. Although I am certain you will put it out of any body’s power to amend your compositions, much less will it be in mine, yet I must do what I can to obey your orders. As to endeavouring to guess at you, or find you out, that I shall never attempt to do ; and perhaps it would be as difficult for you to trace me out. I am sure you are neither old nor ugly, or you would not mention either ; nor, if you were both, would it make any difference with me as I am above regarding the superficial beauties of your sex. If you choose a seat in the female Senate, I am very sure they will be proud of so good a member. I hope you will be there a steady patriot against the female corruptions of the times ; and that neither a french silk, a pair of laced ruffles, nor even a piece of Point lace, would bribe you to betray the publick good. I shall be proud of your help to assist these my endeavours for the public benefit, in whatever shape you please to assume.

‘ I am, Madam, your most obedient,

T

‘ J. WAGSTAFFE.’

*From*

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

# The Character of a MODERN PATRIOT.

**I**MPRIMIS, a patriot (*his virtues to trace*)

*Is one, who has got neither pension nor place ;  
And therefore that laudable name to support,  
Still sides with the rabble, and rails at the court.  
State-measures, however for public utility,  
The patriot opposes with all his ability ;  
Delighted, in case he can cast a suspicion  
On persons of eminent worth and condition :  
His principal joy is the love of detraction ;  
His principal talent promoting of faction ;  
Each private cabal, and each public oration  
Design'd and contriv'd—for embroiling the nation.*

*Nor only on these doth he place his reliance,  
But casuistry too is a branch of his science ;  
To shew, for example, when truth may be spoken,  
When oaths may be kept, and when oaths may be broken—  
A patriot with oaths often wisely dispenses.  
And may, for his country, demolish all fences :  
For bonds of this kind, tho' of use when we need 'em.  
Could ne'er be design'd to entrench on our freedom.*

*On points of religious debate should he enter,  
An orthodox patriot is still a Dissenter :  
Prelatical lordship and sovereign dominion,  
He plainly perceives, are but modes of opinion ;  
And therefore to both may, on sober reflection,  
Deny his assent, or refuse his subjection.*

X

A modest Proposal for punishing the GANDER  
that peeped into the Oven.

**H**OW shall we use the wicked gander,  
That goes about retailing slander !  
Why, since in scandal he delights,  
Let him read all that PHLOGUS writes,

Or

*Or stand behind that prince of leeches,  
And be his promptor when he speeches ;  
Or into metre let him turn-all  
The stuff that fills the Freeman's Journal.*

X

### Another Punishment proposed for the GANDER.

**H**ERE! *ho!* that wicked bird produce,  
The gander, that defam'd the goose,  
For now, as nothing can excuse him,  
We'll streight determine how to use him:  
And first, as no defence he brings,  
Why, let some Sharper clip his wings ;  
And next perhaps you'll think it fair,  
Should some good Lawyer pluck him bare ;  
And, as no punishment in nature  
Is too severe for such a creature,  
Let some fat cook-maid, blith and jolly,  
Compleatly roast him for his folly.

Let some musician from his middle  
Draw out his guts, to string a fiddle,  
And let the Scribler, who sustains  
The Freeman's Journal, take his brains.  
Nay, let each paltry, low mechanic,  
And ev'ry witling Puritanic,  
Who twice a week with scandal fills  
The public papers, pull his quills.  
Nay, put their stupid pates together,  
At once to cut him out of feather.

X

*A PROCLAMATION, by authority of Lord Hackball,  
Dux Mendicorum, or prince of all the beggars with-  
in his Majesty's kingdom of Ireland.*

*To all our loving subjects and dependants, greeting.*

**W**HEREAS we are clearly given to understand  
by the history of all mixed and popular go-  
vernments, in every age and nation where such have  
prevailed, particularly at Athens and Rome, as well as  
in a neighbouring kingdom, that a certain set of stur-  
dy beg-

dy beggars, commonly called Patriots, sometimes Tribunes and sometimes Demagoues, persons in general of a disposition greedy of wealth, and thirsting after power; have made it their business at all times, in pursuit of these self-interested objects, to ride upon the passions of the common people, by persuading them that they were in a miserable condition of servitude and dependance, owing to the corruption of their governors, and that they only, were able to rescue them from oppression and restore them to liberty: in consequence of which, the inflamed and deluded multitude have frequently broke down the constitutional boundary of power, to the total ruin and subversion of some of the wisest systems of government, that have ever prevailed in the world.

And whereas, of late some of these sturdy beggars have appeared amongst us, to the great disturbance of the peace and government of this city and kingdom, who have most audaciously and impudently presumed to make my name subservient to the vile purpose of abusing his M——y, in the person of our most excellent chief g——r.

Now, know all men by these presents, that I do despise, detest, and abjure all those false scandalous and malicious libels, published lately in my name, in my name, in a paper falsely called the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL; a paper which, like its principal abettor and supporter, wears a specious title and frontispiece, to cover the foulest designs of deceit and delusion, and which seems to intend nothing less than the levelling all orders of magistracy, introducing confusion and anarchy in the community, in order that some who have much ambition and little virtue, may lay hold on a considerable degree of power and wealth in the scramble.

And, whereas, I have always exerced an extensive jurisdiction over all sorts of beggars within his Majesty's kingdom of Ireland, and do apprehend that I have an undoubted right to punish all sturdy beggars, of what degree or denomination soever who may happen to infect the court or the city, and therefore I think it proper to give certain marks and tokens by which

which each tribe may be distinguished; and first, the epithet Sturdy Beggar, is applied to those beggars, who, clamourous and obstreperous, fairly incline to bully us out of our benevolence, and follow us with such incessant noise, that we are sometimes obliged to throw them a trifle to get rid of them. By this species is the c——rt very much infested of late years; a knit brow, a clinched fist, and a volley of abuse is their method of begging, a pension or place from a L—d L——t, and at the same time they beg we will take their words for it, that they beg nothing but for the public good.

They also beg our universal assent to the following positions, which contain some of the most important articles of the Sturdy Beggars creed:

That all kings, princes, ministers, governours, magistrates, &c. &c. are villains, and that true virtue only resides in the MOB.

That it is possible to be a true patriot without one private virtue; that is, that it may be possible to love the whole, and hate the parts.

That the basest ingratitude for benefits publicly acknowledged to have been received from a great man, by publishing, (or at least suffering to be published) scandalous libels against him, is a virtue intirely consistent with patriotism.

That freedom of speech and freedom of sentiment, are only to be allowed to the sons of freedom, i. e. sturdy beggars.

That the first personage in the kingdom, perhaps for veracity as well as station, is not to be believed, but inuendos and sh rugs are to be credited; insinuating, that he had told a lie to the nation; that virtue is vice in opposition to them, and vice virtue in conjunction with them.

That it is true patriotism to pull his M——y by the nose, by the hand of his vicegerent here, whenever he refuses to relinquish a most essential branch of his royal prerogative.

That it is absolutely necessary at all times, for popular orators and leaders of parties, to give all possible opposition to the regular operations of government

ment, and to misrepresent the best endeavours and intentions of g—rs towards the real happiness of this kingdom, till such time as they are gratified in their demands, however unreasonable.

Now, whereas we have great reason to believe that no argument will be sufficient, however sound and convincing, to silence these sturdy orators, except the argumentum aureum, which made even Demosthenes Philipize, and as it will be found impossible to stop the mouths of these craving mendicants, who, like the Hydra's heads, are multiplying in a proportion of not less than ten to one that is taken off, without laying on additional and grievous taxes, and thereby oppressing the people to save the constitution.

Be it therefore known, that to obviate these inconveniences, and prevent as far as in us lies, the threatening danger, it is our will and pleasure, that for the future, the great assembly room called Mendicant-hall, shall be subject to the regulations and prices of both theatres, the profits and emoluments arising from which, to be employed by the managers, in rewarding such performers as are blessed with the soundest lungs, and the most obdurate throats; but with a particular stipulation in favour of our right trusty cousin, in mendicancy, Phlogus, who hath so greatly contributed to the entertainment of the town for more than twenty years past:

Which is, that the said Phlogus being almost superannuated, shall have liberty to repeat his part sitting, and also that he shall enjoy an exclusive right of giving out the entertainment to the town, somewhat after the following manner; On ————— will be presented a farce, called S—p—n—l B—ll, ——— for the benefit of Phlogus, and some other capital performer; or on ————— next will be presented a tragedy, called Ad——l Ex———e, or a new way to acquire popularity; and moreover, from that favourable reception with which the performances of some capital actors have been honoured, as was manifest from the loud plaudits which they received in the hall, there is great reason so suppose, that for the future

future, pence, halfpence, and farthings, may be thrown from the gallery. It is my will then in such case, all such small money shall be solely appropriated to the use of Phlogos, in consideration of some disappointments which he hath lately suffered in pecuniary matters.

And whereas it hath always been customary to affix some moral or proverbial sentence in conspicuous characters, in theatres and other places of public resort, my will is, that the following words be the motto for our hall, under my new regulation,

POPULUS SI VULT DECIPI, DECIPIATUR.

Given at our palace at Glassmahunyogue, the 29th day of May, 1766. HACKBALL.

M



No. 20. *Thursday, June 5.*

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*To the* B A T C H E L O R.

SIR,

• **W**H O E V E R may have directed his thoughts  
 • to a consideration of the several modes of  
 • government, which have heretofore, and which  
 • now subsist in the world, will find, that however  
 • well founded they may have been in wisdom, pru-  
 • dence and good policy, towards obtaining (that  
 • blessing which it is the sole end of all government  
 • to procure) the happiness of the people, yet that  
 • this great purpose has generally been more or less  
 • obstructed by that superiority, which the passions  
 • almost always obtain over the understandings of  
 • mankind; the certainty of this position is particu-  
 • larly manifest in mixed and popular governments,  
 • where sometimes a greater and sometimes a lesser  
 • number of the people have been entrusted with a  
 • share of the legislative, and often of the executive  
 • power, and amongst whom contrariety of sentiment,

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E

and

and distraction of passion has ever been found to produce the most dreadful consequences. The history of the several commonwealths of Greece, (particularly of Athens,) and Rome, as well as of some of a more modern date, abound with examples of this melancholy truth, and affords every wise man the greatest reason to apprehend that (as the same effects naturally follow the same causes) the constitution of these kingdoms may be greatly injured, if not brought to a dissolution, by the very persons who would be understood to intend chiefly its support, but who, it is very apparent, aim at exalting themselves to wealth and power, notwithstanding all those specious and patriotic pretences, by which the bulk of mankind have always been deluded—We enjoy a constitution or form of government, similar to that of our elder sister, except in some restrictions necessary to secure that dependance which is justly due to her, on account of that protection and support which she is at all times ready to afford us; a constitution consisting of three estates, to each of which a proportion of power is attributed, with an intention of forming that due and proper equipoise of power, so essentially necessary to the existence of a mixed government; but the limits of the power deposited with each estate not being ascertained, and generally known, “is the cause,” (to use the words of a late political writer of the first magnitude) “that introduces those strugglings in the state about prerogative and liberty, about encroachments of the few, upon the rights of the many, and of the many upon the privileges of the few; which ever did, and ever will, it is to be feared, conclude in tyranny: First, either of the few or the many, but at last infallibly of a single person, for whichever of the three divisions in the state is upon the scramble for more power than its own, (as one or other of them generally is) unless due care be taken by the other two; upon every new question that arises, they will be sure to decide in favour of themselves,

• talk

“ talk much of inherent right, they will nourish up a  
“ dormant power, and reserve privileges in petto, to  
“ exert, upon occasions, to serve expedients, and to  
“ urge upon necessities. They will make large de-  
“ mands and scanty concessions, ever coming off con-  
“ siderable gainers: thus, at length, the ballance is  
“ broke, and tyranny let in—from which door of the  
“ three, it matters not.”

‘ Thus it fared with the Romans, whose consti-  
‘ tution, from its foundation by Romulus, to its  
‘ subversion by Julius Cæsar, a few interruptions ex-  
‘ cepted, seems not to have been very dissimilar from  
‘ that of England, from the Norman conquest to this  
‘ time, during which space of time the commons in-  
‘ creased in power and property, and gained upon  
‘ the nobles by such large strides, as ended in the  
‘ intire subversion of the ballance, and left the Re-  
‘ publick exposed to the too successful practices of  
‘ popular demagogues and pretended patriots, who  
‘ destroyed the wisest Republick, and enslaved the  
‘ noblest set of men, that ever the world exhibited.  
‘ By what means and gradations this was brought  
‘ about, the brevity which I have prescribed to my-  
‘ self, will not suffer me to recount, but which any  
‘ person may be satisfied in, on perusing the slightest  
‘ compendium of the Roman history, where he may  
‘ trace the progression of popular tyranny, under  
‘ the influence and direction of popular leaders, and  
‘ orators, through its several stages, from Junius Bru-  
‘ tus and his colleagues, in the first tribunate, to the  
‘ bloody periods of the Grachi, Marius, Sylla,  
‘ Pompey and Cæsar, who gave the coup de grace  
‘ to the liberty of Rome.

‘ Thus it fared with the Athenians, who, depart-  
‘ ing from the wise institutions of their great legisla-  
‘ tor Solon, who had prepared for them a model of  
‘ government, which also bore a considerable resem-  
‘ blance to that now subsisting amongst us, consisting  
‘ of an Archon, or chief magistrate, a Senate of 400,  
‘ chosen by an hundred out of each tribe, which ap-  
‘ pears to have been a body representative of the  
‘ people; although in some cases the people collec-

' tive reserved a share of power to themselves,  
 ' which, it must be confessed, they did most shame-  
 ' fully abuse; for, bloated with pride, and turbulent  
 ' of spirit, (*vices, which, in our own age and nation*  
 ' *we are no strangers to*) and unable to use that  
 ' power which their great law-giver had committed  
 ' to them, with wisdom and moderation, they not only  
 ' insulted, but proceeded to ostracise, banish, fine,  
 ' confine, and put to death, under the influence of  
 ' popular leaders and orators, some of the most shi-  
 ' ning characters that ever appeared in any commu-  
 ' nity; such as Miltiades, Aristides, Themistocles,  
 ' Pericles, Alcibiades, and Phocion; men who me-  
 ' rited, were honoured, and lamented, as the pre-  
 ' servers of their country, and to whose memory all  
 ' ages since have paid a due veneration; nor does  
 ' it appear, that after Phocion they ever could boast  
 ' of a man of equal abilities with those already men-  
 ' tioned; but were soon after conquered and insult-  
 ' ed by Alexander's successors, and continued a mean  
 ' and inconsiderable state, without fame or character,  
 ' till in the end, they fell with the rest of Greece,  
 ' under the domination of the Romans.

" Thus (says my author) was the most powerful  
 " commonwealth of all Greece, after great degenera-  
 " cies from the institutions of Solon, utterly destroy-  
 " ed, by that rash, jealous and inconstant humour of  
 " the people, which was never satisfied to see a ge-  
 " neral either victorious or unfortunate: such ill  
 " judges as well as rewarders, have popular assem-  
 " blies been, of those who best deserved from  
 " them."

' Many more instances might be produced from an-  
 ' cient, as well as modern history, to prove that po-  
 ' pular encroachments in mixed governments, have  
 ' often been destructive, and are always dangerous to  
 ' that ballance of power, which is necessary to consti-  
 ' tute a well ordered system of government; and it is  
 ' demonstrable, that if that ballance is at any time  
 ' to preponderate, it is safest when in favour of a  
 ' single person or a few, rather than the many, be-  
 ' cause the most tyrannic monarchy, aristocracy,  
 ' or

‘ or oligarchy, must at first sight appear more elligible  
‘ than anarchy, which naturally must follow from  
‘ the multitudes, being in possession of a plenitude  
‘ of power.

‘ I have been led into these reflections from a confi-  
‘ deration of the great increase of the power of the  
‘ commons, in a neighbouring kingdom, since the reign  
‘ of Henry the VIIth, and especially since the revolu-  
‘ tion; and also of that assumption of power in the  
‘ commons of this kingdom since a much later period,  
‘ and from an apprehension that an over exertion of that  
‘ power, in endeavours or struggles for its extention,  
‘ may disorder that ballance, on the equipoise of which  
‘ the safety of the constitution depends.

‘ It does not appear, that the commons in England  
‘ enjoyed any considerable share of power from the  
‘ Norman conquest to the period of Henry the VIIth,  
‘ when villanage was abolished, and permission given  
‘ to the nobility to alienate their lands, in order to  
‘ break their power, which for a great number of years  
‘ had been very formidable to the crown, and a still  
‘ greater accession of power was obtained by the com-  
‘ mons (on the dissolution of the abbies in the follow-  
‘ ing reign) who along with the lands, got possession  
‘ in a great measure of the power of the clergy.  
‘ These circumstances, together with the increase of  
‘ trade which followed the discovery of the new world,  
‘ gave the commons such power and consequence as  
‘ enabled them, in some time after, not only to con-  
‘ tend with, but to overturn and destroy the powers  
‘ and rights of the two other estates; in consequence  
‘ of which, a popular tyranny immediately succeeded,  
‘ and that, according to the usual course of such revo-  
‘ lutions, was instantly followed by the absolute ty-  
‘ ranny of a despotic demagogue.

‘ It is true; the old constitution was again restored,  
‘ but under the reign of two weak princes, so mis-  
‘ managed, that a revolution became absolutely neces-  
‘ sary to preserve the ballance; and by that revolution,  
‘ the people became posselt of, perhaps, a greater mea-  
‘ sure of power than consisted with a due equipoise,  
‘ notwithstanding which, they have ever since con-  
‘ tinued

‘tinued their endeavours to extend it, which, should  
 ‘they succeed in, the consequence, will, in all human  
 ‘probability be, as heretofore, the ruin of the com-  
 ‘mon-wealth.

‘If these examples are true, and the reasoning upon  
 ‘them just, what friend to his country would wish a  
 ‘further extension of the power of the commons.  
 ‘Are collective or representative bodies of men more  
 ‘exempt from folly, vice and infirmity, than indivi-  
 ‘duals? that they should be intrusted with the *Summum*  
 ‘*Imperii*; or rather have they not in all ages been  
 ‘made the dupes of popular orators, demagogues,  
 ‘tribunes, or, according to modern phrase, great  
 ‘speakers and leaders; men subject to the passions of  
 ‘revenge, malice and pride, and in particular to the  
 ‘vice of our present age and country, *avidity of wealth*  
 ‘*for purposes of dissipation*; surely then, if the ballance  
 ‘of the constitutional power cannot with safety be  
 ‘committed to such hands, it is time to give a check  
 ‘to the tow’ring hopes and expectations of such pre-  
 ‘tended patriots, except we are disposed to become  
 ‘our own dupes, by usurping power in trust for them,  
 ‘to the great injury of the constitution.

‘We are, as I have before observed, under a state  
 ‘of constitutional dependance on Great Britain, a de-  
 ‘pendance to which we owe that freedom and peace  
 ‘from whence every improvement in art and science  
 ‘hath been derived to us.

‘Our parent country, as indeed it may be proper-  
 ‘ly called, found us in a state of nature, nay worse, a  
 ‘state of depraved and corrupt nature, torn and di-  
 ‘vided by intestine divisions amongst the dignitaries  
 ‘or chiefs, and the people under the most abject con-  
 ‘dition of slavish dependance, groaning under an  
 ‘accumulated load of civil, military, and religious  
 ‘oppression.

‘It took us under its care and protection, communi-  
 ‘cated to us its salutary laws and institutions for our  
 ‘government, in the room of usages and customs  
 ‘which were a disgrace to humanity; sent its natives  
 ‘amongst us to improve our understandings, polish our  
 ‘manners, cultivate arts and sciences, and defend us  
 ‘from

‘ *from ourselves* : all this it did at an immense expence, and at times when it could receive no return. It has continued to promote our happiness, by granting us every law for the extension of our trade and manufactures, so far as they may not be found injurious to their own ; and can we with justice expect more ? It hath covered us with its fleets, and protected us by its armies, from the designs of our enemies, in consequence of which, we were in the full enjoyment of the blessings of peace and plenty, whilst the rest of Europe was laid waste by the ravages of war ; and it has done this for us without loading us with additional taxes, though its own debt is become so enormous.

‘ Now, after so many and so great benefits received during a course of near 600 years, without attempting to violate those laws, or injure that constitution which we certainly derive from England ; can any man seriously believe that it is either her inclination or interest to oppress us ? — *Credat judæus apella* ; for my part, I cannot entertain such an opinion.

‘ To what end then are those rumours spread ? Jealousies and apprehensions infused into the minds of the people once in two years, as if every session was to be the last of our liberty ? Is it for the public good ? No certainly ; but for the private and particular emotion of party leaders and popular orators, who make every honest consideration subservient to the base purpose of deluding the multitude, into a co-operation with their selfish measures.

‘ Of this, the year Fifty-three afforded us examples, which ought not to be suddenly obliterated from our memories, as well as some later periods, wherein different movements of the same game hath been exhibited—but to recur to my original argument : If it appears that popular power, and popular insolence, is increasing amongst us, under the conduct of popular leaders, by the following symptoms ; that a press is established on factious principles, and in express opposition to government, which will publish no sentiments but those of one party ; that the persons

‘ of the highest order of magistracy are insulted, and  
 ‘ the characters of all orders libelled and turned into  
 ‘ ridicule and contempt; that the mob are spirited up  
 ‘ on various occasions, to tumultuous and riotous  
 ‘ meetings; in order to favour the sinister purposes of  
 ‘ particular men; and that in consequence of such  
 ‘ practices in the city, a spirit of uneasiness and dis-  
 ‘ satisfaction is propagated in several parts of the coun-  
 ‘ try; if these, I say, may be considered as symptoms  
 ‘ of the luxuriance of popular power amongst us, it is  
 ‘ high time to look to the ballance, that the common-  
 ‘ wealth may suffer no damage.

M

‘ PHILOPOLIS.’

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

*The COCK and the DOVES. A FABLE.*

**I**N farmer's yard one summer's day,  
 A pair of doves like nature gay,  
 Sat bill to bill;—with scornful eye  
 And haughty port, a cock went by;  
 He went, but soon return'd again,  
 And twenty hens compos'd his train:  
 He crow'd, and near the doves he drew,  
 And rang'd his females full in view;  
 The doves, of all regardless still,  
 Their attitude was bill to bill:  
 The cock, impatient of the sight,  
 With humbled vanity and spight,  
 Thus taunting cry'd: ‘ Methinks all day  
 ‘ Two faithful doves can bill and play:  
 ‘ If blest, indeed, as ye pretend,  
 ‘ Your bliss is vast, and without end!  
 ‘ But I'm convinc'd 'tis all pretence!  
 ‘ Can one to one such joys dispense?  
 ‘ I, with a thousand beauties blest,  
 ‘ Caressing all, by all caress'd;  
 ‘ Not I can boast more bliss than you,  
 ‘ If these pretended joys are true.

*Hence,*

“ Hence, with your ostentatious loves !

“ I hate all hypocritic doves !”

*With plumage varying in the sun,*

TOM rais'd his head, and thus begun :

“ Abusive scorner ! falsely vain !

“ Unmov'd, your insult we sustain !

“ Our mated loves, endear'd by truth,

“ Survive the transient bloom of youth.

“ Not with the kiss our pleasure ends ;

“ Not lovers only—doves are friends,

“ Thro' life, but one our mutual aim,

“ Our fears, hopes, wishes, all the same :

“ Unlov'd, unloving, wretched bird !

“ With female rakes, a rake you herd.

“ When stung by jealousy or rage,

“ You bold, and bloody combat wage,

“ Of all your train will one stand by

“ With panting breast and wishful eye ?

“ You fall—another fills your place ;

“ Most welcome still, the newest face.”

As meet, her place, TOM's female knew,

(In Turtles prudent wives we view)

Silent she sat, with rapture high ;

Full on dear TOM was fix'd her eye.

—Yet as he finish'd, 'tis confess'd,

She arch'd her neck, and rear'd her crest,

As proud to own the glorious cause,

And clapt her wings, and coo'd applause.

Go ! (cry'd the cock) my soul disdains

“ To make reply ! Go ! bug your chains !”

He scarce had ended, when behold,

A rival comes, as young, as bold :

His wanton wish, his looks proclaim !

With answering looks the females came ;

His wish they crown'd, he crows aloud ;

His death the rival'd boaster vow'd :

They fight, and dreadful scenes ensue,

Their females unconcern'd, withdrew.

This dies ; our hero maim'd, survives,

The scorn of all his twenty wives.

Opprobrious now he hangs his head ;

None mourn the wounded, nor the dead :

*New rakes, new loves, new broils succeed,  
 They riot, envy, fight and bleed ;  
 With speechless joy the Turtles glow'd,  
 Their joys their meeting glances shew'd :  
 And bless'd the gracious power above,  
 That each at first was form'd a dove.  
 Let others take from cocks their cue  
 And range wide nature's common thro' ;  
 By doves instructed, you and I,  
 Each with his one can live and die.*

No. 21. Saturday, June 7.

**A** GREEABLE to the promise of my correspondent, Miss LETTY LOVE-YOUTH, she has sent me the following extract from the debates of the first session of the FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

‘ *Die jovis 20<sup>o</sup> Maii 1766.*

‘ **T**HE bill for the reformation of abuses being  
 ‘ read, the debates were opened by Miss  
 ‘ TATTLE-WELL.

‘ Mrs. SPEAKER,

‘ ‘Tis not without a sensible glow of complacency,  
 ‘ I behold this august body, assembled to deliberate  
 ‘ on so important an affair, so national a concern, as  
 ‘ the reformation of these abuses, that unhinge the  
 ‘ system of order, decency, and distinction. Too  
 ‘ long have the females of this isle groaned under the  
 ‘ disagreeable supposition, and I am sorry to say, so  
 ‘ well founded aspersions of ignorance, affectation,  
 ‘ inconstancy, folly and fashion. Too long have they, by  
 ‘ servile imitation of monstrous modes, danced after the  
 ‘ ridiculous absurdity of French whims, and submitted  
 ‘ to the tyrannic rules of a-la-mode travelled ladies,  
 ‘ who would hoodwink reason, and hedge-hog the  
 ‘ most beauteous part of the creation. Is there a pa-  
 ‘ triot

• triot eye that does no weep over the wounds of  
• their country? Who can behold our manufactures  
• despised, our artists discouraged, a French mono-  
• poly of frizeurs, and the dropical excesses to which  
• modern heads are swoln, and not without founda-  
• tion conclude, that the very basis of our constitu-  
• tion is shook, the frame is tottering, and abuses call  
• aloud for reformation? Are we ever to be blinded  
• by the enemies' politicks? Is not the introduction  
• of language and fashion the first symptoms of sub-  
• version? Can our enemies want powerful advocates  
• among the men, who have already debauched the  
• understanding of the women? What dreadful re-  
• volutions have had their rise from less important  
• occasions, both ancient and modern history tell us.  
• How many Pompadours have been the secret spring  
• of the vast machine, and ruled the reins of govern-  
• ment? How many Ministers are under petticoat  
• rule? How many elections are carried by the wo-  
• men? None but a stranger in politics can be igno-  
• rant of this; and how flowing, how natural the  
• conclusion, that a French head should have a French  
• heart, and a French—I tremble for the consequences.  
• How many of these mode-mad, degenerate daughters  
• of Ireland, are ready to barter their country for a  
• French head, or a French silk? and how many of  
• our loquacious patriots would sacrifice themselves  
• to a pension, or pretty face? O! my country! And  
• to whom do we owe these monstrous absurdities?  
• to superannuated maids, who, like Jephti's daughter,  
• weep over her virginity, in all the pomp of funeral  
• parade; to grey-headed coquets, who, under the  
• disguise of paint and curls, haunt publick places,  
• to beg the douceurs of all well disposed gentlemen;  
• to shameless gambling dowagers, who would co-  
• ver a caru-tattered constitution, and crackt com-  
• plexion, under a monstrous mop of wool and hair.  
• Can these be patterns of taste and decency, who  
• have renounced both? For shame, arise then, as-  
• sert your liberty, shine once more in the beauty of  
• native innocence, and the unborrowed graces of  
• nature, and leave these old Friezland hens to add  
• to

' to their deformity, by the borrowed charms of a  
 ' muttoned head. Shall we, on whom nature has  
 ' lavished her graces, dishonour the dust of our grand-  
 ' mothers, who scorned the tawdry improvements of  
 ' foreign folly, and shined in the homespun elegance  
 ' of natural simplicity? And let me observe, that in  
 ' vain the British thunder roar'd unrivalled on the  
 ' plains of Minden, in vain has the blood and trea-  
 ' sure of Britain been lavished, to humble an aspir-  
 ' ing enemy; in vain have the British banners waved  
 ' triumphant in the scorching plains of Asia and Afric,  
 ' or the snow-cap'd mountains of America; if the  
 ' nobler part of the nation yet wear the badge of  
 ' slavery, and carry about their heads so many  
 ' trophies of the enemy's conquest. Were my opi-  
 ' nion of weight enough to prevail with this ho-  
 ' nourable house, such methods would be taken as  
 ' would effectually extirpate this growing evil, root  
 ' and branch: and, let me conclude, like the great  
 ' commoner, and with that the sentiments of my  
 ' heart were inscribed, not on my tomb-stone, (as I  
 ' am not yet tired of life) but on my cap, that the  
 ' present age might see there is one superior to its  
 ' corruption.'

F

*To the* BATCHELOR.

S I R,

' **Y**OUR obliging compliments were extremely  
 ' agreeable to me, though I am conscious of  
 ' not deserving them; so pleasing is genteel flattery  
 ' to all my sex. Your proposal of admitting me into  
 ' the Female Parliament, is an honour far beyond my  
 ' most sanguine wishes; though I know myself to be  
 ' quite unequal to the arduous task, as it requires  
 ' more than common abilities to entitle a person to a  
 ' seat in the senate-house, yet, if Miss Love-youth,  
 ' and the other honourable members, deign to re-  
 ' ceive unworthy me into their councils, I here con-  
 ' firm to them what you have promised for me, that  
 ' no bribes whatsoever, not even the prevailing ones  
 ' you

' you have mentioned, shall influence me to betray  
 ' the public good : but I will not make a clamour a-  
 ' bout patriotism, like some modern pretenders to  
 ' that noble virtue. As an inducement for the wor-  
 ' thy ladies to admit me, I must inform them, that  
 ' I am free from most of the modish foibles you ob-  
 ' ject against : I never had my hair French'd but  
 ' once, and that was in compliance with another  
 ' person's desire : ravishing as Tenducci's voice is, I  
 ' cannot die away at Arbaces' soft, unintelligible  
 ' complaints, though I melt into tears with vener-  
 ' able, unfortunate Lear, and sympathize with the  
 ' lovely Countess of Salisbury's agony for her child,  
 ' torn from her arms. I never set my foot out of  
 ' my native country, for whom I have that reve-  
 ' rence all her children owe her, though, like Go-  
 ' neril and Regan, some of them throw off all filial  
 ' tenderness and duty ; and I dislike all French pro-  
 ' ductions, except those of their wit ; these, I own,  
 ' I am an admirer of. If you will lay this before  
 ' Mrs. Speaker, and I am received into that respect-  
 ' able body, I shall always endeavour to prove my-  
 ' self worthy of the trust reposed in,

' Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

' INCOGNITA.'

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

On the much lamented, and most tragical death of  
 the celebrated patriot, PHLOGOS, who, on Satur-  
 day the 31st ultimo, was barbarously murdered  
 by some persons unknown, on *College-green*, where  
 he was found in the morning, a little after five,  
 with his head separated from his body.

*Quis desiderii sit pudor, aut modus  
 Tam chari capitis ? - - - - - HOR.*

*IS then the worthy Phlogos dead ?  
 And has our patron lost his head ?  
 Ah me, what vile, infernal pack  
 Could perpetrate a deed so black !*

*A nest*

*A nest of rogues for mischief keen,  
 Who sometimes meet on C\*\*\*\* G\*\*\*\*  
 Dispos'd alike to kill and rob,  
 No doubt, have done the wicked jobb;  
 Destroy'd the pillar of the state,  
 And robb'd our patriot of his pate!  
 And now, alas, by way of scoff,  
 The bloody knaves who cut it off,  
 (As if to pacify his ghost)  
 Have dar'd to fix it on a post;  
 A post, for which he us'd to strive,  
 But ne'er could compass, when alive.  
 His trunk amid the common herd  
 Of malefactors lies interr'd;  
 The lowly mansion only known  
 By this inscription on the stone:  
 "Here lies a wit, without a head,  
 "A S\*\*\*\*\* who wanted bread;  
 "A D\*\*\*\*\* often feed for killing,  
 "A man of sbow without a sbilling:  
 "A patriot, who, to get a name,  
 "Still kept his country in a flame:  
 "A church-man ever fond to sib up  
 "An ill report against a bishop  
 "And (what must surely seem more odd)  
 "A saint——without the fear of God."  
 X*

No. 22. Saturday, June 14.

*Aliquando dulce est insanire.*

‘ To the BATCHELOR.

‘ S I R,

‘ **T**HO’ I meet with daily mortifications for  
 ‘ having neglected in my youth to learn the  
 ‘ polite accomplishment of dancing, I have not the  
 ‘ courage to attempt at acquiring a knowledge of  
 ‘ that

' that agile science. The truth is, I have been bu-  
 ' ried at school and at college, till I am near thirty  
 ' years of age, and find a strange repugnance in me  
 ' to capering, for according to the old adage, *nemo*  
 ' *saltat sobrius*. And indeed, what kind of a figure  
 ' doth a man of any sense and gravity make, in skip-  
 ' ping about to the tickling of a sheep's gut, by a  
 ' little hair and rosin ! Yet what must I do ? There is  
 ' a necessity for me to get married, and I am half in  
 ' love with four or five young females of my ac-  
 ' quaintance ; but I find I shall stand no chance to  
 ' get into the good graces of any one of them, with-  
 ' out I qualify myself to walk a minuet with her :  
 ' and, to mend the matter, my greatest favourite is so  
 ' immoderately fond of this kind of exercise, that it is  
 ' hardly possible for her to sit still on an ordinary vi-  
 ' sit, if she hears but a kit or a violin. If I thought  
 ' it would not make me egregiously ridiculous, I  
 ' would yet learn to caper. What think you of  
 ' it Mr. Wagstaffe ?—tell me ingenuously how I shall  
 ' act in this affair. Shall I make a fool of myself to  
 ' get a wife, or shall I be a whit the less fool, if I  
 ' determine to remain, as you have done,

‘ A BATCHELOR.’

I am astonished to think a gentleman of university  
 education, should be at a loss for a precedent to justify  
 him in an honest endeavour to qualify himself for the  
 favour of the ladies. Can he be ignorant that So-  
 crates himself learned to dance at twice his age ; or  
 that in answer to his maxim, *nemo saltat sobrius*,  
 “ dancing is incompatible with wisdom,” we may op-  
 pose another of equal or superior authority, as in my  
 motto,

*They, who in general walk by rule,  
 May sometimes wisely play the fool.*

T.

• To the BATCHELOR.

• S I R,

• I See plainly your drift in being so hot on endeavouring to constitute a Parliament of women, as proposed by your sensible correspondent, LETTY LOVE-YOUTH, and assented to by your *batchelorship*: — There is a snake in the grass. — You, with all your seeming morality, and upright declarations, appear now in my opinion, to be what your correspondent, OBADIAH PLAINCOAT, surmised, a wolf in sheep's cloathing. — So, Mr. Wagstaffe, you want to be in the female committees, and to wriggle yourself into all their secrets. It is lucky for the ladies they have discovered you in time, or you certainly would have discovered them. Beside this reason for not giving into your proposal, I have others, which I will lay before your readers, if you will permit me.

• I grant, that the women of this kingdom have an equal right with the men, to be represented in parliament; and it is a mere conceit to say, that as there is no difference between the very old people of both sexes, old men being commonly called old women; the older and wiser part of the sex, at least, have their representatives already. It is no less absurd to insinuate, that several great men are no other than the representatives of their wives.

• Such a parliament would be attended with numberless inconveniences; for, if the women were to chuse them, it is presumed, that the greatest merit upon earth, nay, even bribery itself, would not be able to procure any woman of tolerable beauty to be elected, so that this would be the ugliest assembly in the creation, and must, in the eye of all the world, tend very much to the discredit of the Irish beauty so highly admired: whereas, if the men were the electors, the house would be such a formidable assembly of angels, that it might very much endanger the liberty of every man, even to  
• lift

• lift up his eyes at them, which at present the  
• meanest of us may do in a modest and humble man-  
• ner at our member.

• In a company the other evening where your pa-  
• per was produced, and Miss Love-youth's letter  
• read, with your subsequent paper; the wife of  
• a member of parliament, who was one of the com-  
• pany, said, she did not approve of your scheme,  
• but thought that the wife of every parliament man  
• should be admitted to a right of speaking and vot-  
• ing on every question: this I objected to, for as  
• husbands and wives commonly differ in opinion, it  
• is to be feared the court would constantly have a  
• minority in the house. I proceeded further in my  
• objections, and concluded thus,—“ To wave a  
• great many other trite exceptions, to such an her-  
• maphrodite assembly, I apprehend the men might  
• with some reason insist, that, as the privileges of  
• parliament are not absolutely limited, it would be  
• a question, whether a kiss, or a squeeze by the  
• hand, or the gallanting a fan, might not be con-  
• strued a breach of privilege? nay, whether it  
• might not be unsafe to affront the lap-dog or parrot  
• of a member of parliament.”

• I think the most equitable method is, that for the  
• future every house of commons should be elected by  
• the women; a scheme, which as it would ef-  
• fectually remove the grievances above complained  
• of, so would it be attended with many good con-  
• sequences, and is liable, as I conceive, to no man-  
• ner of exception; unless perhaps, from awkward  
• malecontents and out-of-fashion patriots, whose  
• sentiments I apprehend, whether right or wrong,  
• are not worth regarding.

• Several Lord Lieutenants in former times, have  
• met with great obstructions in their measures, par-  
• ticularly of raising money, from a party of coun-  
• try gentlemen who have been chosen by their  
• neighbours and tenants; now, by the scheme I  
• propose, both these evils will be removed, and it  
• will be rendered impossible for a mere country  
• gentleman (I mean a rustic) ever to gain admission  
• into

‘ into the house. By this method of election, the  
 ‘ house of commons of Ireland, would become an  
 ‘ assembly of the finest gentlemen in Europe ; and as  
 ‘ it would be likewise the ablest bodied council in  
 ‘ the world, might, in a literal sense, be called the  
 ‘ bulwark of the nation : for as no woman should be  
 ‘ suffered to vote till the age of twenty one (or if  
 ‘ none but widows were to vote) all beaus and petit  
 ‘ maitres would be absolutely excluded.

‘ The beastly custom of drinking, which prevails  
 ‘ at elections, and really looks like the celebration  
 ‘ of the orgies of Bacchus, would, by this scheme,  
 ‘ be entirely abolished, and dancing substituted in its  
 ‘ stead, which, as it would greatly improve our gal-  
 ‘ lantry, so it would complete the resemblance of the  
 ‘ French we have so long been labouring at, with  
 ‘ every part about us, from head to foot.

‘ DEMOCRITUS, junior.’

‘ P. S. If you publish this, you shall hear from me  
 ‘ again shortly, on the same subject.’

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

*Semper ego AUDITOR tantum.*—— Juv.

‘ MR. HOBY,

‘ **W**HENEVER I observe a political writer  
 ‘ pour out his sentiments in a manner suited  
 ‘ rather to the *passions*, than to the *understandings* and  
 ‘ *reason* of his readers, I suspect his having some sel-  
 ‘ fish design in view ; especially when he suffers him-  
 ‘ self to run into an illiberal abuse of persons who  
 ‘ happen to differ from him in opinion, or are placed  
 ‘ in stations above his own.—It is possible, indeed,  
 ‘ that an intemperate writer, or one who runs fu-  
 ‘ riously into party zeal, may be an *honest man* : we  
 ‘ know, that in domestic and private life, passionate  
 ‘ persons are, in the main, good-natured, and often  
 ‘ sorry for having given scope to their anger : but a  
 ‘ a man

• a man thus agitated, is the most unfit in the world  
• to commence a political writer. The mischief done  
• by the former is easily and soon repaired; we are  
• induced to pity his weakness, and forgive the sudden  
• gust of his choler, on account of the succeeding  
• humanity he exercises, to repair his fault.—But it  
• is not so with the latter, the politician: the warmth  
• of *his* temper, when it displays itself in print, makes  
• an impression more lasting, perhaps, than his pro-  
• ductions, and he throws the greater part of his  
• readers, who are the weak and untelligent, into that  
• commotion of spirits, by which he himself appears  
• influenced.

• *Litera scripta manet*, is a true, and sometimes a  
• significant saying: and, in private letters, the heat  
• of the writer is sometimes productive of inconve-  
• nience and detriment to himself; much more is the  
• heat of the political adventurer likely to be so; and  
• not to himself alone, but (what is much worse) to  
• numbers of that community, of which he happens  
• to be a member; few of whom have the wisdom or  
• the discretion to stand neutral in the political dis-  
• pute that he has raised. The multitude are split  
• and divided, and they lift themselves on this and  
• that side, according as they are actuated by their  
• real or imaginary interests, or by the passions that  
• have been excited in them. They are totally and  
• cruelly taught to hate, instead of loving one ano-  
• ther. This sort of political writer, who has not  
• his passions under a reasonable controul, never ac-  
• knowledges his errors; for these he has a parental  
• and blind fondness; nay, he goes on from error to  
• error, from mischief to mischief, and gives a full  
• scope to all the irascible qualities interwoven in  
• his nature and constitution.

• But, though I allow that a party-writer may hap-  
• pen to be honest in *intention*, this good intention is  
• but a slender *extenuation* of his crime: he, as I  
• said, keeps the public *divided*; and, for this very  
• reason, ought to be treated as a *madman*, out of  
• whose hand the sword, that has been foolishly in-  
• trusted to him, should be immediately wrested: or  
• as

• as a *knave*, who hopes to raise to himself an early  
• and advantageous harvest, by sowing the seeds of  
• dissention in the hot-bed of party.

• I shall ever be of this opinion, let the latent or  
• declared *motives* or *pretences* of such men be what  
• they may. We know some writers in this city, who  
• have given much stronger tokens of their being ac-  
• tuated by a spirit of selfishness and faction, than by  
• the spirit of patriotism; who, though at some times,  
• they have affected to appear in the world, as so  
• many *Catos*, dying, or ready to die, for their *bleed-*  
• *ing country*, have, at other times, descended to all  
• the meanness of flatterers and sycophants; laid hold  
• on every trifling opportunity that offered for draw-  
• ing upon themselves the public attention, and  
• courting popularity; tried every base and illiberal  
• method for promoting their own interested pur-  
• poses; and disturbed the public, whose happiness  
• and repose they should principally endeavour to  
• establish --- They have bellowed in the senate,  
• roared in the streets, and dared to insult even the  
• seat of government itself, or rather the persons ap-  
• pointed to fill it, and to direct the great political  
• machine. Happily for the public, however, and  
• perhaps for themselves too, these gentlemen have  
• been treated with that neglect and contempt which  
• their audacity deserved; for their ambition would  
• still rise, in proportion as it was from time to time  
• gratified.—Government hath wisely observed, that,  
• if some fat sops had been thrown into the mouths  
• of these persons, this would be so very far from  
• silencing clamour, that, in fact, it would be feeding  
• a spreading flame, for that others, following their  
• example, would roar out too, and stretch forward  
• their maws, with appetites equally craving and  
• voracious; and that the revenue of the state itself  
• could not possibly gratify the increasing number of  
• such appetites.

• If these vociferous gentlemen, who indeed have  
• some talents, would not abuse or misapply those  
• talents, but employ them for nobler and better pur-  
• poses, in closing, instead of widening the wounds

• of

of the nation, (for the nation is wounded by the prejudices, partialities, and wayward politics of bigotted and self-interested men) and in pointing out the means for uniting all parties in one common, national, and political interest; would they, I say, do this, they would act like patriots indeed! —Instead of such a salutary plan, they take a quite contrary course; they have the temerity to traduce, personally, not only the highest, but some of the most respectable characters in the kingdom: they take pains to render magistracy insignificant, and contemptible in the eyes of the populace: thus (for instance) a *fat alderman* and a *gluttonous knave* are become synonymous terms; and this respectable, useful, and necessary body of magistrates are, by turns, denounced fools, asses, knaves, and *bloated scoundrels*. Such is the *consistency* of our political *regulators* in their epithets and changes!—If one of these, accepting an invitation to an aldermanic entertainment, has not a lord or a privy-counsellor turned out of his chair, to make room for *him*; we are told, in the *Faitious Journal*, that the gentleman finds himself under a necessity of going home to his own dinner, because (by the bye) he came too late to be admitted at the *first*, and *could not* sit at the *second table*, where persons of higher rank than himself were contented to place themselves.—Such prying eyes have some of our modern political writers, and so far do they divest themselves of common decency, that even the *kitchen* of a great man cannot escape their notice. Pity it is, that they have not been brought up in the occupations of larder-keepers, cooks, and scullions!—Thus, in fine, the most trivial circumstances are noised abroad, through a channel ever ready for receiving all productions that are calculated to sow dissention and discontent in the minds of the public, and for such *chieffy*.

I hope, Mr. HOZEY, for your own credit and emolument, but principally for the sake of the public, that you will keep clear of such partialities as distinguish the writings and the conduct of some  
‘ of

‘ of your cotemporary Journalists. My own sentiment is, that you should give place to all writings, indiscriminately, *pro* and *contra*, that are sent to you, if written with moderation, decency and sense, and calculated for the *instruction*, not the *division* of the public. For by this means, the true interest of the community will at length be set in a proper light, and better understood, than it ever can be through any conveyance that is free only for the lubrications of *one particular set of writers*, and those, for the most part, the most scurrilous and abusive, the most intemperate and inflammatory of any that ever yet appeared in this kingdom.

‘ I am, Sir,

‘ Your very humble servant,

‘ PHILANTHROPOS.’

### A POEM to LIBERTY.

“ O Liberty, thou goddess heav’nly bright,  
 To what far distant region art thou fled?  
 Ah, what provok’d thee hence to take thy flight,  
 And leave a vile impostor in thy stead?  
 A loose, licentious, proud, imperious dame;  
 Intriguing, factious, turbulent and loud;  
 Who wears thy garb, assumes thy sacred name,  
 And thus imposes on the giddy croud!  
 From scene to scene the busy vagrant runs,  
 Some scandalous tale to ev’ry ear imparts;  
 With wicked wiles debauches all our sons,  
 And ev’n our fires seduces by her arts.  
 The wanton wretch, with ev’ry rake she meets,  
 To stews and taverns freely will repair;  
 In ev’ry fray, that happens in the streets,  
 In ev’ry public riot has a share.  
 What tho’ the prudent shun her as a pest,  
 Yet in the city often is she seen,  
 With seeming kindness treated by the best,  
 By all the vulgar honour’d as a queen.

Nay

*Nay ev'n with patriots sometimes tete à tete  
 Appears in places of the first resort ;  
 Is well receiv'd by some among the great,  
 But ne'er presumes to shew her face at court :  
 Her disaffection there so well is known,  
 That, had the wretch sufficient pow'r, 'tis sure  
 She ev'n would dare to shake the British throne,  
 Which thou wer't ever anxious to secure.  
 Then, Oh, to banish this impostor wile,  
 Fair liberty, once more from heav'n descend ;  
 Once more return to this disorder'd isle,  
 Return—for noble HERTFORD is thy friend.*



No. 23.      *Tuesday, June 17.*

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' *To the* B A T C H E L O R.

' S I R,

' I SHALL resume the subject on which I wrote  
 ' to you before, the election of all future parlia-  
 ' ments by women. I have already mentioned some  
 ' of the advantages it would be productive of, and  
 ' shall now specify a few more.

' By this method of election, we shall avoid the ill  
 ' effects of that pernicious restraint, which custom  
 ' has imposed upon women from opening their minds  
 ' to the men. Now, in making interest for a parti-  
 ' cular member, a lady might very modestly declare  
 ' her inclinations. Thus some ladies who are not  
 ' blest with much beauty or fortune, might in a de-  
 ' cent manner, pay their addresses to the men ; which  
 ' would at the same time distinguish the gallantry of  
 ' the candidate. Thus the abominable custom of ex-  
 ' cessive drinking, which I have already mentioned,  
 ' that deprives his majesty of several of his subjects  
 ' by impairing their healths, would be abolished, and  
 ' instead

' instead of a decrease of people, there would be so  
 ' visible an increase, that every election year, like a  
 ' sort of leap-year, might be easily distinguished from  
 ' the rest ; and hence the patriots might be farther  
 ' indulged with two favourite points ; for, first, no  
 ' person could have the assurance to oppose septen-  
 ' nial, or rather annual parliaments ; and secondly, it  
 ' would remove a very strong argument in favour of  
 ' a standing army, when it was proved, that children  
 ' might be promiscuously raised all over the country  
 ' without it.

' Another convenience, tho' not so general, would  
 ' attend several gentlemen who have a great number  
 ' of daughters, to whom they are not able to give  
 ' what is called a genteel fortune, without which, if  
 ' the said daughters had every other merit, no man of  
 ' any rank would think of any thing more than de-  
 ' bauching them ; now, by this scheme, we might find  
 ' a method to keep a husband in countenance with-  
 ' out the word *fortune*, since it would read very well  
 ' in the *MERCURY* among the Dublin news,

" Yesterday Patrick Somebody, Esq; was married  
 " to Miss Such-a-one, a lady of great beauty, merit,  
 " and a vote for the city of Dublin, and the counties  
 " of Kildare and Corke."

' And that this scheme may be made as advan-  
 ' tageous as possible to the cause of virtue, it should  
 ' be settled, that no woman who has eloped from her  
 ' husband, none who lives in open defiance of the  
 ' laws of decency, shall, notwithstanding the allega-  
 ' tion of any custom or fashion in her favour, be ad-  
 ' mitted to vote.

' That no woman under the age of twenty-one,  
 ' shall be admitted to vote, since it is unlikely that  
 ' those who generally shew us they are not qualified  
 ' to chuse a man for themselves, should chuse well  
 ' for their country.

' To prevent corruption, no milliner or mantua-  
 ' maker, or wife of an exciseman or custom-house of-  
 ' ficer, should be allowed to vote.

' This last exception concerning the wives of ex-  
 ' cisemen, &c. I got the hint of from a court lady,  
 ' which

‘ which surpris’d me much at first, till I consider’d the rule of contraries, already mentioned.

‘ For the better carrying on the project of imitating the people of France, no lady should be admitted to vote for the knights of shires, without being dress’d a-la mode de Paris. To qualify a lady to vote for citizens or burgessees, it might be sufficient that she wore only a French night cap, or any other unbecoming distinguishing mark of that nation.

‘ Besides the qualifications already necessary to a candidate, some decency of character should likewise be required. No man, therefore, who publickly keeps a mistress, or is an open and avowed frequenter of bad houses, should be deemed qualified for a member.

‘ When I first thought of this affair, I design’d to have mentioned that all profess’d debauchers of women should be excluded, but before I publish’d that clause, I thought proper to feel some womens pulse as to this point, in order to which I propos’d it in a large company of ladies, to whom I disclos’d my scheme, among whom a debate arose whether widows should not be excepted, and the question being at length put, it was carried in favour of the exception by a great majority.

‘ In the same company, and immediately after the foregoing question had been dispos’d of, it was resolv’d *nem. con.* That any man who is convicted of boasting of a lady’s favour, shall be deem’d utterly disqualified to be chosen.

‘ A motion was made, that when any elector could be prov’d, on the testimony of one or more properly qualified for the test, to be of a weak and shallow mind, either from having outliv’d their understanding, or never having a sufficient quantity of that ingredient to entitle them to a vote; that their opinion or vote for or against any candidate, should be reject’d, and they oblig’d to retire to an hospital for lunatics. It pass’d at the first putting, but a debate arising on the manner of its being enter’d in the ladies tablets, it fell to the ground.

V O L. I.

F

‘ Then

‘ Then the assembly adjourned to the next drum  
 ‘ night, to be held at lady Wrinkle’s in Merriion-street.  
 ‘ —Of the proceedings there, you shall, perhaps,  
 ‘ hereafter receive an account, from

J

‘ DEMOCRITUS, junior.’

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From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

‘ To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

‘ S I R, .

‘ **T**HE sentiment in my former letter, *viz.* that  
 ‘ “ an angry or passionate party-writer may be  
 ‘ “ an *honest* man,” was intended as a compliment rather  
 ‘ to human nature in general, than to any particular  
 ‘ person, then or now in my view: for the honour in-  
 ‘ deed of our species, I would wish that a deep sensi-  
 ‘ bility of any existing public evils, and such a regard  
 ‘ for the interest of the community, as should hold  
 ‘ *SELF* in no higher a degree of estimation, or a mat-  
 ‘ ter of greater solicitude, than *that* interest, where  
 ‘ alone the stimulating motive to that immoral abuse,  
 ‘ that virulent licentiousness, and that antichristian  
 ‘ spirit of rancour, which so strongly mark the writ-  
 ‘ ings of some of our modern political *geniuses*.

‘ Enthusiasm is a sort of fever of the mind, and as  
 ‘ dangerous in *politics*, as it often has been found to  
 ‘ be in *religion*: yet it hath some degree of *merit*; be-  
 ‘ cause its heat arises from a good principle at bottom,  
 ‘ or a principle which to the person, who labours un-  
 ‘ der its influence, appears to be a *good* one —  
 ‘ But the men, who strive to keep the good people of  
 ‘ this kingdom at drawn daggers, have not, nor have  
 ‘ their friends for them, the merit of their being *enthu-*  
 ‘ *siasts* to plead for them: far from it; — Whoever  
 ‘ has remarked their conduct for some years past,  
 ‘ must have seen, and still see, *dear self*, as the  
 ‘ *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the end, of  
 ‘ their mighty struggles for *liberty*: their boast of pa-  
 ‘ triotism is merely *specious*. ‘ It

‘ It is as easy to *counterfeit* a love for one’s country, as for one’s mistress: and the *pseudo*, or *pretended* patriot, in order to support his pretensions to the character he assumes, has no more to do but to cull out a parcel of such captivating expressions as these, and place them at the beginning and conclusion of his popular and abusive addresses:—  
 ‘ *Men and brethren!*—*Brethren and fellow-citizens!*—  
 ‘ *My most beloved brethren and friends!*—*My dearest friends and fellow-citizens!*—*My best beloved brethren and friends!*—*My most beloved and honoured brethren and friends!*—*Farewell, my brothers!*  
 ‘ *and let me conjure you to believe me, that, whether living or dying, I am, and ever shall be, with the utmost sincerity, true respect, unfeigned love, and boundless gratitude, yours, &c.*

‘ If such a patriot, from an apprehension of corporal punishment, should cry out, “*Now, you sons of LIBERTY! JUST and RIGHTEOUS JUDGES!*” look narrowly into these my proceedings, and try my conduct by the rules of *LAW and JUSTICE*, not by the malevolent misrepresentations of designing men”—and should, with a *canting* floutish, declare, “*Life, with all the gawdy pomp and splendor of the world, can have no charm for me, cannot even be tolerable to me, without LIBERTY*”—and if, in another place, he should offer up a thick cloud of incense to his own importance, by the following climax—“*Death can have nothing terrible to the man, whose whole life is one continued scene of incessant toil, trouble, care and anxiety, and who is unwearied in answering the ends of his creation, RELIGIOUSLY discharging his duty to his neighbour, to himself, to his king, to his country, to his GOD: Death to such a Man is but an easy transition from a transitory life of pain and trouble, to an eternal one of endless and inexpressible felicity.*”—If, I say, he should speak in this piteous, mournful, and self-complacent strain, to his friends at the *Coombe*, and in the several cellars and garrets of the city, the poor honest creatures would doubtless at

‘ once catch the bewitching *pathos* ; sob, and pour  
 ‘ out torrents of tears ; almost break their swelling  
 ‘ hearts with sympathetic groans ; convulsively belch  
 ‘ out, *oh, liberty ! oh, my country !*—and deem him  
 ‘ the *Atlas* of the constitution.

‘ The history of *patriotism* for twenty years past,  
 ‘ or thereabout, would be a curious, an edifying,  
 ‘ and useful undertaking.—The subject of the *first*  
 ‘ section would indeed be very remarkable, when  
 ‘ contrasted with the subsequent conduct and decla-  
 ‘ rations of the principal hero of the piece :—In the  
 ‘ *former* might be shewn how *he* set forth, with all  
 ‘ the flowery elegance and turgid pomposity of a  
 ‘ *barber*, how terrible *Irish* names sounded in *English*  
 ‘ ears ; that “ their names, their very NAMES,  
 ‘ “ sounded treason, rebellion, riot, rapine, murder and  
 ‘ “ massacre, and every species of wickedness that could  
 ‘ “ disfigure human nature”—and in some of the subse-  
 ‘ quent sections, how “ this (the *Irish*) nation has  
 ‘ “ not been better treated by some of the antient  
 ‘ “ *English* governors, than the *Peruvians* or *Mexicans*  
 ‘ “ by the *Spaniards*.”—that the native *Irish* were  
 ‘ “ treated like *slaves*, and barbarous enemies to the  
 ‘ “ crown ; and that soon after, the *English-Irish* shared  
 ‘ “ the like fate.”—Such an history (and there are  
 ‘ materials enough for it) would clearly point out the  
 ‘ *great consistency* and *uniform conduct* of some of our  
 ‘ political doctors ; whose pills, however, instead of  
 ‘ curing the fancied disorders, have poisoned the con-  
 ‘ stitutions of the ignorant, the credulous and un-  
 ‘ happy persons, to whom they had been administered.

‘ Cool and dispassionate men, men who have the  
 ‘ real happiness of the community at heart, in which  
 ‘ their own is more or less involved, will, surely,  
 ‘ (and indeed it is time they should) think it their  
 ‘ duty to endeavour to stem that *faction* spirit that  
 ‘ impudently stalks abroad, (for whether the fountain-  
 ‘ head of this spirit be *enthusiasm* or *art*, the con-  
 ‘ sequences are equally pernicious to the public) and  
 ‘ to call the deluded multitude back to their sober  
 ‘ senses,

‘ senses, from that state of political drunkenness, wherein they have been for a long time immersed.

‘ As a preparative to this salutary work, let me at present briefly express to the lower order of *free citizens* in this metropolis, who, I am persuaded, are in the main, honest well-intentioned men, not barely my apprehensions, but my firm belief, that their political instructors are making them only step-ladders to power:—That the bustle of some of the *upper order of citizens* is a mere farce, and shews they want to wriggle or *force* themselves into preferments:—That *why* they quarrel with aldermen, is because they themselves are not, first *sheriffs* and next *aldermen*; for they are sharp-sighted enough to have discovered that some of their betters (their betters in rank, fortune and endowments) oppose, and quarrel with governors, in hopes of being *taken off* by places and pensions:—That the cry of *liberty* is merely delusory, and set up by artful and designing men, who would monopolize its blessings to *themselves*.—That this is the *scope* and *drift* of the fanatical preachers in the *factious Journal*:—That if these preachers got livings, *stipends*, and other emoluments, which they lust for, they would become *silent* as mutes; and then all would be *well*; not a word of complaint would be thrown out against governors, aldermen, or recorders; at least for some time, until their ambition would grow higher, and other opportunities for clamour offered:—Let me further remind those *citizens*, that no political constitution under the sun is, or can be, perfect in *practice*: because *perfection* is not the lot of human nature:—That although there may be many over-sights, mistakes, and, perhaps, some oppressions too, committed by some persons in power and authority; yet, that the greatest political oppression that can be, is that which is exercised by those restless and ambitious spirits, who labour, for sinister purposes, to diffuse discontents throughout the people, to make them dissatisfied with their magistrates (than whom, per-

‘ haps, a better set could not be placed in their stead,  
 ‘ were the picking and choosing of them left to our  
 ‘ political regulators)—to throw the body-politic into  
 ‘ confusion, in hopes of their emerging from their  
 ‘ obscurity, and rising above their fellows:—And  
 ‘ finally, that such spirits have always been the  
 ‘ greatest enemies to and in any country, which  
 ‘ had the misfortune of giving them birth; some very  
 ‘ striking instances of which have been given by that  
 ‘ able and dispassionate writer, PHILOPOLIS, in  
 ‘ your paper of the 5th instant.

‘ I am, SIR,

‘ Yours, &c.

June 21, 1766.

‘ PHILANTROPOS.’

### The Definition of a FREE-CITIZEN.

**T**HE epithet free, when apply'd to a cit,  
 May signify free—from discretion and wit;  
 And further, the same four identical letters,  
 May also imply—he makes free with his betters.  
 The attribute free may moreover import  
 The freedom he takes in opposing the court.

In fact, our free-cits, if we carefully read 'em,  
 Are men, who maintain the most absolute freedom;  
 Some freedoms they always assume,—for example,  
 On ev'ry distinction whatever to trample;  
 To spread thro' the city republican notions;  
 To make in the b——e the most insolent motions;  
 Besides, on occasion, (to serve their own cause,)  
 A freedom they claim—to dispense with the laws;  
 And yet can pretend (with their usual effrontery)  
 A mighty regard for their k——g and their country.

In short, our free-cits, acting opposite parts,  
 Affect to love peace, and have war in their hearts;  
 To injure the church or the state would be loth,  
 Yet cordially wish the subversion of both.

X

No.



No. 24. Tuesday, June 24.

The STYPTIC: & TALE.

**S**OME hold it for a constant theme,  
 That men were always just the same ;  
 Nor vice nor virtue do they find,  
 To this or t'other age assign'd :  
 But I deny their postulatum,  
 Nor do I hold it as probatum ;  
 For annals of old Rome will tell us,  
 That Romans were but sorry fellows ;  
 Some for ambition had cut throats,  
 And Roman tribunes sold their votes :  
 You often find a slaught'ring hero,  
 Then a CALIGULA or NERO ;  
 And few good characters they cite us,  
 Except a TRAJAN, or a TITUS ;  
 If they point out two HONEST men,  
 Of BAD they'll surely shew you ten ;  
 Whoever reads them, then must own,  
 The world is now more virtuous grown ;  
 Nay, any sum whate'er I'll venture ye,  
 That we're improv'd within a cent'ry ;  
 And search this island quite around,  
 There's scarce a villain to be found.  
 Whoe'er thinks right, will say I speak well,  
 As he may find out in the sequel.

In Ireland, (in Queen BESS's reign,  
 As stories tell, or stories feign,)  
 A patriot once, of high renown,  
 With country clans and mobs in town ;  
 A cunning, sly, designing rogue,  
 Not PHLOGOS self in greater vogue ;

F 4

Nor

Nor greater here do we find  
 In *Faction's Journal* of his kind ;  
 Was in the house a wretched speaker,  
 Not PHLOGOS' arguments were weaker ;  
 And tho' a man of meanest parts,  
 Was vers'd in all the patriot arts :  
 This man us'd loudly to exclaim,  
 " My bleeding country is my aim ; ———  
 " I'd die with pleasure for her sake ; ———  
 " My bleeding country is at stake ! ———"  
 By this, and such like senseless jargon,  
 He meant to drive the better bargain.  
 Queen BESS's viceroy, who was wise,  
 Saw through our patriot's thin disguise :  
 Says he, " Unless the wound we stop,  
 " This land will bleed out every drop ;  
 " Some sovereign Styptic must be found  
 " To heal this bleeding country's wound ;  
 " Perhaps a good employment would  
 " Stop the effusion of this blood."

The wound is clos'd ; you no more hear  
 His bleeding country ding your ear ;  
 No place man now gave more support,  
 Or pleaded louder for the court ;  
 No more he op'd his brawling throat,  
 But calmly sat to give his vote ;  
 Obey'd commands, nor car'd a jot  
 Whether his country bled or not.

But our good patriots now-a-days,  
 Desire nought else but empty praise ;  
 They're fashion'd of a different mold,  
 Prefer their country's good to gold ;  
 Nor can a paltry plate or bribe  
 Tempt them to quit the patriot tribe.  
 Some pour out nonsense in a flood,  
 All for their dearest country's good ;  
 While others, with bare ay's or no's,  
 The best court measures will oppose ;  
 Or right or wrong, or good or bad,  
 They all are opposition mad ;

Nay,

*Nay, you may see a crazy quack  
 Septennial mad, pro vice hac ;  
 Nor will his angry barking stop,  
 Till, Cerberus-like, he gets a sop.*

S

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

On the election of a Recorder for this city.

*" The great Doctor PHLOGOS has publish'd an order,  
 " That counsellor GOSLIN shall be our recorder,  
 " A promising genius, whose singular merit  
 " Is that of possessing the Doctor's own spirit ;  
 " And sure, did he want ev'ry other perfection,  
 " No Phlogian would dare to oppose his election.*

AN EPIGRAM, on reading the above.

**W**E'RE threat'ned by PHLOGOS with an action of  
*slander,  
 For calling his fav'rite the son of a gander ;  
 In answer to which we shall plead no excuse,  
 But shew that the Doctor himself is a goose ;  
 So he and his goslin, as birds of a feather,  
 May both, when they please, bring their actions together.*

X

No. 25.

Saturday, June 28.

*Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.*

TER.

*Flatt'ry gains friends, plain truth will hatred get ;  
 Dull praise will tickle, and keen satire fret.*

**T**HERE is not a more difficult task in nature than  
 that of giving advice, in the common occurren-

F 5

cts

ces of life, especially if it be against the bent of the person's inclinations to whom you give it ; yet there is nothing which all people are so ready to give. All, except lawyers and physicians, give it gratis and unasked for ; it requires a superiority of understanding to be capable of giving it, as well as good address to make it palatable. The pill must be well gilt and covered over, or it will be nauseous. Advice is like many choice medicines which have fallen into disrepute, by having, on some occasions, been tampered with by unskilful persons, and improperly applied : however, when judiciously administered, it is a sovereign remedy for the disorders of the mind. To argue for the disuse of a thing from the abuse of it, is wrong ; yet so it is at present, and the offer of it is distasteful to most men. The young will not take it, the old reject it with scorn, the wise think they need it not, and fools despise it. It is a very just observation, that advice to a fool is as honey in the mouth of an ass.

I have received two letters, desiring my advice, which I shall communicate to the reader. As matrimony is too nice a point for a Batchelor to give his opinion in, I shall leave the gentlemen entirely to follow the bent of their own inclinations ; besides, people often ask advice in matters of this kind, when they are already determined how to act. If a man happens to jump in exactly with their sentiments, it is well ; if not, he only creates enemies to himself ; he seldom gets thanks, and it is ten to one if one or both parties do not hate him for his pains.

I once knew of a fatal instance of this : a widow of about forty took it into her head to marry a very idle worthless young rake of the town, who had little or no fortune. She, for form sake, before the ceremony, went to a sober, discreet, sensible man, a friend of hers, and asked his advice whether she should marry that young fellow : he, by all means, endeavoured to dissuade her from it, by painting him in his proper colours, as a profligate, debauched, wicked dog. She seemingly acquiesced to his opinion, and thanked him most heartily for saving her from ruin ; but behold ! she married

married the young fellow that very night. The next morning she told her new spouse every word which her friend had said to his disadvantage: the consequence was, he sent the honest adviser a challenge, and put him under the dreadful necessity of running this new married man through the body. I shall therefore avoid giving offence, and let my reader judge how these gentlemen should act in their respective situations.

*To the BATCHELOR.*

Friend WAGSTAFFE,

‘ **A**S thou seemest to be a sober and discreet man,  
‘ not carried away by the idle vanities of the  
‘ world, I will seek thy counsel and advice in a mat-  
‘ ter which concerneth me much. Thou must know  
‘ then, that I am a man stricken in years, and like to  
‘ thee in age. Our brother Hezekiah hath a daugh-  
‘ ter, who seemeth to be as beautiful as Sarah, as wise  
‘ as Rebecca, as faithful as Leah, and as chaste as  
‘ Susanna. The damsel is called Tabitha; she is in  
‘ the twentieth year of her age. Shall I own it to  
‘ thee? Oh!—my heart panteth for her, my bowels  
‘ yearn, yea, the flesh getteth the better of my spirit of  
‘ discretion, and moveth me to take her to wife. When  
‘ I hold forth to the brethren, this beautiful virgin is  
‘ moved by the spirit of love, for she casteth her eyes  
‘ upon me, and smileth in my face. Behold, she is as  
‘ strait as the fir-trees of Lebanon, and smelleth as  
‘ sweet as the dew of Hermon. I opened my mind  
‘ unto her father, and he seemed to be rejoiced there-  
‘ at, as I am very wealthy, and do abound in riches.  
‘ He said that she was partly engaged to brother Ami-  
‘ nidab, whom she loveth much, but that he would  
‘ prefer me, and dismiss Aminidab. Now, although  
‘ Aminidab hath not half my wealth, yet hath he  
‘ youth and a ruddy countenance. Thus then, O!  
‘ friend Wagstaffe, the case standeth. Though my  
‘ heart loveth this beautiful damsel more than gold,  
‘ as

' as she is charming to look upon, yet if friend Hēze-  
 ' kiah compelleth her to cleave unto me, she may de-  
 ' spise, and hold at nought my infirm, gouty limbs,  
 ' when she compareth them with the strong, healthy  
 ' ones of Aminidab. There is only one thing which  
 ' comforteth me; that money relieveth all wants, yea,  
 ' and supplieth all deficiencies. If thou counselest  
 ' me discreetly, yea as a man of sense, I will follow  
 ' thine opinion. If thou advisest me to take sweet Ta-  
 ' bitha to wife, I shall rejoice to see thee at our Ha-  
 ' bitation, rather than the youthful Aminidab, as there  
 ' can be little danger from thee.

‘ Thine,

‘ OBADIAH BROADBRIM.’

‘ Old WAG,

‘ **T**H O’ I know you to be a damn’d queer old  
 ‘ Put, I will for once try whether you are a fellow  
 ‘ of sense or not. You must know, I have seen ser-  
 ‘ vice; I was at the taking of the Mero, the Havan-  
 ‘ nah, and Belleisle. I have gathered as much laurels  
 ‘ as would adorn a church at Christmas. Faith I got  
 ‘ little else by the bargain, besides honour and glory,  
 ‘ for the great fish swallowed up almost all the prize  
 ‘ money. After all, I am now a subaltern on half-  
 ‘ pay, which is a poor subsistence for a gentleman.  
 ‘ Damme, I am as poor as a curate, or an actor. Cash  
 ‘ fights cursed shy. My draper, taylor, and washer-  
 ‘ woman are very troublesome to me, and my credit  
 ‘ is as bare as my old regimentals, tho’ they have been  
 ‘ to the right about. Now my business with you is  
 ‘ this; shall I recruit myself all at once, by marrying  
 ‘ an old rich dowager, who has taken a devilish fancy  
 ‘ to my sweet person? The old b——h proposed to  
 ‘ me the other day to take her for better for worse.  
 ‘ She is sixty and upwards, and I am but five and  
 ‘ twenty: the devil a tooth in her head, and she co-  
 ‘ vers her bald pate with a toupee. Her chimney  
 ‘ smoaks damnably; that is, her breath stinks. I can  
 ‘ plainly see that the gums of this toothless bedlam  
 ‘ are watering for me. Now, tho’ I am reckoned a  
 ‘ wild

' wild young fellow, yet I am a man of more honour  
 ' than to make a bad husband to any woman who sur-  
 ' renders herself prisoner to my discretion, or puts  
 ' herself under my protection to guard her from inju-  
 ' ries. This I should look upon as the part of a  
 ' coward. I fear I could never live happily with her,  
 ' as I should always look upon myself as a journey-  
 ' man, hired by her to satisfy her desires. Honour  
 ' calls me off, poverty pricks me on. Which shall I  
 ' follow ?

Yours,

W

' JACK STANDARD.'



No. 26.

Tuesday, July 1.

————— *Mors sola fatetur*  
*Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*

JUV.

When death our wretched bodies shall assail,  
 It shews alone how weak they are, how frail.

**I**F men were to consider the uncertainty of human life, upon what a weak, perishable, and unstable a foundation it stands, it would deter them from many pursuits which they are so busily employed about: did they but once reflect that, when death puts a conclusion to their beings here, the things of this world are at an end with respect to them,—we should have many, who are now the most active, indolent and idle.

Some how or other we see a kind of happy lethargic insensibility in mankind, which hinders these melancholy, tho' true, reflections, from sinking deep into their minds. We may perceive it more in authors than in other men. Few of them consider how short-lived their works are like to prove; for short as the date of life is, yet still shorter is that of most writings, at least

of

of our modern ones. Altho' many have attained to immortality from Homer down to Swift, yet how many thousands have in that time perished in oblivion. Some works have shared the fate of infants and been smothered at their birth; others have died in cutting their teeth; others have been cut off in the flower of their youth, by the common hangman; and a very few have lived as long as the fathers, that is, the authors of them. Of all the nonsensical compositions, they who best deserved an untimely death, have survived longest; I mean those elaborate pieces of Deism, which have been written against religion, virtue and common sense. This is owing, no doubt, to the refined taste of the present age, as our modern fine gentlemen are more delighted with the sophistical absurdities and lies of a Tindal or a Woolston, than with the noble truths of a Tully or an Addison. This is not at all to be wondered at, when we consider the licentiousness and corruption of manners which so universally prevail, and at the same time, take a view of the tenets of the Deistical writers. All religion, with them, is priestcraft; virtue is merely political; purity of life is enthusiasm; and gratitude to the Supreme Being, idolatry and superstition: in short, they free those fine gentlemen from those galling fetters of being religious, virtuous, moral, honest or just. For the same reason obscene plays and poems have had their duration; and I blush to say it, that even some of the fair sex are faulty in this particular. All these infamous books, therefore, not only encourage, but even seem to grant charters for vice and immorality.

For my part, though I cannot in reason expect eternity to these my Speculations, as my cousin Bickerstaffe acquired to his lucubrations, I am therefore the less anxious about them. I have still, like every other scribler, a kind of parental fondness for them, as they are according to the great Swift,

*The product of my toil and sweating,  
A bastard of my own begetting.*

I there-

I therefore am somewhat uneasy when I think of the fate they are like to meet with. That these my labours, by being intermixed with advertisements and other bad company, in the *MERCURY*, shall share the same destiny with the *Journal*, *Gazette*, and other common news papers, is a dreadful thought. To be just carelessly read, thrown into a window, taken by the cook to singe a fowl, or used by the kitchen wench to light a fire. Perhaps these my writings may descend into a huckster's cellar, and there be wrapped about a stinking cheese, and be the vehicle of a print of butter, or be used by chandlers to wrap their soap and candles in: but what I dread most of all is, that they may be applied to such vile purposes, as the other papers I mentioned commonly are; and should be, as the ingenious author above quoted says,

*Gone, never to be heard of more ;  
Gone where the chickens went before.*

The only consolation I have is, that I have many companions in the same woe: such as our modern novel writers, opera-mongers, and sonnet forgers; commentators, translators from the French, essay-writers, satyrists, &c. &c. All the chance we have of surviving infancy is, that our works may be used by the trunk-makers, to line their trunks, or with pleasure see them live and flourish on the outside of a barber's box. If we should even fail of this transitory comfort, small as it is, yet the worst that can happen to our writings is, that they must perish, and partake of the same fate which those refined philosophers above-mentioned, the Deists, have allotted for their immortal souls, to wit,  
**ANNIHILATION.**

T



No. 27. Saturday, July 12.

---

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Juv.

Sense is the scorn of every wealthy fool,  
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

THERE is scarce any thing which human nature can brook so ill as contempt. Every man has some consequence with himself, and would wish to have it with the world. We see, therefore, that neither wit, sense, nor even virtue, if attended by poverty, can bear a man up against the derision of the rich fool, or are proof against the scorn of the times. Merit, like a precious jewel, is estimated by the luck of mankind, not in proportion to its intrinsic worth, but according to the value of the metal it is set in. I have known a silly joke pass for wit, coming from the foolish lips of a rich alderman, which, if uttered by an honest citizen in low circumstances, would have been accounted downright nonsense. My friend Will Worthy, has said many clever things in company, without so much as causing a smile, whilst my lord Froth has set the table in a roar of laughter by every stupid foolery he threw out.

It is but natural, that men in high stations and power, should have court paid to them by their dependants, and by those who expect preferment from them: for instance, I am not to be surprised that a curate should flatter a bishop, that a subaltern officer should keep soft paper for a general, that an exciseman should clean the shoes of a commissioner, or that an attorney should do the most menial offices of a judge. These are things of course; but that a man of common

mon sense, and independent fortune, should pay respect to a fool or a bad man, merely because fortune has thrown away her favours on him, is the most unaccountable thing on earth. It is also wonderful, what homage is paid to equipage and dress. A laced blockhead in a gilt chariot, is a very idol of adoration with all ranks of people, tho' perhaps the coach-maker, the lace-man, the draper and the taylor, are unpaid. I observe I have many low salutes when I go in my carriage and am dressed, from many who let me pass unheeded by, when I walk the streets in dishabille: it is true, I have noticed this folly more amongst weak men than amongst men of good sense: Ladies, in general, are very faulty in this particular: I have known a silly, proud, positive woman, in her own house, direct all her compliment and discourse to a laced coat, and place a Jacknapes in gaudy trappings above me at her table, because I was dressed in plain cloaths.

But more especially does poverty bring contempt and ridicule with it to needy authors. Let a rich dunce write ever so ill, his book is read with care and attention, and great allowances are made for its faults; whereas if the author is obscure in life, his work is neglected, and he is called some Grub-street rascal who writes for bread. By this foolish prepossession in favour of titles or wealth, real merit is discouraged, and vast quantities of trash passes current for sterling upon the world. To this we are indebted for many volumes of sleepy sermons from stupid Corrusodes's, and senseless comments on the book of Job; to this we owe the divine L ——— n, and I dare venture to say, that the nonsensical, wicked satire, which passes under the title of the life of the greatest genius which this or any other kingdom ever produced, had never escaped the press of the pitiful printer, but that the author had the cursed sanction of greatness. There are manifest lies and absurdities almost in every page of it, and it is a shame that it ever should be published in a kingdom, which that great man saved from destruction, and by a bookseller he lifted into notice.

I should

I should by no means venture to publish these my Speculations to the world, if I had not an easy fortune, and the title of Esquire. This I hope will gain them some respect with my readers, as I assure them I do not write for bread. Although I do not value my writings the more upon this account, yet I know it will have weight with some people. I remember an instance some years ago, of this kind of prejudice in a bookseller in London. A friend of mine brought him some excellent manuscript sermons of a learned ingenious clergyman deceased, in order to sell them for the use of the widow and five helpless children, who had no other fortune to depend upon. The first question the bookseller asked my friend, was, what station in the church the worthy divine had filled, and being informed, that he had never risen higher than a curacy, he shook his head, and replied, that there was no call for such goods; that sermons were a drug; and so returned them without once looking into them. My friend, in this case, was resolved to use stratagem, and bite the bookseller; he sent the same sermons by another person, with directions to say that they were written by a right reverend prelate, lately deceased, and by this means got a very handsome sum of money for them, from the same bookseller, for the support of the poor little family.

The contempt which is shewn to the inferior clergy is finely painted by Fielding in his character of Parson Adams. A poor clergyman, tho' a man of learning and morals, is held in derision by the wealthy laity, but it is shocking to see the Trullibers of their own order despise them. I have often seen some of these who came over *quo pruna & coctona vento*, that is, in the Whitehaven colliers, who carried off the high preferments here, and treated their poor curates (who had the misfortune to be natives) as if they were only their servants. I am heartily glad that the bishops have put on a resolution to raise the salaries of these unfortunate men, and could most sincerely wish they had a farther power of raising them higher. Many of those benefited foreigners, who perhaps had never more than

twenty

twenty or thirty pounds a year in their own country, just come over to take possession of their rich livings, despise the kingdom, return from whence they came,

*"And leave to tattered crape the drudgery of prayer."*

They get these poor gospel drudges, as they call them, at the lowest price they can bargain for, which small pittance they grudge, have their money remitted to them by griping tythe farmers, and so become additional absentees to drain this unhappy kingdom of its specie.

T



No. 28. *Saturday, July 19.*

——— *Teipsum*  
——— *—Cancute.*

Hon.

**T**ULLY, in his most admirable treatise on old age, gives us the following anecdote: Sophocles wrote tragedies, even in the extremity of old age; for which practice, and as he seemed to neglect his private affairs, he was cited by his sons to appear in court, that the judges might remove him, as a dotard, from the management of his estate: then the old man is said to have recited to the judges the play of OEdipus Colonus, which he had in his hand, and was the very last piece he had written. He then asked them if that seemed to be the composition of a dotard? Upon the recital therefore of his play, he was acquitted by the sentence of the judges.

On reading this passage, a thought struck my imagination, what a noble subject this would make to employ the pencil of a painter of taste and judgment, particularly the latter part of it: what an amazing figure would a Raphael have made of so venerable an old Man as Sophocles, when he puts the question to the judges? What conscious confidence of his own innocence?

innocence? would he have described in his countenance? what contempt and pity for his accusers? The astonishment of the judges, and the confusion of the sons, would also heighten the piece; so that altogether, it would make a noble picture in the hands of a skilful artist.

I highly applaud the exquisite taste and sound judgment of those Greek judges; and cannot help reflecting, what would have been the fate of the poor poet, had his been like many of our English plays. I am afraid he certainly must have been found guilty before a bench of Greek judges, and forfeited his estate.

What a dismal taking would poor Shakespear have been in, had he been in the case of Sophocles, and been obliged to read one of his plays; I mean, to read it in any of the *modern* editions of his works; where he is so mangled, so altered, and made to utter such nonsense, that even those brilliants which are so thickly set throughout all his works, are entirely obscured of their lustre, by the nonsensical industry of his editors and commentators. Those wretches would betray him into dotage, by perverting his meaning almost in every passage.

Our laws, indeed, are more mild than those of Greece. No man with us, on a statute of lunacy, is ever condemned for writing nonsense. For as this age abounds so much with writers of this kind, it would be endless work. If indictments on the statute of nonsense were to go on, our courts would be so taken up with them, that they could attend to no other business. Another ill consequence which would attend it, is, that an extensive branch of trade would be lopped off, that of printing: for if authors were to be judged lunatics or ideots by their writings, our printing presses must stand idle.

Methinks I hear the reader retort my motto on me, "*Look to yourself*, Mr. Wagstaffe; you are as deep in the mire as any; you have turned scribber in your old days, and I fear your Speculations would hardly acquit you." To this I plead the lenity of our laws,

laws, not the strength of my compositions, to bring me off; besides, I think it incumbent on every man to offer all the service in his power to the community of which he is a member: now, as I am past the active duties of life, all the service I can render to the publick, is my opinion and advice. This I think my years and experience, in some measure, enable me to do, to those who have not lived so long in the world. Old men are generally very talkative, and fond of giving their advice, though unasked for, to their juniors.

In Homer we find Nestor speeching upon every occasion. My cousin Bickerstaff and Nestor Ironsides, were no chickens, when the one commenced TATTLER, and the other GUARDIAN; and Jeoffry Wagstaffe becomes a writer in the sixty-fifth year of his age. I know it will be reckoned vast presumption in me to thrust in my name with such great men; but I hope it will be allowed me that I resemble them in one thing—that is, in being old. We scriblers cannot be proper judges of our own productions; but we have some comfort that there are as many bad judges amongst those who set up for criticks. These animals I hold in the greatest contempt; yet, as the season is approaching wherein curs are apt to run mad, I think it would be a good precaution to have some of those barking criticks wormed. They run about the coffee-houses in hot weather, with their tongues half out of their mouths, snarling at every thing that comes out, and crying thrash, stuff, and nonsense. These fellows would have had no mercy upon poor Sophocles had they been his judges; and as they have neither taste or judgment, would not hesitate to pronounce him a dotard. I do not write for them, but for men of common sense, the approbation of one of whom, in my opinion, will overbalance the dislike of a multitude of such incompetent pretenders to judgment.

W



No. 29.      Saturday, July 26.

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*Nil conscire sibi, mella pallefcere culpa.*      HOR.

Ne'er to change colour by a guilty thought,  
Nor e'er grow pale by consciousness of fault.

**I**F a man were to travel into a very distant country, suppose to the East-Indies or China, what so great comfort could he have to alleviate the pains and fatigues which he must necessarily undergo, as an agreeable, chearful, and faithful companion? one who, as a true friend, will not only rejoice with him in the prosperous part of his voyage, but also support and comfort him in any difficulties and distresses which he may possibly meet with. If then such a friend and companion as this, be so highly valuable in a temporary tour, how inestimable must such a one really prove, in the troublesome voyage and journey through life; where we are every instant tossed about, by various storms and tempests, or obliged to pass over most rugged and uneven ways in our pilgrimage, before we can arrive at the end of our travel. Such a friend as this, every man has it in his power to make, if he will in good earnest apply himself to it. I know the modern fine gentlemen, who call themselves Deists and Free-thinkers, will laugh at me, when I say he is no other, than a GOOD CONSCIENCE. These refined philosophers, who neither in theory or practice, set up for as much morality as the unenlightened heathens did, can have no idea of the raptures, which, such a companion as I have been speaking of, will communicate. They who deny the immortality of the soul, and are content with the poor prospect of annihilation after the end of their journey, are incapable of tasting  
that

that joy and satisfaction of mind, which made even Socrates face death with undaunted bravery, and which a Plato and a Tully felt. If our beings are to end with the short date of this life, what difference does it make whether a man be virtuous or vicious? Why should not every man follow just meerly the bent of his own inclinations? For instance, as the chief happiness of this world is thought to consist in riches and honours, what shall restrain me from compassing these by any means, however unjust, if I can escape the cognizance of human laws, and am no otherwise accountable for my actions? In the like manner, the innocent virgin is deluded or robbed of her virtues, the honest man of his life or property, by the false oath of a perjured villain. As for virtue being its own reward, that is but a poor tie upon mankind. Those great heathens I mentioned, even from the light of nature, inferred a future state of rewards and punishments; and accordingly, we find their lives and principles were answerable to such a belief. But our modern heathens, not only believe less than those great men did, but are also vicious, immoral, and profligate in their manners. Tho' I am convinced, in their own breasts they believe and tremble, they are either too proud or too wicked to acknowledge the truth of a doctrine, so very opposite to their tenor of practice. If these wretches would keep these poisons to themselves, it were not altogether so very bad; but we find them as active in making profelytes to destruction, as the best men can be in bringing over others to virtue.

It would exceed the limits of my paper, to shew all the evil tendency of the absurd tenets of our modern Deists; but thus far I will insist, that they not only would endeavour to spoil us of that most inestimable friend and companion I spoke of, I mean a good Conscience, but would leave us helpless and unarmed against the stings of a guilty one. They would take from us our rational system of belief, which cheers and supports us through the tempestuous billows, the dangers and difficulties of the world, and crowns all our toils with unspeakable happiness.

This

This they do without substituting any in the place of it, unless it be that they will degrade us to a level with the beasts that perish. Creatures of this kind are, in general, cowards, and it is hardly possible they can be otherwise: for, with what fears and apprehensions must a man approach the danger of dissolution, who thinks his being is terminated by the grave. He will shrink, even when his country calls upon him for defence, he will look upon an enemy as one who may put an everlasting end to his very being. To this cursed cause England may attribute the loss of one of the greatest victories recorded in history, I mean that of MINDEN. These fellows, with all their pretended bravery, even against omnipotence itself, are the most abject wretches imaginable on the approach of death. Witness the behaviour of the wicked Lord Rochester\*, who died in the utmost agonies of despair, haunted by an evil conscience, for his incredulity and the wickedness of his past life. This is undoubtedly the case of them all, where they have not been cut off suddenly, and have had any time allowed them to reflect on their miserable state. I wonder the conversion of two of the greatest men our age has produced, has not been a warning to those gentry.

Since I have spoken of these great geniuses, I will relate the happy cause of their conversion, which was this: They were unhappily members of a profane club of professed Deists in London, and being the ablest men amongst them, were employed by them to write in ridicule of religion. One undertook to use his pen against the resurrection, the other against the conversion of St. Paul. For this purpose they searched the Scriptures, and sifted every book which had been written for and against, in order to find out arguments to their purpose. The event proved most fortunate,

\* The writer of this speculation being at present at some distance from the press, and not chusing to take the liberty of altering any part of his paper, we think proper to observe here, that he hath mistaken the fact, for Lord Rochester died a remarkable penitent, as appears from a narrative of that event, published by bishop Burnet.

tunate, for they not only became profelytes to the very opinions they sat down to confute, but also published two of the best treatises in defence of them which were ever written on those subjects.

Upon the whole then, from my long experience in the world, I never knew one of these pretended moral unbelievers, who was not a rogue and a scoundrel at the bottom, or who would stick at any means, however villainous or base, to satisfy his lust, his ambition or his avarice. *Remota formidine pæne*, take away the apprehensions of the gallows, they are all Col. Charters's; they will rob, cheat, perjure, lie, ravish, and even murder, to satiate their beastly appetites, and that under a specious pretence to moral honesty. W

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From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

A R I D D L E.

**T**HO' meanly born a son of earth,  
 In ev'ry clime I boast my birth,  
 In ev'ry realm acceptance find,  
 Admir'd and woo'd by human kind.  
 Familiar with the rich and great,  
 With kings and ministers of state;  
 The court I seek, the college shun,  
 Thro' ev'ry scene of pleasure run;  
 And yet in dull inaction rest  
 Whole years with those who love me best.  
 Tho' foreign both by birth and name,  
 Yet England is the home I claim;  
 For there I first was freed from fetters,  
 Was form'd and furnish'd there with letters;  
 And there receiv'd (to speak the truth)  
 The best impressions in my youth.  
 Of health I never knew decay,  
 Yet go to doctors ev'ry day;  
 And, tho' they never hurt or free me;  
 Yet vile empirics often sweat me;  
 By which, tho' sound in constitution,  
 I'm sometimes brought to dissolution.

VOL. I.

G

My

My head with brains tho' unendow'd,  
 The best in Britain is allow'd,  
 And all the world, to do me right,  
 Tho' soft and heavy, think me bright.  
 With some I'm free, to some estrang'd,  
 Am still the same, tho' often chang'd;  
 And, tho' I feel nor joy nor dread,  
 Look sometimes pale and sometimes red.  
 To know me now by marks so plain,  
 You surely need not search in vain;  
 Or, should you still be at a loss,  
 I always wear a splendid cross,  
 And look distinctly in my face,  
 You'll plainly see me mark'd with grace;  
 Tho' men by me, at certain times,  
 Are tempted to the worst of crimes.  
 With fools and sages both I dwell,  
 But wise-men only use me well.

X

\* \* For the solution, see No. 32.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**M**ONSIEUR Le Friseur, up three pair of stairs  
 at the Nag's head in Smith-field, has just im-  
 ported a large quantity of the Eau de Vermin from  
 Paris: it effectually destroys those troublesome mor-  
 dacious animals, which engender in the heads of those  
 whose hair is Frenched. It is a safer and easier  
 method than stabbing them with long Northumber-  
 land pins. It is very useful for ladies of small fortune,  
 who cannot afford frequent dressing. The bot-  
 tle is but a crown, and ten drops are sufficient at a  
 time.

No. 30.



No. 30. : Saturday, August 2.

——— *Æstuat infelix.*

JUVENAL.

He wretched burns.

IT was an observation of no less a man than the great Milton, that his genius was stronger from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, than from the vernal to the autumnal. At first sight one would imagine this to be somewhat odd, that the *vis poetica* should differ from all other vegetables in nature, and should flourish most, at a season when others decay : yet I think it may be accounted for. All our sensations arise from impressions made on our organs by external objects : now, certainly the more braced those organs are, the quicker and stronger will those impressions be ; and *vice versa*, the more relaxed they are, the weaker and duller will the impressions be. We must, therefore, acknowledge, that the winter months, like cold baths, brace up the nerves and fibres ; whilst, on the contrary, the heats of summer relax them.

I have often thought the human body like a musical instrument, which, when the cords thereof are stretched to the proper tone, will send forth pleasing harmony, and agreeable notes : so the body, when the nerves are tuned to their proper pitch, will have agreeable sensations, and the soul, like a skilful artist, will produce harmonious concords. How then can we expect this effect in the sultry Dog-days, when the instrument of the body is unstrung by excessive heats ? We find Horace panting for breath at Baïæ, and we may remark that his summer odes have neither the same life or spirit, which we observe in his winter ones. What strength and vigour is there in his poetry, when he sits at a good fire with his companions, over a bottle of old Falernian. He was, no doubt, all alive when he says,

G 2

Nunc

*Nunc est bibendum : nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus——*

Now, now, 'tis time to dance and play,  
And drink and frolic all the day.

And we find the same flow of spirits in all his winter compositions.

With what force of genius do we see Virgil describe his Scythian Winter, which he certainly wrote in that season: and with what languor does he cry out in summer,

*——O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat Et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!*

Who, in cool Hæmus vales my limbs will lay,  
And in the darkest thicket hide from day.

How languid is his *Marmoreum Æquor*, or Marble Surfaced Sea, in comparison with his description of his storm,

*——Eurusque notusque ruunt, creberque procellis  
Africus——*

South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,  
And rowl the foaming billows to the hoar.

which undoubtedly he wrote in stormy weather.

Even the great Shakespeare, whose vast genius one would imagine, was proof against the vicissitudes of seasons, has great inequalities in his writings, which I must attribute to the different times of the year in which he wrote. The exalted sentiments of Hamlet, the finely painted jealousy of Othello, the exquisitely drawn madness of Lear, must have been wrought up by a man whose nerves were strong by the elastic cold of winter: whereas, read his *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, and others of his summer writings, and you will easily perceive how much his genius was enervated by the sultry heats of August. Falstaff had melted  
in

in his own grease in the violent scorching of a summer ; nor could Macbeth have *well* murdered sleep in one of these *short* nights : his Tempest too must have been hushed, and his witches vanished!

Many of my readers will think this opinion whimsical, and some will say it is absurd : yet if they will consider, and examine a little the difference between the summer and winter productions in this town, they will discover that there is some reason in what I advance. Look into our magazines, our news papers, or in short into any thing published in this hot season ; how much languidness and sweaty labour do they shew ? The sublime observations on dangerous ground-sellers, sleeping watchmen, tender hearted hang-men, or broken pavements, with which our papers abound in the winter months, now change into trite directions for constructing hay-ricks, or receipts for destroying vermin. The poor Puritan Journalists are undone by this luminous season, and seem, like owls, to see worst in sunshine. I hear from very good authority, they are already almost suffocated by the heat of the weather, and come but *very little* abroad : from many other symptoms, of a *deadly* nature, it is believed they cannot live till winter. Such of them as are able to move, are about making their escape to other climates, this being, as the vulgar phrase is, *too hot for them*. — Alas ! poor Yorick !

The readers of my friend Hoey's paper must make allowance for the Batchelor at this burning season, and consider, that if his nerves are now unstrung, and out of tune, it is a common calamity. Perhaps next winter may restore them to their due elasticity. All my hopes are, that my readers may not be less affected by perspiration, and therefore as little capable of judging, as I am of writing.

I have not of late heard any thing from my fair correspondent, LETTY LOVE-YOUTH, which I impute to the above-mentioned cause, *viz.* that she is not cool enough to write, and is afraid that warmth might produce something unworthy her pen.

I observe, to make up for the deficiency of merit in the matter of this paper, my friend Hoey has made use of artifice, to attract the admiration of his readers: I mean the placing **BLACK LINES** round his margin. This was, no doubt, an imitation of the *Dublin Journal*, and a poor ambition of aping Faulkner the Great. In this manner, because Virgil was a sloven, all the half wits of Rome became negligent in their dress: thus every shallow curate with large eye-brows, is a Swift. When the season for good writing returns, I would advise him to restore them to the proprietor of them, as he will not then stand in need of this artifice to amuse the people; but at present I would have him keep them to set off *this* and other bad compositions, which this barren season obliges him to fill his paper with; tho' some may, perhaps, compare them to a fence about weeds, or a wall built to preserve nettles: but let them consider, that as painters at their picture auctions, put their worst pieces into the gaudiest frames, so these lines are a device to put off the product of this adverse time to writing.

I shall conclude, therefore, with observing, that if the sublime Milton, the ingenious Horace, the judicious Virgil, the great child of nature and fancy, Shakespeare, the ingenious publisher of the *Dublin Journal*, and the renowned Committee of the Puritanic Journal, were deficient in point of genius in the heats of summer; what must Wagstaffe do, who has more years, and consequently more infirmities to complain of, than any of those great geniuses I have cited? I



No. 31. Saturday, August 9.

——— *Velut sylvis ubi passim,  
Palantes error, certo de tramite pellit  
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit unus utrique  
Error, sed varius illudit partibus.*

As in thick woods, where wretched wand'ers  
stray,

Error misleads them from the certain way ;  
Whether to right hand or to left they go,  
Error deludes them, and is still their foe. ANON.

**A**S the desire of happiness is the governing principle of our nature, it is not to be wondered at, that mankind should endeavour after the pursuit of it, by all ways and means imaginable. But alas ! such is the weakness of our limited understandings, such is the blindness of our corrupt imaginations, that we defeat those very ends by which we might arrive at it. The very objects we were most certain of finding, if centered in, are perhaps the most distant from it ; and those men who are the most earnest in the search of it, we often find to be disappointed in the attainment of it.

I was ruminating on this subject the other night, before I went to bed, and the idea made so strong an impression on my mind, that in my sleep it presented to my imagination the following vision.

Methought I was in a very large plain, which was incircled by a most extensive wood. In this wide extended plain I saw a most prodigious multitude assembled : on a sudden they all began to move : I enquired whither they were going ? I was informed that they all bent their steps with a design to arrive at

G 4

the

the Temple of Happiness, which was situated at the extremity of the wood.

There were three vistas cut through the wood, and the multitude divided itself into three distinct parties, each taking a different rout. The names of these three roads I found were Riches, Learning, and Contentment. I immediately joined myself to a large company, and with them entered the road of Riches, desirous of attaining the Temple. Our journey, for a while, was pleasant and we travelled on in high spirits, as certain of success. But behold! we had not proceeded far, when we could discern dreary prospects, frightful precipices, and horrid gulphs. There were horrid fiends of most tremendous forms, who seized my unfortunate companions, and dashed them down the dreadful precipices, or devoured them in the horrid gulphs. These loathsome spectres were Ambition, Revenge, Envy, Covetousness and Self-love. I started back affrighted, and was in the utmost apprehension of perishing, when a damsel, of a most serene aspect, came to my relief, and led me back to the plain, from whence I set out: her name was Competency: I expressed my utmost gratitude to her for my preservation, when she thus accosted me: "Stranger, says she, you have escaped the greatest dangers; for such of those unhappy wretches as have survived the gulphs and precipices, will arrive at a Temple which has all the external ornaments of gold and precious stones, and which their blinded imaginations will paint to them as the true Temple of Happiness: nor will they at first perceive their error; but alas! in the end they will find it to be the seat of Misery; here they will make their bode with biting cares and anxious disquietudes."

Here my guide forsook me, and I joined myself to another company, and proceeded with them in the way of Learning through another opening in the wood.

This road I found was very difficult and narrow at the first entrance. In many places obscurity, doubts, and perplexity impeded our steps, and I found the farther

farther we proceeded, the more these increased: many of my fellow-travellers perished in the attempt: some were too weak, others too unwieldy for so difficult a journey. Here you might see some fainting through want of natural abilities, and many were so entangled amongst the briers and thorns of controversy, that they fell in heaps, never more able to rise. Divines, Poets Philosophers and School-men, strowed the way with their feeble carcases, and vast numbers stumbled over them: it resembled a slaughter in the Iliad, or the carnage of Demons in Paradise Lost.

Here I could perceive phantoms hovering over me, almost as frightful as those I saw in the road of Riches. These were Doubt, Perplexity, and Contradiction. I was now almost overcome by despair of ever attaining the long wished for Temple, when the most beautiful being imaginable presented herself to my view: she exactly answered the description Virgil gives of Venus, *et verâ incessu patuit dea*; or according to Milton, "grace was in all her steps:" her name was Prudence: she saw my distress, and taking me by the hand, led me into a narrow, unfrequented path, into the pleasing road of Contentment.

This was the reverse of the other roads I had travelled, as it grew the more delightful the farther I proceeded. Here, instead of frightful precipices, or thorny ways, the ground was enamelled with flowers of various hues: the air was sweet, and the sky had a most serene aspect. Here I felt no weariness, no anxiety or fear, but proceeded on my journey in the highest spirits; then my heavenly guide purged my visual nerves from those mists which they had before contracted, and I could plainly see the completion of my wishes, I mean the Temple of Happiness. I hastened my steps, and at length attained to it. It was a plain edifice on the outside, void of all artificial ornaments, but the exquisite workmanship attracted my admiration, tho' with the utmost plainness.

G 5

I entered

I entered the Temple, conducted by my guide,  
and saw the goddess standing, supported by Religion  
on her right hand, and Virtue on her left. She had  
a most lovely countenance, and smiled on her votaries  
with pleasure. My raptures cannot be expressed on  
finding myself in this delicious place. How great  
was my surprise to see few people here but those in  
the middle, or lowest rank of life. I expected to  
have found the Temple filled with crowns and sceptres,  
stars and garters, coronets and mitres; but not  
one of these was to be seen: on the contrary, many  
arrived here from the meanest cottages. I was just  
about to prostrate myself to the Deity of the Temple,  
when in the action I awaked. T

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From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

The PURITAN COMMITTEE: A Poem.

**Y**E nine, assist me to describe  
That low, malicious, motley tribe;  
That Puritanic, vile Committee,  
The pest and scandal of our city,  
Who slander Virtue, libel Station,  
And trumpet Faction thro' the nation:  
And first a scribler mean and shabby,  
The fav'rite wit of Mary's Abbey,  
MUNDUNGUS comes with solemn air,  
As president, to take the chair:  
To him succeeds a dull enditer,  
Poor CANT, who thinks himself a writer;  
The stupid Freeman's scribe diurnal,  
And grand reviser of his Journal.  
From Stafford-street behold him march,  
Deep musing tow'ards St. Owen's Arch.  
With PETULANT, another true boy,  
For state attended by a blue-boy.  
Next comes a self-conceited ass,  
Distinguish'd by his front of brass,

Old

Old DRAB, the Anti-phlogian draper,  
 Who ne'er impress'd a thought on Paper;  
 Nay, put his wits and worth together,  
 They both would scarce out-weigh a feather!  
 Nor must the muse omit another,  
 Long, heavy LANK, his booby brother,  
 Whose want of sense, and lack of grace,  
 Appear conspicuous in his face.

But who can count the crouds that follow  
 Those wittlings, hated by Apollo?  
 Fanatic cits, who, ev'ry day,  
 Are led by CLUNCH from Usher's quay;  
 Or take from Aungier-street their journey,  
 Headed by GRIPE the tall attorney?  
 For sure no man alive supposes  
 The Muse will stand to reckon noses,  
 Or tot up all the scurvy dwellers,  
 That troop from garrets, shops and cellars;  
 Wretches, who, wholly void of letters,  
 Commence reformers of their betters,  
 And, unrestrain'd by sense or reason,  
 Improve licentiousness to treason!

O, Liberty, return once more,  
 Return to this deserted shore;  
 Foul insolence from hence to banish  
 Far south, among the French and Spanish;  
 Or should the varlet chuse to sit on  
 The hyperborean parts of Briton,  
 There let her land at all adventures,  
 And dwell with Arians and D—rs.



No. 32. Saturday, August 30.

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*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda.*

HOR.

Many inconveniences attend old age.

TRAVELLERS tell us that in America and at the Cape of Good Hope, the savages have a most barbarous custom of putting old men to death, when they are past their labour. I should be very sorry that such a custom obtained amongst us, or that a law were made to that purpose. Many old men are very useful members of society: although they may be past the more active duties of life, yet (if they have employed their younger days in acquiring a competent stock of knowledge and learning) they can still be very serviceable to the publick, by their opinion and advice. The hurry of their passions is subsided, their reflection is calm, and their long experience and observation, render them capable of correcting the irregular fallies of youth by wholesome counsel.

A sensible, healthy old man, is, I think, the noblest object in the creation. He is the most entertaining, as well as improving companion that can be met with. But let us suppose on the other hand, that a law were enacted, by which, *alamode de savage*, that all the useless old men in this kingdom should be put to death: Lord! what daily executions should we see of old gentlemen, who now set up for Bucks, frequent brothels, keep mistresses, play at drums, and dress in the top of the mode. If I were the interpreter of this law, I would account those old men useless, who have spent their youth in folly, vice and ignorance; and have laid up no fund of virtue or know-

knowledge, either of books or men, to render old age respectable. What numbers of this kind do we every day see in this town, who, instead of being useful members of society, are meer blanks or cyphers. Some of them render themselves highly ridiculous, by a foolish affectation of gallantry, by an absurd endeavour to imitate their juniors in vice, fashions, intemperance and vanity. So silly are some of my contemporaries, as to think of enjoying, with raptures, the charms of sixteen: but alas! I can tell them those days are over, and that it is only a false appetite: it is like the Calenture, or hot fever, which makes the unhappy sailors who are affected with it, imagine that they see beautiful meadows and delightful groves in the sea, and will throw themselves overboard if not prevented; nay, so far do these meer shadows of gallantry carry their madness, as to keep up the vices of sensuality which they practised in their youth; at least they endeavour to do so in appearance. An old rake is a shocking, detestable animal, and in my opinion, not a whit superior to a baboon, or rather seems to be of the nature of a goat, whose desires grow the more inordinate the older he grows.

Even to hear discourse from the lips of an old man, which savours of vice, profaneness or levity; is shocking; whereas on the contrary, the cheerfulness of grey hairs, which flows from virtue and good sense, is delightful and instructive: in short, we see daily instances of many who just exist on the dregs of a broken constitution; and on stating the account of a life of Deism, vice and wickedness, have no other vouchers to produce, but such as the poet says,

*A youth of folly, and old age of cards.*

Such as these, I fancy would stand in very little chance of even a reprieve, much less of a pardon, upon a fair trial, unless some old ladies of quality might make interest for them, lest they should lose so many good hands at Loo. But I would have no mercy

mercy at all shewn to those wanton old wretches, who, perhaps, on the eve of seventy, will needs sacrifice youth and beauty to their impotent desires, an unnatural union of December and May. I would myself gladly be the executioner of such offenders, who tantalize poor eighteen, and prevent her from answering the end of her creation, by an inadequate match. Old Ladius is one of those: he married the charming Theophila in all her bloom of beauty: he was seventy-two, she scarce twenty: he settled but a small jointure on her; and though she has made one of the best wives in the world, his niggard heart will not suffer him to add to it. She has been his nurse-tender in a long, tedious sickness, and bore his morose humours with unexampled sweetness, yet he has not the generosity to repay her goodness by an addition to her dower out of his immense fortune.

This sort of old fellows puts me in mind of the Harpies in Virgil's *Æneid*, who defiled the food they could not enjoy: so these feeble engrossers hoard, as they do their gold, that bloom of sprightliness and beauty, which they want abilities to relish; and then, perhaps, live long enough to plague the unfortunate young creature till her charms are vanished. Sometimes, indeed, the maiden widows of these old dotards have had the luck to have soon got rid of them, and then have got matches suitable to their years.

Parents who oblige their daughters thus to wed age and impotence, are, in my opinion, more cruel in their sacrifice than Jephtha or Agamemnon: they only cut their daughters throats thro' a mistaken notion of religion; but these are guilty of inflicting that most barbarous punishment of Mezentius on their innocent children for gold, that of tying the living to the dead. And I could heartily wish that these old blockheads, who thus encounter in an unequal conflict, may always meet with the just reward of their deserts, *viz.* a pair of horns, and a broken heart.

W.

From

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

MERCURY and MOMUS: *An Epigram.*

**O**LD MOMUS, the god of the Puritan-press,  
Perceiving his int'rest was still growing less,  
And HERMES and HOEY were the cause of its fail-  
ing,

Resorts to his infamous remedy, railing;  
Exclaiming aloud, in the rage of his grief,  
That HOEY was a papist, and HERMES a thief.

HOEY thinks it beneath him to make an apology  
For differing from MOMUS in point of theology;  
But HERMES must own, he has acted his part,  
By giving the dotard a proof of his art;  
Admits he has robb'd him of all his abettors,  
Of all his pretensions to genius and letters,  
Nay, totally stripp'd him of credit and fame,  
Nor left him one tatter to cover his shame. X)

To Mr. JAMES HOEY, Parliament-street.

S I R,

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the immeasurable distance which happens to be between us, I am, occasionally, furnished (by means of an invisible agent) with the most material matters which happen in the world of your existence.—Twice a week, by a particular commission given *him*, I receive your publication, under the title of *The Dublin Mercury*, which hath given me, in my gloomy meditations, a good deal of satisfaction; having seen therein the Speculations of your friend JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, whose style is vastly pleasing to me, being, in many respects, similar to the Lucubrations of my cotemporary, ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE; of whose merit, I am sure, many still remaining in *your* literary world, have a just opinion.—My agent, *once*, brought me  
a news-

a news-paper, called *The Freeman's Journal*—replete with nonsense—invidious anecdotes—filly, crude sarcasms—calculated to inflame the different breasts of your dear brethren and fellow citizens—wherefore, upon perusal, I indicated my displeasure, by forbidding him to furnish me, for the future, with such fanatic stuff—in obedience to my commands, he has not troubled me with this article since.—But however, I cannot help reflecting upon the *wile*, yet *filly* invectives, by which the once-fair \* breast of the paper just mentioned, has been sullied, (daubed I should have said) and were the insignificant authors of such witless and insidious productions to appear before my Tribunal, I should to all intents and purposes, pronounce them barren of understanding—incorrigible dunces, and their labours fit for naught but to be, by the most despicable of your shoe-boys, presented as a *worthy* sacrifice to Gloriana's shrine.

From seeing no answer to the ingenious *Riddle* inserted in your paper of the 26th of your month July, I herewith send you a song, which, with many others, I composed when my intellectual faculties were truly vigorous. I am almost sure that you will find in it a *solution* correspondent to the author's meaning—if so, and that this my first essay from my present habitation shall prove any way tolerable to your much, by me, admired correspondent WAGSTAFFE, I shall, by my swift messenger, occasionally contribute my *poor mite* towards the longevity (if with propriety I may call it so) of your spirited and ingenious paper.—I remain, though far distant from ye,

The Batchelor's and your devoted friend,

(the once sprightly)

From the region of Immortality,  
the 8th moon of the year 5816.

JOHN GAT

\* When blank.

S O

## S O L U T I O N.

“ **A** Maid is like the golden ore,  
    “ With money intrinsical in’t—  
 “ Whose worth is never known before  
    “ ’Tis try’d, and impress’d in the mint.  
 “ A wife’s like a GUINEA in gold,  
    “ Stamp’d with the name of her spouse—  
 “ Now here, now there—is bought and sold,  
    “ And current in every house.”     BEC. OP.



No. 33.     *Saturday, September 13.*

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*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,  
 Emulit mores ; nec finit esse ferus.*     OVID.

Where’er the liberal arts adorn the mind,  
 We gentle manners without fierceness find.  
    ARON.

**I** Happened lately to fall into the company of a set of country ‘Squires, who stile themselves Sportsmen: they are a species of animals in the general, who are not a whit more knowing than the horses they ride, nor more polished in their manners than the dogs they pursue. We dined together, and the company consisted of half a dozen of these creatures, the parson of the parish, and your humble servant. The conversation after dinner, immediately turned on sporting, as they term it. Not a horse or mare of any repute in England or Ireland, whose pedigree for many generations, and exploits at Newmarket and the Curragh, was not brought on the carpet. Two of the gentlemen who had been on the turf, that is, kept

kept race horses, and were running out their fortunes in full gallop by it, were particularly vociferous on this subject. At length a dispute arose between them, which of them had the better cattle: this could only be decided (the modern way of argument amongst fools and sharpers) by a wager; accordingly a match was instantly proposed for fifty guineas each. The other 'squires, who, like Sancho and the barber, thought it a shame to be idle whilst the chiefs were engaged, began to make bets on either side: by this means they all grew noisy, and talked all together: the parson and I were silent all the time: I was reflecting what a wretched, despicable being a two-legged animal is, who is not governed by reason, or what is worse, who abuses that noble faculty, by not turning it to the excellent purposes for which it was given him: I almost imagined myself amongst a set of Gulliver's Yahoos, endowed with speech, who were talking of their masters the Houyhnhms. I was in this kind of reverie, when the Yahoo who sat next me, slapt me on the shoulder, 'Why so grave, Mr. Wagstaffe? you han't said a word since dinner.' I answered, I did not understand the subject they were upon, and therefore was incapable of joining in their conversation. 'Damme,' says another of them, 'is not this better than talking of old musty books, and stories of old Greeks and Romans, that died a hundred years ago.' 'Ay, curse them,' says a third, 'I could never bear them since I was at school. I remember I was often damnably flogged on their account.' 'Come,' says the man of the house, 'let us change the discourse; the hunting season will soon come on, boys; my dogs are in fine condition; egad they have cost me a damn'd deal of oat-meal all this dear season, and my hunters too have eat some barrels of oats.' 'Well, sir,' says the parson, 'and do you not think you had better have turned your horses to grass, and hanged up all your hounds, and have given that corn to your fellow-creatures, who were famishing perhaps at your gate for a morsel of bread.'

The

The 'squire was nettled at this, and replied in an angry tone, ' why, doctor, what is it to you what ' comes of the nine parts of the corn, provided you ' have your tenth ?' Here I could not help taking up the cudgels for the parson, by saying, that I thought it sinful and irrational to give the food and sustenance of man, in a scarce season, to brutes; and that they who with-held it from their fellow creatures, and could see them starve, in order to give it to dogs or horses, might justly be deemed the destroyers of mankind. This I said with so peremptory a tone of voice, that no body replied; but I could discover a kind of whisper amongst the sportsmen, that they believed I was a Swadler. I grew tired of the company of these scarce rational animals, and gave a sign to the parson to come off, which he took, and we left the 'squires (who were equally glad to get rid of us) to destroy all the foxes and hares in the country over their cups, and to make more bets.

It is melancholy to see the education which the elder sons of men of fortune get in the country. Master knows the names of all the dogs in the kennel before he can repeat the alphabet; and can ride, leap and hunt, before he can read: afterwards he is put under the care of some wretched, ignorant tutor, (who is had at as low a rate as possible) and if the boy is willing to learn, which a hundred to one is not the case, it is well; if not, he must not be thwarted, as too much reading will hurt his constitution. All the difference between him and the dog-boy, or the helper in the stable is, that his fond mother has been particularly careful to get him taught to dance, in order to make him a fine gentleman. Many of this kind are what the ignorant part of mankind, and the ladies especially, call fine fellows; and some of them afterwards are vastly clever at making laws for the preservation of the game, and become expert hands in intriguing in the low politics of country corporations and boroughs.

I would not be understood as if I thought that hunting and other country diversions, were not innocent

cent and healthy avocations from business or study ; but to make them the whole business of our lives, the only objects of our thoughts, and the sole topics of our conversation, is absurd and ridiculous : it is as foolish, as because physic is sometimes necessary to health, that therefore we should make it our constant diet. The poor Americans are obliged to seek the necessary sustenance of life by their gun or bow : with what justice, then, shall we call these people savages, and, at the same time, stile our own ignorant, illiterate, rustie fox-hunting 'squires, civilized, when, in point of any kind of knowledge or literature, they are just upon a level ? I look upon it that a Socrates, a Plato, a Tully, an Addison, a Lock or a Swift, (in the scale of beings) to be more above this incogitative species of mankind, than they are superior to the lowest of brutes. W

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From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

The FREE-MAN defeated : A P O E M.

**H**ERMES, I find, has struck a panic  
On all the Scriblers Puritanic,  
Who, dreading lest their grand committee  
Should prove the pastime of the city,  
And HOEY expose them to the nation,  
A mark of public detestation,  
Have chang'd their wonted stile, abuse,  
And seem resolv'd to beg a truce.

CANT swears he'll let the FREE-MAN drop,  
And bids MUNDUNGUS mind his stop ;  
Poor PETULANT, impress'd with terror,  
Begins at last to see his error ;  
While DRAB and LANK, who lost their wits  
By herding with fanatic city,  
Diverted from their wild pursuits,  
Are now a barndale pair of brutes.

CLUNCH

CLUNCH owns it gives him great regret  
 He e'er engag'd in such a set,  
 And GRIPE prepares his bill of cost,  
 To charge them for the time he lost.

In sport, each booby sees, tho' late,  
 That patriotism is all a cheat,  
 Mere empty show, unmeaning babble,  
 Contriv'd and fram'd to gull the rabble;  
 And so (since gaining nothing by it)  
 Resolves to live hereafter quiet.

X



No. 34 Saturday, September 20.

*Hand defensoribus istis tempus eget.*

VIRG.

The times need not such defenders as these,

I Have received several letters of late, directed to  
 JEOPFFRY WAOSTAFFE, Esq; at the *Mercury in*  
*Parliament-street*; and am sorry to tell my laborious  
 correspondents, that they will not at all suit with the  
 plan of my *Speculations*. No doubt they are all  
 very good in themselves but, as they are not of a  
 piece with my little building, they would spoil the  
 symmetry of the whole.

A very lengthy (as the jockies phrase it) epistle has  
 been sent me by a man who subscribes himself DESPER-  
 RADO, which, I honestly confess, I do not under-  
 stand: he aims at humour to-be-sure, but I am at a  
 loss to find out where it lies, unless it be in the many  
 oaths and execrations with which this ingenious piece  
 is so much embellished. I would advise all my cor-  
 respondents, to avoid as much as possible, all these  
 horrid ornaments of phrase, as they offend the well  
 meaning reader; and really there is neither wit or hu-  
 mour in them; they favour of irreligion and indecen-  
 cy,

cy, and as the poet justly says,

*The want of decency, is want of sense.*

I am also indebted to several wise politicians for letters on the conduct of a certain late patriot. They run vast encomiums on the great Mr. Pitt, and are as severe on the present Lord Chatham: one says he deserted the cause of his country by quitting the house of commons, and that he will now be a cypher as Pultney was, when he became Earl of Bath: another punning writer says, he has put an *Jack Butes*, (meaning, no doubt, *Boots*,) and he does not question but he will at last wear *Wooden Shoes*: a third is very witty on his picture being taken down in Guild Hall, London, and to shew his learning, compares him to Sejanus, whose statues were pulled down and dragged through the streets of Rome by the populace, after his disgrace. The others are not worth taking notice of; and by the specimens I have given of them, I believe my readers will excuse me for not inserting the letters at full length.

For my part, I declared in my first Speculation, that I did not mean to meddle in politics, but to confine myself to useful and pleasing subjects; yet, as I find the character of this great man is traduced by every scribler, who can either creep in prose, or hobble out of time in ill digested rhimes, I shall beg leave to give my opinion candidly of the matter. I should be glad to know what accusation they can bring against him, or wherefore do they abuse this wonderful man; forsooth, because after he had worn out a weak constitution in the service of his country, he should retire with a title, which he so justly merited. Did he not raise England from the lowest ebb, to be the glory and the terror of Europe? He derived success on our arms in war, although he could not command it in a peace. Has he not (loaded with sickness and many infirmities of body, particularly that most grievous one of the gout) been carried to the house, and there spoke equal to a Demosthenes,

Demosthenes, or Cicero, in the cause of liberty and his country? Must all these things be at once forgotten? Must we expect that this man's constitution or spirits could hold out for ever?

Was he never to have a writ of ease? No; our shallow politicians, who see no farther than into the surface of things, would have this great personage, after he has destroyed his health in the most laborious toils for the service of his country, to leap into the gulph, like Curtius, just to please them. If he lost his life in the middle of some patriotic speech, (which might probably happen, considering his infirmities) they would then say he died gloriously. Besides all this, their judgment of him is premature; and only tends to inflame the minds of the populace. All this clamour against him may turn the love of his country into the bitterest enmity against it. He can still be of vast service, if we do not provoke him to the contrary, by our absurd invectives.

Travellers tell us, that every herd of monkies has out centinals to watch for them, and to warn them of the approach of an enemy, and if one of these should quit his post before he is relieved, he is immediately put to death. In like manner, our monkey politicians would tear and claw my lord Catham to pieces, as if they had placed him as a centinel to watch for them. What obligation did he lie under, more than any other man, to refuse a title or place? It is certainly incumbent on every man who has a family, to provide for them by all honest means, as well as he can; and it is well known, that when he was in the ministry, he never raised a ministerial fortune, but on the contrary rejected with scorn many of the usual perquisites of his office.

Being sensible I shall draw many scriblers on my back for giving my sentiments thus freely of a man, whom I always have, and shall ever admire; I hereby give warning to all party writers, that I will not take notice of, nor answer any thing, they shall throw out against me on this subject, as I know many of them write against him to shew their wit, and others  
for

for the price of a dinner. It is much easier to write satire than penegyric: small wits, like small wine, soonest turn to vinegar: these I will not meddle with, as I do not want to make pickles. This much I will beg leave to assure them, that three lines written with a view to instruct and please mankind, are of more real use, than all the nonsensical stuff they can put together to traduce that great man, who only laughs at their follies, and pities their indiscretions. J

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

On MOMUS charging MERCURY with dulness.

**M**OMUS, indeed, asserts with colour,  
That MAIA's son is growing duller,  
Because of late that cunning lad,  
The dotard robb'd of what he had;  
And taking all that he possesseth,  
His dulness stole among the rest;  
But there he could not strip him bare,  
For MOMUS had enough to spare. X

# AN EPIGRAM.

**G**REAT PIT, to our joy, has return'd to the  
storeage,  
Comply'd with the court, and accepted a peerage;  
But noble Lord TEMPLE, we hear, is so stout,  
He will not come in, but resolves to stand out:  
Allured by no titles he still remains steady,  
For he, the good man, has a title already. X



No. 35.      Saturday, September 27.

*Nemo vindictâ gaudet, magis quam fœmina.*

None delight more in revenge than a woman.

**M**ISS LETTY LOVE-YOUTH is not, perhaps, sensible of the mischiefs she has done in my family ; she has been the innocent cause of my old sister Letty's playing the fool by marrying. She may recollect, that some time since there was a kind of a card war between them ; in her last card unfortunately, she was somewhat severe on my sister for being an old maid : this galled her excessively, and ever after made her uneasy at continuing under so odious an appellation. She came into my room one morning, and seemed to labour under some vast anxiety of mind : " Brother Jeffry," says she, " you know I have always kept up a good character with the world, and, thank God, my reputation has been always spotless ; besides, I hope I have behaved towards you as a tender, affectionate sister ; ('tis true I am many years younger than you) and that I should live to be taunted by that young Gipsy to be called out of my name ; in short, to be abused by the scandalous title of Old Maid, is what I cannot bear."

Here her passion rose so high, that it deprived her of speech, but vented itself in that female conduit, a flood of tears. I did all I could to comfort her, and at length she proceeded : " Indeed, brother, I am resolved to change my condition." " How change your condition ?" cried I, in astonishment : " What, are you resolved to change your religion, and become a nun ?" " Not at all," says she calmly, " what do you think of our neighbour, Mr. Grouse ? Is he not a very pretty young fellow ? he loves me vastly, and has a hand-

V o l. I.

H

" some

“some estate; ’tis true, it is incumbered with some debts, but my fortune will clear it; and then let me see who will dare to call me an old maid: besides, brother, as you have a good fortune, and never married, it would be proper for me to marry and have an heir, to prevent its going out of the family.” I stared at her in silent amazement for some time, not knowing what to say; but as I took her whole discourse for an hysterical fit of madness, I put her off for that time, by telling her I would consider of it.

When she left the room, I could not help ruminating on the phrensy of my sister, who is now in her sixty-third year, and Mr. Grouse is scarce thirty. He is a meer Country Squire: he is one of those useful members of society, whose sole occupation is what they call country diversions, such as hunting, shooting, setting, horse-racing, swearing, drinking, and debauching the innocent daughters of his poor tenants. He had a very fine clear estate left him by his father, but by extravagance, gaming, and ill management, has almost run it out, and now he wants my sister’s fortune to retrieve it, besides his large expectations from me.

In about an hour after my sister left me, I went down to the parlour to breakfast, with a determined resolution to endeavour to dissuade my sister from so preposterous a match, when, to my great surprize, I found her, and her lover Mr. Grouse, in close conversation at the tea-table, with her hand fast locked in his. They both seemed at first in some confusion: I saluted him civilly, and we sat for some time in silence, which was broke by Mr. Grouse, who observed, that it was a fine day, and that the partridge season would soon come in: “Are you fond of setting, Mr. Wagstaffe?” says he, “I like it well enough,” says I, “but I never would draw my net over an old hen, whilst I could spring the young game.”

Here my sister could not help blushing, or rather changing colour; for sixty odd has scarce a blush left. She then told me with some hesitation, that if I had no objection, Mr. Grouse and she would be married as soon as the writings could be drawn, but that they would do nothing without my consent and approbation.

This

This I looked upon as the common finesse of the world ; for the parties generally make up the match between themselves, and then ask the advice of friends. I found this to be the present case, so thought it to no purpose (as my sister is really come to the years of discretion, and in her own disposal) to shew my dislike to this most unnatural coalition, and even told them, they might do as they pleased for me. Although I spoke in such a manner, that they might perceive I was not altogether satisfied, yet they both thanked me in the strongest terms. In short, the intended bridegroom went next day to town to get the writings drawn, and in about a week after, took my half frozen sister to his arms ; but the raptures he felt most, I believe, were the possession of her fortune, which was considerable.

She already fancies she is breeding, and offers me, if it be a boy, to call her child Jeoffry : she says, she hopes he will continue the BATCHELOR after my decease : If it should depend for continuance on my nephew Grouse, I fear it would drop like the Freeman's Journal, which I look upon, like her's, to be a false conception.

I should exceed the length of my Speculation, if I were to give a detail of the marriage ceremony, the wedding supper, the mirth of the guests, and her coy behaviour on that occasion ; but all this perhaps I may in a future one inform my readers of : I may also let them know how my sister advances in her pregnancy, or whether she is with child or not.

P. S. I am obliged to my deprofundis friend, Mr. John Gay, for his fine compliments, and shall be glad to have his assistance in these my Speculations. I should be obliged to him to inform me of the fashions in the infernal regions ; whether the ladies there hate the manufactures of those regions as much as our ladies do those of their own country, and whether brimstone supplies the want of French powder ; or what is likely to be the fashionable game to ruin the ladies next winter.

W

No. 36. Saturday, October 4.

*Fœnum habet in cornu ; longe fuge.*

HOR.

He is a dangerous man ; shun him.

**I** Met with a Treatise the other day, called, The Philosophy of History, written by Voltaire. I could not but lament, that so fine a genius as that writer undoubtedly is, should employ his talents in composing a work so contrary to religion and good sense. In it he every where shews himself a Deist, (as all the unbelieving fine gentlemen stile themselves) and takes every where great liberties with the history of the Old Testament.

It is a shocking thing, that in a country professing Christianity, such books should be suffered to be printed or sold. If a quack were to go about to vend poisons to destroy mankind, would he not be prohibited, and perhaps punished ? How much more pernicious poisons then, are those dangerous books, which taint the minds of youth, and stagger the opinions of well-meaning people. It is surprising to think, what ends these unbelievers can propose to themselves, or others, in making proselites. They all set up for the strictest morality, and yet they would destroy the very foundation of it, the sanction of future rewards and punishments. Some of them, when pressed hard by argument, acknowledge a future state ; but then, what assurance have they of it, (farther than the bare deductions of natural reason, which can reach no higher than a fair probability) unless they have recourse to scripture for the certainty of it ?

Supposing now that Christianity were abolished in these kingdoms by law, (as indeed it is almost already by custom amongst people of fashion) I should be glad to know what mode of religion these modern philosophers would substitute in the stead thereof. For all civilized nations that we read of, ever had some form  
of

of worship, to prevent them from running into downright barbarism. Would these fellows bring us back to heathenism, to fall down to stocks and stones? or would they have us, like the Egyptians, water our eyes with the adoration of leeks and onions? Surely they will not pretend to tell us, that the refined, abstracted systems of moral philosophy, would be sufficient to keep the bulk of mankind within the bounds of virtue; at this rate every cobbler must know as much as Plato, and a sweep chimney be a Tully.

If it would be no very easy task to convince these ignorant people, that virtue is its own reward; and to dissuade them from murder, robbery, and perjury; because that by committing such immoral actions, they were acting against *the rule of right, and the fitness of things*. Is it not absurd to imagine, that the illiterate part of mankind can, from their meer natural reason, distinguish good from evil? Would they not often err through the insufficiency of that reason, like wanderers in the dark?

Now these good friends the Deists, would take from mankind a religion, which, not only gives us the highest and truest conceptions of the Deity we are capable of, but teaches us to adore him in a manner acceptable to him, and at the same time instructs us how we should demean ourselves to each other, and govern ourselves by such a system of moral precepts, as neither antient or modern philosophers could have an adequate idea of. 'Tis true, some of our modern ones have stolen their precepts from it, and then would run it down, lest they should seem to borrow from it. Men are as much indebted to these advocates of the devil, for depriving them of the true light by which they ought to walk, as they were to Taylor the oculist, who put out the eyes of those unfortunate wretches who came under his hands.

If we take a view of the life and character of Mr. Voltaire, I fancy we shall find it like that of all his sect, neither moral nor virtuous; for this I take for granted, that he and all the deists are against Christianity, because it is against them: it forbids those vices and

enormities, which I am informed he has been guilty of ; and therefore I do not wonder he is its bitterest and declared enemy.

I am a layman as well as Mr. Voltaire, and it will be thought strange (in this very polite and refined age) that I should stand up as a champion for religion, and not rather leave it to those whose trade it is to do so : to this I answer ; if the defence of our king and country demand from us to hazard our lives and properties when we are called upon, how much more does the cause of truth, virtue and our God, require from us our utmost abilities to defend it. T

‘ Dear WAG,

‘ **Y**OUR sister has effectually blunted every point  
‘ of satire, by reconciling the *two* amiable qua-  
‘ lities, of an old maid, and a young wife. To atone  
‘ for former impertinences, I presume to send her these  
‘ few congratulatory lines on that happy event.

‘ LETTY LOVE-YOUTH.’

*YE blooming virgins of threescore,  
Attend Love's soft O Yes ;  
Hymen awaits you at the door,  
And waves the torch of bliss.*

*Let drear despair and anxious rage  
No longer tear your hearts ;  
The waw'ring god at every age,  
Is fixt by golden darts.*

*Pointed by these, the lifeless eye  
Can boast resistless arms ;  
At every glance the lovers die,  
All's rapture, wit, and charms.*

*See LETTY ! whom soft vows assail,  
To fly a single life ;  
At ogling sixty-three turns tail,  
And first commences wife.*

*O may her nuptial bed be blest  
With rapturous love and glee ;  
May she possessing and possess'd,  
Her children's children see ?*

F

No. 73.

No. 37. *Saturday, October 18.**Ex quovis ligno pot fit Mercurius.*

T E R.

You can never make a silk purse of a sow's ear.

**T**H E mind of man, as it is an active principle, must be conversant about some object to give it employment: it must be busied in some pursuit, or it will stagnate and become corrupt; and agreeable to this pursuit, the mind will take its bent, and our actions will accordingly become virtuous or vicious. In this respect mankind may be reduced into three classes: first, of those who are earnest in the acquiring riches and honours; secondly, they who are obliged to seek the means of life by labour or industry; and lastly, those few who are employed in improving their natural understandings by knowledge and learning.

Under this last class of men we may rank those of the three learned professions, viz. the church, the law, and physick. The professors of these, one would be apt to imagine, were men of strong natural abilities, highly improved by labour and study, who were chosen out meely on this account, to fill these several professions: but alas! how much do we see the reverse: this I look upon to be owing chiefly to the prejudice, or wrong judgment of parents, who will, right or wrong, send their sons to the College or the Temple, *invitâ Minervâ*, and who perhaps have not the least spark of genius in their composition; because, forsooth, the father has interest to procure his son a benefice, or else he has many law-suits on his hands, and wants a lawyer to defend his cause. How many sons of Esculapius do we find of this cast, who may properly be called the licensed destroyers of mankind, and contribute not a little to thin, this already, but half peopled land.

To this whim, caprice, and obstinate folly of parents, who will needs bring up their children according to their *own* inclinations, and not according to the menius and disposition of the youths themselves, we ay attribute the woful misapplication of talents which we every day see in the world: for instance, we often find men in the learned professions, who would have grown rich in trade; and on the contrary, we sometimes discern a fine genius lost in a compting-house, or thrown away behind a counter. I remember a dancing master some years ago, who lamented to me that his son was a lad of such untoward parts, that he despaired of ever making him a dancing master; "So that, Mr. Wagstaffe," says he, "since the boy is stupid and good for nothing else, I will breed him a physician." Hence it comes to pass, that fellows with brawny shoulders, whom nature designed for coal porters, fill the bench of Themis in furred robes, and lawn sleeves cover the arms of him who should have carried a chair.

Yet many such are imported to us from a country, which holds the shallow capacities of the natives of this island in the highest contempt. As I am not a native of this country, I must be so very partial to my own as to say, that if many of my countrymen, who are sent hither to fill the highest stations, had been bred up in the several occupations to which their talents were adapted, they would have been most useful members of society. How many useful artificers, mechanics, attornies, dancing masters, porters, cobblers, stock-jobbers, fiddlers and buffoons, have been lost to the world by mistaking their capacities, and thrusting them into the learned professions? nay often, tho' they rise to the very top of them, they cannot avoid discovering what providence designed them for.

Indeed the case is very different with regard to the people of this island: they can have nothing to recommend them to high preferments, but an unparalleled share of parts and learning; therefore, if blind parents here will bring their children up to one of the lear-

learned professions, in spite of genius or nature, it is odds but they must be content to see them hewers of wood, and drawers of water ; on the other hand, I have often lamented, when I have discovered a real genius, who has had no advantages of education : to see a Newton, lost in a common surveyor of land ; a Swift, in a shop-keeper ; and in short, men who would have shone in any part of literature, thrown away on the lowest purposes of life, which meaner talent might have answered for. I would not have the Puritannic scriblers of the *Factionous Journal*, think I mean them, for although they are indeed as illiterate as possible, yet are they at the same time as stupid as ignorance made drunk. *Sed de mortuis nihil nisi bonum.*

As men, therefore, are born with as different capacities as complexions, every parent, if he is capable of judging, should carefully examine the talents, as well as the inclinations of his child, before he determines in what station of life he will fix him. If he be not a competent judge of that himself, he should consult with those who are equal to the important task of advising him : he should, if possible, divest himself of all prejudice and parental partiality, and consider, that the figure his son will make in life depends upon it. School-masters are very apt to lead fathers astray in this respect, and for their own trifling advantage to extol boys as lads of parts, who have neither taste or genius.

Upon the whole then, I would have every youth's capacity put to a fair trial, and if, upon a strict examination, he was found to have a genius adapted to learning, I would have him educated to that profession to which he seemed most inclined : let those whom nature intended for lower offices of life, be bred to them ; then we should not have leather-heads on the bench, nor Corrusodes's in the church. If a physician be a blockhead, he has a good chance of a *quantum meruit*, to starve.

T.



No. 38. Tuesday, December 9.

*Semper ego auditor tantum?*

Juv.\*

Shall I for ever only hear?

WHEN the ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, after having atchiev'd a multitude of surprizing adventures, had returned home in the lion's cage; his Rozinante was turn'd to graze, his armour and his lance werè hung up, and honest Sancho Pancha went to his former occupation of a labouring peasant. Here it is imagin'd, that the inimitable Cervantes intended to have put a final period to the adventures of his knight and squire, which would have been a most irreparable loss to every reader who has either taste or humour: but when the spurious history of Don Quixote came out, he immediately makes his legitimate knight and squire to sally forth anew, and with redoubled force of genius, he not only makes the sallies of his true knight and squire, if possible, more pleasing and instructive, but with the finest raillery imaginable, exposes those of the false one. The sarcasm of Cervantes on that unhappy scribler, I look upon to be the highest stroke of wit and humour I ever met with in any writer.

I had a visit the other day from a very learned ingenious friend of mine, a physician. He asked me how I came of late to be so severe on the faculty with regard to their wigs. "Would you have us, Mr. Wagstaffe," says he, "prescribe in short bobs, or scratches, like jockies?"

"Should

\* The Gentlemen who chiefly supported this paper, being otherwise employed for some weeks past, a few papers, by other hands, were published under the title of the BACHELOR. The subject, the large wigs worn by physicians.

“Should we, on whom people place a confidence for preserving their healths or saving their lives, appear as bucks in the covering of our heads? Or is it proper—” Here I interrupted him, by assuring him most solemnly, that I was quite innocent of the matter he accus’d me of, and that I entirely agreed with him in his sentiments. I told him, that the speculations, wherein the wigs of the faculty were attacked, were not written by me, but by some other writer who had assumed my name. For that I should be very far from decrying that most necessary part of the dress of a son of *Æsculapius*, especially, as the Mock Doctor says, a physician can no more prescribe without a large wig than without a fee. This the doctor took in good part, and said that from my late indisposition and other circumstances, he wondered how I could have been the author.

When my visitant left me, I reflected how weak and absurda thing it is for any writer to attack a body of men, particularly so powerful a one as that of the physical tribe. For they all wear huge perriwigs, and are all alike captious, and capable of resenting any attack made upon them. It is true, I have often seen a half brother of the faculty driving in his chariot, to deliver a lady, when his wig might have served as an entire covering for the child; and almost for a cradle.

Apollo was represented by the poets, as the god of poetry, musick, and physick: he is always portray’d with a vast bush of rays about his head, and hence I suppose his modern sons, I mean of physic, have adorn’d their pericraniums with such immense bushes. Or perhaps another reason may be assign’d. Homer has every where given his most slaughtering heroes a great crest of horse hair, nodding dreadfully from the tops of their helmets; in like manner, many of our manslaughterers have converted the horse hair into wigs, and do as much execution now amongst his majesties subjects, as those crested Greeks did to the Trojans.

Thus,

Thus, I think, I have apologized sufficiently for the large wigs of my friends of the healing tribe. I do hereby, therefore, forbid any more speculations or letters on that subject; and let every writer consider, that an attack on this set of men, is as dangerous as that on a hive of bees, which, if the writer has not Mr. Wildman's art, will certainly sting him.

I shall look upon any man, who harps any more upon this string, in the light of a bungling surgeon, who when his patient died of a disorder in his brains, flay'd his head in order to find out where it lay. Let me assure our Hippocrates's, that I war not with their wigs, and that whilst they, by their internal faculties, adorn their profession and are useful to mankind, they may wear what external ornaments they please on their heads, or wherever they think most convenient; nor will I ever promote parties amongst them of the big and little Wiggians, like the big and little Endians in Lilliput. I shall conclude, with observing, that a pert coxcomb with a smart cue or a bag, may do as much mischief by his prescriptions, as a grave doctor with a huge circumference of perriwig. W



No. 39. Tuesday, December 16.

*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.* HOR.

Imitated thus by CONGREVE.

Who wou'd reprove us, while he makes us laugh,  
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaffe.

ALTHOUGH I own it would be the highest piece of presumption in me, to attempt to tread in the steps of my cousin Isaac Bickerstaffe, nor have I the vanity to imagine, that I bear the most faint

faint resemblance to my kinsman, of immortal memory; yet as I can boast the honour of a consanguinity to him, I think I may claim a better title to succeed him, though unworthily, than they can possibly have, who neither shew any likeness, nor can make out any kindred to him. I am his lineal heir, and his pen descends to me by right of inheritance, as a title and estate do to the next heir, though ever so undeserving. As Achilles had no male heir to lay a claim to his shield, the Grecian leaders adjudged it to Ulysses, as being the most worthy to bear it. We do not find that a Thersites even thought of demanding it; and yet we have many Thersites's who have the impudence to claim my cousin Bickerstaffe's pen; I mean those infamous scriblers, who for the sake of a dinner, wreck their brains in aerial citadels, called Garrets; or Cyclops like, hammer out their wretched stuff in ground cellars, to furnish out a Factious Journal. How happy do these poor creatures think themselves, if they can find the least imaginary open for abusing men in power; an invective against a chief magistrate, be it never so false or scurrilous, may bring them a beef stake; a stroke at the board of aldermen, the leg of a goose in Copper alley; and the hue and cry after liberty, and Billingsgate railing at a chief governor, a pair of shoes from their employer. I appeal to common sense, whether these vile performances can ever answer the end of writing, which, as Horace says in my motto, "is to delight, and at the same time instruct the reader." The proprietors matter not how ill they write, provided, they write bitter enough, which is a fine name for scolding. I have seen a cobbler in his bulk, with spectacles on his nose, highly delighted reading to a shoe-boy one of those scandalous libels, wherein the legislature was traduced in the most opprobrious terms, for no other reason than to make the paper sell.

This pleases the vulgar, but must certainly make the judicious grieve: I think, therefore, the employers of these hackney writers are more in fault than

than they, and seem to me like the keepers of stage coaches, who matter not how uneasy the carriage is to the passengers, provided they get their fare; nor care what lame, blind, spavin'd, gall'd, lean, shoulder-slipt, founder'd, glander'd jades they provide to drag the unwieldy machine to the destined period of their journey: or like undertakers, who pick up the most scald, ragged, dirty fellows they can meet, and with their sable covering, think to hide their defects and nastiness.

For my part, I with-held my speculations for a while, in hopes some more able hand might prosecute the undertaking: and as this island, no doubt, is adorned with men of genius and literature, I could heartily wish that some of them, would give instruction and amusement to the public, through the medium of a news-paper, as it is the cheapest way of conveying it to them, and may reach those whom books could not. I own it is a difficult task to please the palate of every reader; Swift, and a very few others, could arrive at that perfection: of late it is almost impossible, as the taste of most people is vitiated by novels, that nothing else will go down, and those of the worst kind: the chimaerical, tedious, unnatural, senseless rhapsody of *Clarissa* and *Grandison*, takes more with the generality of people, than the fine sense, the pleasing strokes of humour, and the true picture of real life, drawn in *Joseph Andrews* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Notwithstanding these discouragements, is it not an undertaking of the greatest humanity, to stem this torrent of barbarism and ill taste, and if possible to convey instruction under these disadvantages? Certainly, no age or country ever stood more in need of it than this. We are in proportion arrived at as high a pitch of luxury as Rome was in *Juvenal's* time, and are as much debauched by French fashions and follies, as she was by those of Greece. What employment, therefore, can be more worthy of the ablest pen to decry these, to abash the wrinkled leecher, the gambling dowager, and the perfidious wife; to convince, if possible, the hardened infidel,

fidel, and ridicule the younger part of the fair sex out of their follies.

If by my weak endeavours I could bring about a reformation in any one of these points, I should reckon myself of more real use to the world, than any of those conquering heroes were, who destroyed thousands of their fellow creatures by the sword, in order to gratify a wanton ambition, or acquire a share of, what is falsely called, Glory. W



No. 40. *Saturday, December 20.*

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— *Et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.* HOR.

— And whatever is wrapped in foolish papers.

I Happened some time ago to send for a pound of snuff, and as I have a curiosity to look into every scrap of paper, whether in print or manuscript, that falls in my way, I examined the cover in which the snuff was wrapp'd, and found the following letter written on it. It is so much in the style and spirit of my countrymen, that I thought it might not be unacceptable to my readers: it also shews the unaccountable prejudice which they unjustly entertain with regard to this country. For my part, I, who have lived a long time in the world, and know both kingdoms so well, that I have entirely divested myself of all partiality to either. There is something odd in the manner of spelling some words, which I shall not alter, but shall give it exactly as I found it. It seems to have been written by a gentleman who had been here, to a friend of his, who had the misfortune to be banished hither for a lucrative employment.

‘ Dear WILL.

‘ It is a greet wonder to me, as how you can be at  
 ‘ all pleas’d to live in that there country among the  
 ‘ Paddies

‘ Paddies. When I was there I cou’dn’t get nothing to *eat* that was fit for a gentleman : their *weel* was not like our Leaden-hall *weel*, and I profess I believe they feed it on *winegar* instead of *muilke*. Latter-ally indeed, I got in with some people who were proud to entertain me as I was a stranger, and stuffed me with some tolerable *meet*. Demme they *speek* English like Hottentots, and the Teegues are ever making bulls. As I was looking out at my *windore* this *bere* morning, I saw a wild Irishman that I knew in Dublin, *fetching a walk* within the *stone posteses* near my *dore*, and I *ax’d* him for you. Your play-houses are shocking, and hadn’t patience to see but two plays, they were *Keto* and *Coriolenus*. I han’t a word of news to write. I suppose you will have a strong brogue by the time *as* you come back to *this bere* country. Throw up your *pleece* and come over : I am sure our good port will agree with you better than your poor trash of claret. I have been at the drinking of an *innumerable number* of bottles of it, though they are *immensely small*, and always took gripes after it. I was at a turtle *feest* last week, we *eat* hugely, we took chimney sweepers and *eat* again. I who used to *git* up very *erly*, now *lay* in bed every morning till ten, and I *lay’d* this day till eleven.

‘ I am dear Will, yours,

‘ CHARLES COCKNEY.’

Thus it is, that fellows of yesterday; who are mean and contemptible in their own country; assume airs, and have the impudence to abuse a kingdom, which in no respect whatsoever is inferior to any in Europe : for, upon enquiry who this great Mr. Cockney, the writer of this letter was, I found that he sprung from the meanest parents ; that his father was a foot-man, and his mother kept a huckster’s cellar. This kingdom has ever been renowned for hospitality and civility to strangers, I cannot but say, that the gentlemen here are too ready to entertain every foreigner who comes hither before they knew who or what he is. I remember some years ago, a man came over in the packet with

with a friend of mine, who called himself Sir William Such-a-one, and afterwards turned out to be a journeyman barber. This audacious impostor had many civilities paid him, took up cloaths and other things of value upon credit, and then thought proper to run away.

There are undoubtedly many who come from the other side of the water, that are gentlemen by birth, education and accomplishments, and deserve to be taken proper notice of by compliments from the gentlemen here; but then, there are also many like the sham knight and my friend Cockney, who for all the civilities shewn to them, make no other return but by invectives against the country in general, or contempt and ridicule of their kind entertainers. This is owing to people's not making proper distinctions, but treating the good and the bad promiscuously, with equal kindness and respect.

The character of Count Mushroom, in the True-born Irishman, is well drawn and natural, and such is often to be met with in life. If the reader will remark the style and spelling of Cockney's letter, he may observe that it is quite in the manner of those kind of gentry I have been speaking of; although they know just as much of their native language as a parrot or a starling, yet they have the assurance to ridicule the manner of people's speaking here; whereas I will venture to affirm, that there is no city in the king's dominions where the English tongue is spoken in greater purity, more grammatically, or more correctly, than in this city. They are free from many of the barbarisms in speech, false concords and tautology, which are to be met with in other places; neither do they chew their words or grind the consonants together as others do. The great dean of St. Patrick's often inveighed in his writings against this horrid collision of consonants, and the banishment of vowels.

I was going on further to discant upon the above letter, when a thought occurred to me which cut me short, viz. that it is very possible that this my speculation, after all my pains, may be applied to the same, or  
perhaps

perhaps viler purposes, than that snuff paper. The reader, I believe, is heartily tired of the subject, and I can assure him I am so too.

T



No. 41. Tuesday, December 23.

*Quis furor, ô civas!*

LUCAN.

What madness, O citizen!

I Received the following letter from the wife of a citizen, which I shall present to my readers with very little alteration, except in the article of spelling. It is a strong picture of the phrenzy of those unhappy people, who are more attentive to party matters, than to their own private affairs. It makes good that just definition of the judicious Pope, "that party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few."

*To the B A T C H E L O R, at the Mercury in Parliament-street.*

S I R,

This comes to you from one of the most unfortunate wretches upon earth. I am the unhappy wife of a tradesman in the Liberty, and have six fine children by him who are all living. Would you believe it, when I first married him he was an honest, industrious tradesman, and a excellent workman, and used to earn very good bread for me and my family. Jeremiah Distaffe, for that is his name, was a proverb for an honest pains taking man, among the neighbours, and we lived hot and warm, and kept the wolf from the door. But now, alas! the times are altered, he is become a free citizen, talks of nothing but liberty and property, and spends more of his time in reading the cursed Freeman's Journal, than he does at his loom; he is more uneasy who shall be

member

member for the city, than how to get bread for his children. He never has been right well in his head ever since that crazy Phlogos began to set them all agog by speeching to them in the halls about liberty, and the Lord knows what. He used to run about after him from hall to hall, as the people do now after Westly and the swadling preachers. It was then he first began not to mind his work, and the gentlemen in the city, who employed him, thought him a madman. Many a night have we gone to bed supperless for the good of our country, as he called it, and were reduced to starving, to pull down the board of aldermen. When the D——r was drove away for abusing every body, he grew pretty quiet, and minded his business, till he grew mad again about Roger : indeed then I thought he would have gone into Bedlam in good earnest, for he was one of the foremost of the mob at the parliament house : instead of godly ballads and Poor Robin's Almanack, we had nothing but red and black lists pasted on our walls ; but when Roger quitted them all, and took the pension, he took his oath never to mind parties again, and to stick to his work. He continued quiet, and we began once more to be in a thriving condition, till that wicked Freeman's Journal came out, and he grew mad again : many a time has he given a penny for it when my children wanted bread : you will hardly believe me when I tell you that he has turned writer for it. Ever since the late vacancy for the city, he thinks of nothing but a fit person to represent it. He has scarce a shoe to his foot, or a coat to his back. The times are very hard, and my poor, I may almost say fatherless children, are famishing for want of bread, while he is trembling more for the liberties of his country, than for starving.

Now, Mr. Wagstaffe, my business with you is this, that whereas you are a gentleman who set up for telling people their faults ; for charity sake, write something in your BATCHELOR to warn my poor husband and other unfortunate tradesmen, who are  
in

‘ in the same condition, of their misfortunes and wicked ways, and tell them it is fitter for them to earn honest bread by their trades, for themselves and their families, than to be concerning themselves about what does not belong to them, and more becomes their betters to meddle about; I assure you that I am afraid that he and many others will be idle enough till the election is over. I know my husband will mind but little what you can say about that or any thing else; for I often heard him say you were a Jesuit in disguise, because you do not like the Freeman’s Journal: however, your advice can do no harm, and give us a paper, if it be only for the decency of the thing; if the husbands will not read it the wives will, and you may be sure will tell them roundly of it. This being all from, Sir,

‘ Your humble servant to command,

DEBORAH DISTAFFE.

I heartily pity my unhappy correspondent, but she has assigned me a task, which is quite out of my sphere, viz. that of restoring madmen to their right reason; that, I should rather leave to the ingenious Mr. Jennings at the Broad-stone, and I believe even he, would be at a loss to know how to cure this sort of phrenzy; however, I cannot help reflecting, that if these patriotic tradesmen, whose whole study is the good of their poor country, would consider things in a proper light, they would see that there is no way in which they could serve it so effectually, as by exercising their respective trades with honest industry; for if by idleness, and attending to public affairs more than to their own private ones, individuals become bankrupt, the kingdom must, in the end, be so too. Therefore the greatest enemies which this poor country can have, to hurt the liberty and property of it, are those very people who are running riot in the support of it. This, let me assure them of, that any man who hinders a single tradesman one day from following his business, does more of mischief to his country by it, than ever he did or will do of benefit to it, by all the fulsome harrangues he is able to utter.

J.

No. 42.

No. 42. *Saturday, December 27.*———*Volucrique smillima somno.*

VIRG.

———Like an airy vision of the night.

**I**T is a very doubtful point, whether the art of printing has done more good or harm to the world; whether the minds of men have been more enlightened by it, or enveloped in the dark clouds of ignorance and error. If they have been illumined by the noble lights of philosophy and religion, have they not on the other hand been obscured by the false sophisms of Sceptics and Deists? If we have gained the works of many wonderful geniuses by it, have we not also the filthy rubbish and nonsense of infamous scriblers? so that upon a balance, I am inclined to think, that mankind have been rather losers than gainers by it; that they have been bewildered in falsehoods, rather than led into the paths of truth, and that they have acquired a false taste instead of sound judgment.

The works of a Clarke, an Addison, or a Locke, would have been handed down to us by means of manuscript, as well as those of Plato or Tully; whereas the execrable reveries of Wolston, Tindal, Toland, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the other rabble of deistical writers, owe the continuance of their wretched being to the printing presses; so, that, mathematically speaking, the benefit arising from this art, has been in an inverse ratio of the number of books printed, I mean of modern ones.

I was ruminating on this subject the other evening in my elbow chair, when I fell asleep, and the succession of this train of ideas presented to my imagination the following dream. I thought I was in a  
large

large open plain, where was assembled a prodigious multitude of both sexes. They seemed to be a very happy people, and highly delighted with their situation, tho' want and misery appeared in the countenances of most of them, and their weeds were all over coarsely patch'd. They encompassed me around, and with loud acclamations of joy, welcomed me to GRAPHARIA, or the land of SCRIBLERS. I was not at all pleased when I found where I was, and wanted to retire, when a woman came up and accosted me: her face and hands were all over besmeared with ink, and her garments were made of subscription papers, title pages, and indexes of books. "Stranger" says she, "I congratulate you, that even old as you appear to be, you are arrived in this happy land: I am the goddess of this place, your endeavours to retreat is vain; and if you will put yourself under my guidance, and protection, I will conduct you with these your fellow travellers, to a country where you will enjoy all the happiness of Elysium: follow me; you must cross a river, and then you will arrive at those happy regions." I saw no remedy, and therefore obeyed. I marched with the croud under her conduct, and we moved with as much noise as a flock of wild geese, or the army of cranes mentioned in Homer; the nearer we approached the river, the more it was increased; I observed also the air become darker, till at the very banks of the river it was *darkness visible*, as Milton says.

I enquired the name of it, and was told it was called the river of DULNESS, and that the country on the other side was the region of POPULAR APPLAUSE. There were flashes of a kind of false fire like an Ignis Fatuus, constantly darting from it, by which, notwithstanding the obscurity of the air, I could distinguish objects. The river was black and muddy, and seemed to have no current. It emitted a most shocking stench, owing as I was informed, to certain strata of stinking, poisonous minerals

nerals which lay at the bottom. These were Pride, Ignorance, Lust, Deism, Envy, Detraction, Malice, Conceit, Bigotry, Enthusiasm, Party, Cant, and Nonsense, with many more, the names of which I have forgot. What was most amazing, although these pestilential vapours were to me very offensive, yet to my companions they were the reverse, and they snuffed the odours of them with rapture. In short, they all plunged in with as much alacrity, as if it had been the Castalian Fountain. To recount their numbers would make a longer catalogue than Homer gives of the Grecian army. What shoals of Poets, Tragic, Comic, Heroic, Elegiac, Lyric, Pastoral, and Farcical; History and Novel-mongers, (especially of the latter, those who write lives and adventures in a series of letters) Commentators, Critics, and Translators: the hackney scriblers for magazines and news-papers, and pamphleteers, were as thick as the *motes that people the gay sun beams*. The poor creatures exerted what little strength they had, *ripe ultioris amore*, with an eager desire of the opposite bank; thousands perished for one that attained it, and even the unhappy people who accomplished their wishes, were but short lived in that variable climate.

Clarissa sunk very often, being incumbered with too long robes, and at length reached the shore, breathless and faint, and soon after died of a consumption: Emilius and Sophia took in large draughts of this baleful river, went frequently to the bottom, and came up begrimed with the filth of the strata I mentioned; and when they attempted to land, they were scorched to death by the flashes.

Tristram Shandy played as many tricks in the water as boys swimming, and skipped and danced when he got ashore. Sir Launcelot Greaves\* appeared in tolerable spirits, tho' under the weight of Don Quixote's armour which he stole. The females who came giggling and laughing went down by troops, and were

\* The last novel wrote by SMOLLET.

never more seen, But, oh, wonderful! I saw my friends of the *Free Press* every instant diving to the bottom, and, bringing up handfuls of the mud and dirt, flung them at the people all around: they aimed at me several times, tho' I endeavoured to keep at a distance from them. They were either awkward marksmen, or the dirt did not stick, for I could perceive none of it on my cloaths. When I was retiring out of their reach, several spectres in huge periwigs came *behind* me, and endeavoured to push me into the river; I bounc'd aside to avoid it, and in the action waked.

W.



No. 43. *Tuesday, December 30.*

—*Laudator temporis acti*

HOR.

Thus old men prattle, and with tedious praise,  
Tell o'er the manners of their youthful days.

THERE is no character in the Iliad drawn with more judgment, or more according to nature, than that of Nestor. Old age is lovely in him, as it is accompanied with good sense drawn from long experience, the character is all along finely sustained by the poet, for we find him on all occasions giving his advice to the Greeks, (a privilege old men are fond of assuming) and at the same time extolling to the skies those heroes who flourished in his youthful days. He thought the warriors at Troy but striplings in comparison of them, and that if he were a young man again, he could do more than any of them. Horace, no doubt, had him in view when he drew the fine character of old age in his Art of Poetry, of which my motto is a part.

As nature always is the same, we shall find this still to be the characteristic of age. There is  
scarce

scarce a man, who is "declined into the vale of years," who does not look down with pity, and contempt on the times he lives in, and thinks mankind vastly degenerated from what they were when he was young. They have a mean opinion of any but their own contemporaries, and look upon the present race of men as meer raw boys in comparison of those in their times. My old friend, Colonel Barnacle, is one of these old fashioned antideluvians; he is ever running down the present, and praising the former days: "Ay, ay, Mr. Wagstaffe," he says, "the good old times were not like these; they were good; the people formerly were better than now. You may remember, when we were boys," (and by the bye he is ten years older than me) "that things were quite different from what they are now." If he has a mind to praise any, he calls them *good old fashion'd people*. Like Nestor, he tells you of exploits performed by himself and others in his active part of life; and at the same time gives you to understand, that they would be above the power of mortals now a-days to perform.

I met the old gentleman the other day in town, and we agreed to dine at a tavern; we had a good dinner and good wine; but the colonel would not allow that the taverns are now as good as they were formerly, although to my knowledge they are vastly better. In short, nothing modern could please him. When I called to him for a fine lady as a toast, "Alas!" says he, "I do not see a handsome woman now-a-days; where will you find such a one now, as your aunt Margery Wagstaffe was fifty years ago?" In order to get the better of his partiality to antiquity, I prevailed on him that evening to go with me to one of the play-houses, as I knew they were by many degrees superior to those in his time. The play was exquisitely well done; and Barry, (without prejudice the modern Roscius) Dancer and Fitzhenry, topt their characters. However, I was disappointed; my friend the Col. did not seem much affected: but I was resolved to try him a second time, and contrived to bring him the next night to Smock-alley: the play was as well performed as possible, and Mossop exerted those noble talents of

judgment and voice, which he is perfect master of, and which Betterton was famous for. My friend was still dissatisfied, and the only pleasure he seemed to take, was that of sitting so many hours in a house where he had seen plays in the beginning of this century. When I asked him his opinion of our players, he gave a sigh, "ah, my friend," says he, "they are nothing to the actors I remember; I have known Tom Elrington in the part of Bajazet to be heard all over the Blind Quay, and I do not believe you could hear Barry or Mossop out of the house." When I heard him advance so manifest an absurdity, I did not contradict him, but left him happy in the high opinion of his favourite ranter.

I fancy there are many old fellows who form as wrong judgments of the scenes of real life, as the colonel does of theatrical ones. If we trace this prejudice to the bottom, we shall find it to arise from pride. That as the times, when they were in the active season of life, were better than now; so they, who were busy agents in them, must of course excel those who are now acting on the stage of life. I admire that noble passage of Swift's in his Gulliver, with regard to the Strulbrugs, where he makes them, after they had lived too long in the world, grow tired of their immortality, and wish for death. I



No. 44. Saturday, January 3, 1767.

*Feliceſter, et ampliùs,  
Quos irrupta tenet copula.*

HOR.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights,  
Whom love with mutual bonds unites.

**M**ATRIMONY has been ever held in esteem and veneration by all wise and civilized nations. By the laws of Lycurgus, celibacy was reckoned infamous amongſt

amongst the Lacedæmonians, and punished in a most extraordinary manner; for in the first place, the old batchelor was constrained to walk naked, in the depth of winter, through the market place; and whilst he did this, he was obliged to sing some verses in disparagement of himself: moreover, he had none of those honours paid him which were the peculiar privilege of old age, and were very great in Sparta, it being held unreasonable that the youth should venerate him, who was resolved to leave none of his progeny behind him, to revere them in their turns when they should grow old: nay, the Spartan laws went so far as to fix a certain time for marriage, and if a man did not marry when he was of full age, he was liable to an action. As an encouragement to marry, a man who had three children had great immunities from the state, and he who was blessed with four, was free from all taxes whatsoever. Inducements of this kind were necessary, to make amends for the want of fortune, for the virgins there were to be married without portions. The reasons alledged for this, were, that neither want should hinder a man, nor riches induce him to marry, contrary to his inclinations.

Nor were the laws of Solon at Athens, less calculated to encourage this necessary institution. There are some things in them so very particular, and so contrary to our customs, that I cannot help recounting them.

He enacted, that a bride should bring no more home with her than three gowns, and some slight household goods of little value, and that the bride and bridegroom should be shut into a room together, and there eat a quince: the bride likewise brought an earthen pan, wherein barley was parched, to the house of her husband. The reason assigned for all this was that Solon desired to render marriage no mercenary business, but a contract of minds founded upon mutual affection, as being the only solid foundation whereon a durable and happy union could be cemented. The eating of a quince implied, that their discourses ought to be pleasant to each other, that fruit having the efficacy to make the breath sweet; the earthen vessel signi-

ed, that she undertook the care of the house and family.

By what I have extracted from the laws of these two great legislators, we may know what their sentiments were with regard to marriage. How necessary they thought it to the well-being of society, and to render their respective states happy and flourishing. If they had imagined that promiscuous concubinage would have answered those ends better, and made their countries more populous, (an absurdity which many of our modern fine gentlemen, who call themselves Free-thinkers, maintain) they would certainly have allowed it, and have taken off that curb upon the inclinations of the bucks at Athens and Sparta, especially at the latter place, as Spartan dames were well inclined.

We find Socrates, Plato, Tully, and in short, all the great lights of the heathen world, great advocates for the married state ; so that it is not an institution of yesterday, or a piece of priestcraft, as its enemies, the deists, foolishly alledge.

What a lovely picture of conjugal love, does Homer present to us in the sixth Iliad, in the Episode of Hector and Andromache. It is very affecting in Pope's beautiful translation of it ; but I defy a reader of any taste to view it in the original with dry eyes : it would make even a B A T C H E L O R weep. In what a different point of view does he set forth the adulterous lust of Paris and Helen : in the married pair we behold the sincere constant glow of a mutual flame, kept up by a consciousness of virtue, which nought but death could extinguish : in the others, the incestuous passion of a rake and a keeper in the man ; and the remorse of a guilty conscience, invectives and reproaches, on the side of the wretched woman. Nor does he end here, his Odyssey is almost one continued encomium on the happiness of the married state, and draws a most noble and useful pattern of it in the unshaken constancy of Ulysses, and the matchless fidelity of his chaste Penelope. Even Horace, who was a B A T C H E L O R, and a man of pleasure, had more sense than to decry it, as our modern ones do ; but on the contrary, extols it in many places.

I dare

I dare say whoever will take the suffrages of the antient poets and philosophers, will find that they will all agree in condemning celibacy, and in recommending marriage. Milton, who resembles them more than any of the English poets, has very beautiful passages in praise of it—But I have not room to quote them.

Methinks the reader will be surpris'd that a man who has declared himself to be an old B A T C H E L O R, should run into such raptures of happiness he never experienced, and that if he had been married he would talk in quite another strain: to this I answer, that perhaps married people are not so sensible of their own felicity as they ought to be, as men do not perceive the blessings of health whilst they enjoy it: besides, I can assure my reader, the fault was not mine, that I did not long ago enter into that happy state: the particulars of my misfortunes in this respect, I shall give in a future Speculation. I shall conclude, by observing, that a virtuous married couple, who have a competent share of health and fortune, and are endued with a moderate share of good sense and good humour, enjoy a greater portion of real happiness than crowned heads are capable of who are single.

T

No. 45. *Tuesday, January 6.**To the B A T C H E L O R.*

S I R,

I Send you the following trifle of an idle hour, which, perhaps, may prove entertaining to some of your readers.

Yours, &amp;c.

Hillary Term, 1766. *P* versus *C*, in the *Common Pleas*.

**T**WO ministers in the republic of letters,  
Had a quarrel, as oft is the case of their betters;  
I 3 They

*They did not, like mortals, decide it with swords,  
But rested their cause on the power of words.  
Squire P was the Plaintiff, lady C the defendant,  
The Point of Precedence the Cause then dependant;  
And I was appointed the Judge I assure ye,  
One and twenty remain'd <sup>a</sup>, which made up the grand jury.*

*All matters adjusted, at length came the day,  
When squire P thus politely propounded his Plea :  
That I ever was found in Contention till now,  
My bitterest enemy dare not avow :  
If of this my opponent be equally Clear,  
May hereafter at large and more fully appear.  
When the kingdom of letters first appear'd on the stage,  
By some suppos'd Prior to the sam'd go'den age,  
I then was appointed to, indeed, a low station,  
But I rested well Pleas'd for the good of the nation :  
The Post then assign'd me I've held to this day,  
And fill'd it with honour, I'll venture to say.  
And here let me hope that it will not displease,  
In so weighty a matter, if I sound my own Praise :  
Had I ever deserted or quitted my Post,  
Must not every thing Precious have straightway been lost ;  
Would your Parliament, Privilege, Property, Power,  
Depriv'd of my aid, subsist for one hour ?  
Your Peers and your People depend upon me,  
And a Prince is no Prince if depriv'd of a P.  
Thus true to my trust, I Perform'd my duty,  
And no one will say that I have not been true t'you.  
But now to the subject of this days debate——  
A new member has lately Crept into the state,  
And takes way of the most of the Prime-eval letters <sup>b</sup>,  
Tho' their ages alone will prove them her betters :  
An upstart she is, no one knows whence she Came,  
Nor Hebrews nor Greeks <sup>c</sup> ever heard of her name.  
Uninvited she comes, none her aid did implore,  
We may want it as well as for ages before ;  
'Twere easy to prove beyond disputation,  
She's unfit to reside in a Civiliz'd nation :*

(a) Of the alphabet.

(b) Lady C holds the third place in the alphabet.

(c) There is no letter C in Greek or Hebrew.

*Of ev'ry Cabal she's the first grand Promoter,  
And no Capital Crimes are Committed without her.  
But I trespass too long, so with humble submission,  
To this worshipful bench I prefer this Petition;—  
That this new lady C. who appear'd but of late,  
Be from henceforth for ever expell'd from our state;  
Or if you're dispos'd to shew Pity unto her,  
And continue her still, let her sit next the door;  
At last let her sit on a seat below me;  
And always give Place to Petitioner P.*

*Lady C now arose, and with deliberation,  
Thus strove to Confute this grand accusation.*

*I shall not begin as is done now a-days,  
To Pulpit in Publick my own Private Praise;  
Nor shall Passion Provoke me to serve my own ends;  
By Proclaiming aloud the faults of my friends.  
I'm accus'd to this Court as an upstart intruder,  
Uninvited, unwanted, and what is still ruder,—  
Of Capital Crimes, Cabals, and what not;  
Tho' this Court are all Conscious I was ne'er in a Plot:  
Of a bill of exclusion I'm no way afraid,  
For there's none of you all but at times want my aid.  
But as to degrading me, I humbly submit  
To whatever this worshipful Court shall think fit:  
Yet I hope you'll Confirm me in the seat I sit on;  
My rank is still higher<sup>d</sup> at the Court of Great-Britain:  
There, unrivall'd I stand, and give place unto none  
But the monarch, (God bless him) who sits on the throne.  
Tho' thus highly exalted, to you all I appeal,  
If by Pride I e'er injur'd our great Common weal;  
To which of you have I Precedence deny'd,  
For the Publick good, which was always my guide,  
I march in the front when the Case demands Care,  
In dang'rous emergenCe I'm seen in the rear:  
To none of you all was my aid e'er refus'd,  
Not even to him by whom I'm accus'd:  
The Perfection he boasts of, whate'er his Conceit,  
Without my ConCurrenCe Can ne'er be Compleat:  
But to you Conscript futhers my Cause I Commend.—  
Then Curtsy'd Compos'dly, and so made an end.*

*Both Parties were now order'd out of the Place,  
Till the judge and the jury Consider'd the Case ;  
True statesmen they were ; the Chief Point in debate  
Was to end the dispute without hurting the state.*

*After much Pros and Cons up rose W the sage,  
For Wisdom and Worth the delight of the age ;  
And mov'd that squire P should withdraw his Petition,  
And join lady C in a new Coalition ;  
That all former quarrels be now laid aside,  
And the Parties advis'd to be closely ally'd ;  
That the benefits which from this union would spring,  
Must make it to all a desirable thing.*

*To this Prudent motion the assembly agree,  
And the Parties being Call'd, they are told the decree,  
They both by their looks appear well content ;  
So P made Proposals, and C gave Consent.*

*Thus ended at length this troublesome Cause,  
And thro' the whole Court rung a buzz of applause ;  
The genius of letters stood invisibly by,  
And joyfully help'd to make one in the cry :*

*" May the bands ne'er divide which this day have been  
Plighted,*

*" May the P's and the C's be for ever united."*

*But here, lest the wittlings mistake what I mean,  
And give to my lines a Construction obscene ;  
Give me leave to explain them, and shew how they're  
bit,—*

*For C stands for CHATHAM, and P stands for PITT :  
And let Cavilling Criticks say all that they Can,  
WILL. PITT and Lord CHATHAM is still the same  
man ;*

*And what's better still, be Chang'd nought but his name,  
As he's still the same man, so the man's still the same.  
Then let me repeat that with which I'm delighted,*

*" May the P's and the C's be thus ever united ;  
May Prerogative join in the Commons support,  
And Parliaments Prove the best friends to the Court ;  
May Patriots over our Councils Precide,  
May Courtiers our People and Prince ne'er divide ;  
May our Clergy with Piety ever be crown'd,  
May our Church full of Penitent People be found ;*

*May*

*May Papists all meet with Conversion most speedy,  
 May Charity succour the Poor and the needy;  
 And wherever Poverty makes his abode,  
 May Content be an inmate to lighten the load;  
 May Pride ever meet with Contempt and disdain;  
 May invading Pretenders meet Culloden Plain:  
 And now to have done with my P's and C's,  
 Let all honest men join in Prayer with bent knees—  
 That Power, Promotion, Place, Pension and Peerage,  
 May reward honest CHATHAM for guiding our steerage.*



No. 46. Saturday, January 10.

*Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.*      Hon.

By some he's prais'd, by others he's condemn'd.

**I** Find that my last paper on the laws of Lycurgus, relative to celibacy, has produced me a whole packet of letters from different persons. Some blame me for the mention of old customs, which are exploded above two thousand years since, as if I wanted to revive them; others applaud me, and wish they were now in use amongst us. For my part, I shall not declare my opinion on either side of the question in so nice a point, but shall lay some of the letters I have received before the judicious reader, and let him determine upon the matter.

*To the BATCHELOR, at the Mercury in Parliament-  
 streets.*

‘ Mr. BATCHELOR,

‘ **I** Read your paper the other morning at breakfast,  
 ‘ to my mamma and an old maiden aunt of mine,  
 ‘ Mrs. Matilda Grave-airs, about the old batchelors  
 ‘ going naked thro’ the streets in some place with a  
 ‘ Latin

' Latin name. My mamma and I were vastly delight-  
 ' ed with it, and wished to God there was such a  
 ' law here. Lord ! what a fine sight would it be to  
 ' see all the fusty old batchelors in town forced to  
 ' go naked ; suppose from Newgate to College-green.  
 ' I am sure there would be more people to look at  
 ' them than at a man going to be hanged. Oh,  
 ' what a deal would many girls of my acquaintance  
 ' give for a window in Castle-street, or Cork-hill, or  
 ' Dame-street, to see them pass by ? It would be de-  
 ' lightful to see many of the old fops and fribles (who  
 ' always admired themselves too much ever to ad-  
 ' mire us) shivering of a cold frosty day, without a  
 ' stitch on them.

' While I was running on in this way to mamma,  
 ' my aunt, who is a great prude, was reading your  
 ' paper ; and all of a sudden throws it down, pulls  
 ' off her spectacles, and says, " Sister, I wonder  
 ' how you can suffer that idle baggage to prate in  
 ' that manner. For my part, when I was of her  
 ' age I would scarce look at a man with his cloaths  
 ' on, let alone a parcel of naked fellows ; but the  
 ' girls now-a-days are too forward. I protest,"  
 (taking up the paper again and fixing on her specta-  
 ' cles) " I do not know what Mr. Wagstaffe means  
 ' by all this ; does he imagine that such an out-  
 ' landish custom of naked fellows driving through  
 ' the streets, would ever be allowed in a christian  
 ' country ? But I will write to him this very instant,  
 ' to scold him for putting such things in his paper,  
 ' which are not proper for young girls to read." So  
 ' she went up to her room to write to you, and I  
 ' wish you joy, for I am sure you have got my aunt  
 ' Marty's heart by it, which will save you from  
 ' walking naked. Now, do, dear, dear Mr. Wagstaffe,  
 ' try all your interest to get a law made to make  
 ' those old fellows walk naked, if you can, and if  
 ' you do, I would marry you myself to save you, if  
 ' you don't like my aunt. Oh ! it would be quite  
 ' sport, and besides it would make it easier for us  
 ' poor girls to get husbands. Then the young fel-  
 ' lows

‘ lows would be as much afraid of being old batchelors, as we are of being old maids. What do you think if those old rogues were to get a few lashes to warm their backs as they went along, to put some life in them; may be some of them might be whipt into matrimony by it. For goodness sake, dear sir, write more about this thing, I am sure all the young girls in the kingdom will be obliged to you, and so will I.

‘ B. TIPKIN.’

‘ P. S. I forgot, at what age is a man an old batchelor? Are they to go quite naked?’

‘ To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq;* at the MERCURY,  
‘ &c.

‘ Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

‘ I Write this to give you a tuncing for your indecent paper the other day, about a parcel of Parthian old batchelors going naked through the streets. Heaven forbid we should ever have such an odious shocking sight in this city, as filthy naked men in the streets. Oh, the thoughts of a naked man makes me shudder every limb of me. I would much rather see them going to be hanged with their cloaths on, than to see them only walk naked. I am sure I would go a hundred miles to avoid the sight. Do, Mr. Wagstaffe, let them be hanged with all my heart, if they will not marry, but let us have none of your naked men. I am too good a christian to suffer you or any gentleman, to go in that indecent manner; and I know many ladies who are as good natured as I, not but I assure you I have had many good offers in my time, and could still, but in a case of this sort one would not see one’s fellow-creature in distress, and I hate naked men.

‘ I am, Sir, your humble servant,

‘ MATILDA GRAVEAIRS.’

‘ T.

‘ *To the BATCHELOR, at the Mercury in Parliament-street.*

‘ S I R,

‘ **I** Read your paper on the Spartan laws relative  
‘ to celibacy. I think the punishment was very  
‘ just, in a country where wives were easily had, and  
‘ where prudery and coquetry, were not known.  
‘ Now I think it would be very hard to punish us,  
‘ when in this country the fault does not lie in ours,  
‘ but in the fair sex.

‘ I am an old batchelor like yourself, and yet am  
‘ not to blame ; for let me assure you, that in the space  
‘ of forty years, I paid my addresses to above four-  
‘ score different women, and was either jilted or re-  
‘ fused by them all. Now, Sir, as I think the pu-  
‘ nishment should follow the guilt, I would propose,  
‘ that such old maids as have in their time refused  
‘ good matches, and were obstinately tenacious of  
‘ their virginity, when they might have parted with  
‘ it to good husbands ; that these, I say, should be  
‘ obliged to make a naked procession once a year.  
‘ If in winter, as fig-leaves could not be had, I  
‘ would allow them the largest dock-leaves they could  
‘ procure on the occasion. Then should we see ma-  
‘ ny of these hard-hearted old tygresses regretting  
‘ their past folly, who now comfort themselves with  
‘ cards and scandal, and are worse than old cats in  
‘ families. This would be a terror to many young  
‘ girls, who are so squeamish and hard to be pleased.  
‘ If our legislature would pass a law of this kind, it  
‘ would produce many good effects, especially for  
‘ promoting matrimony. It might justly be intitled,  
‘ *An Act for the more effectually peopling of this king-*  
‘ *dom.*

‘ I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
‘ and brother Batchelor,

‘ EPHRAIM SINGLE.’

‘ P. S.

‘ P. S. Quere, Can the wife of an Italian singer  
 ‘ plead the privilege of exemption, as a married wo-  
 ‘ man, when she grows old ? or is she to be deemed  
 ‘ an old maid ?’

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

LANDLORD HERE’S TO YOU.

“ I’M sorry to see you alone,” quoth my host ;  
 And so would obtrude him to drink at my cost.  
 “ Companions I never want, and those the best ;—  
 “ This sage of old Rome, see ! in gilt leather vest,  
 “ Whose sentiments glowing in phrases refin’d,  
 “ At once warms the heart, and enlightens the mind.”  
 With wine treat my landlord, yet pay for his meat !—  
 Accursed be the custom t’impose such a cheat.  
 Why should not each dealer indulge at my cost ?  
 The fruit-man, the cake-man, as well as mine host ?  
 Must I of my musings and money be hamm’d !—  
 Alone leave me, landlord !—fool fashion be d—mn’d.

The father’s advice to his son.

T AKE to the stage, my son, then to Heav’n you’re  
 half way ;  
 I’ll be bound for your fasting, if you will but pray.

How far I’ll agree with a player.

I’LL walk and I’ll talk, fight, die, and all that ;  
 But excuse me, as you do, to drink or to eat.



No. 47. Tuesday, January 13.

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*Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille est,  
Qui nimis urgetur.* ————— HOR.

For we all our vices have, and the best  
Is he, who with the fewest is oppressd.

**T**O attempt to eradicate the passions from the human mind, is not only chimerical, but even were it to be accomplished, would be prejudicial, nay, destructive to mankind. The Stoic philosophy was very faulty in this respect ; it made all virtue to consist in plucking up all the passions by the roots, and by that means rendered the mind a meer *caput mortuum*, by taking from it the only incentives to laudable and virtuous actions. The passions were implanted in us by our wise and good Creator, for the most noble purposes ; for without them, we should be as contemptible in the scale of beings, as the worm that crawls on the earth. It is not the use of them, but the abuse of them that renders us vicious. To suppose a man born devoid of any passions, such as love, joy, hatred, aversion, fear, or hope, what a poor wretch would he be ? how little useful to himself ? how little beneficial to society ?

Many even of the christian writers have erred in this particular ; by endeavouring to refine away human nature, and instead of making men more excellent beings, would reduce them to insensible ones. It never, therefore was, nor could be, the design of philosophy or religion to destroy those seeds which providence had sown so deeply in our hearts ; but on the contrary, to nourish them by their precepts, and by the culture of right reason to weed out those tares, which a corrupt imagination scatters there. Socrates, who was not only the wisest, but the best of uninspired.

ed mortals, acknowledged he had naturally a vast strength of unruly passions, in that noted story of the physiognomist, too well known to be here recited.

Our passions are the springs of all our actions; when properly directed, they lead us to what is good; when misguided and led astray by false appetites, they hurry us away to evil. Now if we were formed without them, what motive could we have for doing a virtuous action, or wherein would our merit consist, in avoiding an evil one? Can it be reckoned praise-worthy in an eunuch at Constantinople, that he does not commit a rape in the seraglio? No; our whole merit lies in resisting evil, (when in our power to commit it) which would be entirely lost if we had no desire for it, no passions to prompt us to it. A man, therefore, who is born without them, is either less than a man, that is, a fool or an idiot; or else is a being superior to human nature.

There are some men who have by nature very strong passions, yet would willingly pass upon the world as entirely void of any: these are cunning, sly, designing hypocrites: they play upon the passions and weaknesses of others, and are the most dangerous men: these lags are like the silent dagger of an assassin, or the stiletto, which tell not aloud the execution they have done. Ricardo is one of this sort; he is ever cool, because he is a coward; he raises your just resentment by the most injurious treatment, and then bears calmly your bitterest reproaches, and soothes you like the glossing tempter, in Milton. He is ever ready to injure you, and then in the most submissive terms to ask your pardon: he is a bon-compagnon over his cups, is the best humoured fellow in the world, and grins and smiles in your face while he is plotting your ruin, and would cut your throat if he dare. As my motto says, no man is born without faults, yet surely that is the worst of all faults to conceal our vices, under the mask of virtue. Let us therefore avoid open effrontery of them on the one hand, and hypocrisy on the other. Let us not endeavour to keep them pent up within us, to consume us like a hidden fire inwardly,

ly, or by covering the sore to make it rankle and fester; but let us rather heal it, and correct our faults by the dictates of right reason and religion. Thus by guiding our passions within their proper channels, they will become the sources of happiness to us, and restore to mankind in reality that golden age which the poets only dreamt of. We should, in a great measure, be free from many of the fashionable vices, which prevail amongst us at this time; such as immoderate gaming, French gallantry, as it is called, (that is the debauching married women,) and from many of those vices which are the growth of our own soil, but also from those imported to us from other countries. Then will deism and drums be transported back from whence they came, and be for ever banished from this happy isle.

T

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From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

*Sed immedicabile vulnus*

*Ense recidendum! ne pars sincera trabatur.* OVID.

‘ Mr. HOBY,

‘ I Have, since the commencement of your paper,  
 ‘ read it with vast pleasure, and often admired the  
 ‘ publick spirit with which it hath been conducted, in  
 ‘ lashing at the vices, follies and immoralities of the  
 ‘ age, by inserting the letters of your correspondents  
 ‘ with that discretion and judgment, which must render the MERCURY entertaining to its readers. If  
 ‘ you will indulge me by giving a place in it to the  
 ‘ following narrative, in which no poisoned satire will  
 ‘ be found, you will, I hope, reform persons whose  
 ‘ dispositions hurl them to such base attempt, and  
 ‘ convince them how unhappy they may render individuals by such practices.

‘ I have for many years kept house in an agreeable  
 ‘ part of this kingdom, enjoyed the sweets of society  
 ‘ with many friends and acquaintances, exempt from  
 ‘ that

‘ that ridiculous ceremony, which is now become so prevalent. But in the midst of this Elysium of happiness, some strangers settling in the country, (the vicinity of whose habitations to mine, and the situation in which fortune had placed them, induced me to form, and keep up an acquaintance with) found means to insinuate the most malicious falsehoods to my friends, and to extirpate that harmony which so long subsisted between us. Thus deprived of that hospitality and friendship we so long mutually enjoyed, I made some overtures for a reconciliation, and by incontestible proofs convinced my old neighbours of the base attempts of our new acquaintances, and received the strongest assurances, that our future friendship should remain unshaken against the virulent blasts of malice and envy.

‘ Good God ! how distressing must it be to persons of this sort, if ever they seriously reflect on the evil tendency of such practices ? how contrary to the dictates of reason and humanity, to cause dissensions among our fellow-creatures ? and how repugnant to that divine commandment, that we should love one another ?

‘ I am, yours, &c.

‘ AMICUS.’



No. 48. *Saturday, January 17.*

*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* HOR.

When kings fall out, the subjects suffer.

**T**HE Iliad, which has justly been the admiration of all ages, has not been praised more for any of its excellencies, than for the moral of its fable. It gives us a fine lesson on the mischiefs which spring from

from discord among princes, in the dissention between Agamemnon and Achilles. After the Greeks had spent nine whole years in besieging Troy, on account of a woman, those two heroes fall out about a girl, and by that means the people perished, as Homer says ; and to point still stronger the evils of this disagreement, Troy was not to be taken until they were reconciled by the death of Patroclus, and that Achilles joined his force, small as it was ; for it consisted of but fifty ships, and computing fifty myrmidons to each ship, his number of men did not amount to above 2500.

If we look into history, we shall find the ruin of many states and kingdoms owing to the same cause. The states of Greece, by jarring and jealousies amongst themselves, at length became slaves to Philip of Macedonia ; at Rome, the dissentions between the senate and people were the fatal causes of electing tribunes of the people, who in time sold the liberties of their country to Cæsar. Our more modern histories also furnish us with many instances to this purpose ; witness the mischievous consequences which followed from the animosities amongst the christian princes who went to recover the Holy Land ; witness the dreadful havock, slaughter and devastation caused by the disputes of the houses of York and Lancaster in England. In short, we shall find that many countries have fallen sacrifices to this fiend, discord ; nor do I know of any that received any the least benefit from it except this very kingdom of Ireland ; I mean by its falling under the English government, which happened in the following manner : The king of Leinster ran away with the king of Briefne's wife, (in the same manner as Paris did with Helon) upon which our Irish Menelaus applied to the king of Connaught for assistance, and these two confederate monarchs had so far run down the Hibernian Paris, that he was obliged to apply to England for succours. This first brought the English into this kingdom, and laid the foundation of that happy conjunction which we at present enjoy.

As I am upon this subject, it would be unpardonable in me to omit making mention of the unhappy disagreement

ment which at present subsists between our two great monarchs of the Irish stage. They are undoubtedly men of prodigious merit in their different casts of playing; but it is not in the cast of my present paper to enter into a detail of their respective merits; all I shall say is, that I lament the unlucky disputes between them, which prevents them from forming (as they once did) the most compleat theatre I ever saw, or that I believe ever subsisted since the golden age of Betterton. As we can at present see but one of them in any one night, half the pleasure of our entertainment is lost; and as there are many plays where there are two top characters, each of which require the utmost skill of the actor, where one of these is indifferently performed, the whole play goes off but flat and insipid. We are now therefore mutilated in the noblest recreation the human mind is capable of, that of having nature and Shakespear reflected to us from a true mirror. With what raptures have I seen Barry in Orhello, wrought up to that green-eyed monster, jealousy, by Mossop in Iago? What a Jaffier was the one; what a Pierre the other? But now alas! though the Moor performs his part exquisitely, yet he is alone, and wans his Antient to work him up; and in Venice Preserved, the beauteous *Belvidera, like a wretch that's doom'd to banishment, comes weeping forth*. The misfortune of the publick is manifest in almost every other play, as well as in those I have quoted, to those who frequent the play-houses. What is worst of all, I fear *they have nought enrich'd themselves by it, and made the publick poor indeed*, in point of entertainment. I also fear that their subjects, the under actors, have suffered, as the subjects of other monarchs have done, by their disputes; for in order to draw an audience to their house, each manager has been obliged, like the old Irish kings, to call in foreign forces, such as wire dancers, dogs, monkeys and Italian Singers; and to turn that feat of once rational amusement into a Stretch's theatre or Sadler's Wells, and a *vox & præ-terea nihil*. By this means their natural subjects, the inferior players, were obliged to quit the stage and seek

seek bread elsewhere. In these boisterous times, James Williams, who thought the post of honour was the private station, made his exit from the theatre; and now acts the part of a stationer, an earthenware and flannel merchant, in Bedford-row. His catastrophe has been a good one, but I fear others have ended their parts more tragically.

I fear it would exceed the limits of my paper to descant further upon this subject. I shall therefore conclude, by wishing that these two great players were as much masters of their own passions, as they are of those of the audience. Then should we see, by a union of both houses, the most compleat theatre that ever was in this kingdom. Dancer and Fitzhenry, who are the Porter of Oldfield of our times, would shine in their spheres, as Barry and Mosstop would in theirs.

P. S. I beg pardon of the monarchs of Ireland, for comparing to them those upstart fellows of Greece, who were but of yesterday, and could not pretend to be of near so good or so ancient families as the Milesian princes were. I

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

\*\*\* *The following curious letter and attempt at rhimes, appeared in the Freeman's Journal of Tuesday January 13th, which, as it gave occasion to a future Batchelor, is thought proper to insert here.*

*To the COMMITTEE for the conducting the  
FREE-PRESS.*

‘ GENTLEMEN,

‘ **I**N my Opinion, a Man in publick Business should  
‘ make himself as few Enemies as possible, and  
‘ keep his Passions, and Zeal for the Religion he professes, in Subjection to his Interest; especially if he  
‘ happens not to be of the established Religion of the  
‘ Country he resides in. How ridiculous then must  
‘ that

• that Man appear, who, in a Protestant Country,  
 • endeavours to raise the Reputation of the Papist Re-  
 • ligion, by attempting to render that of the Presby-  
 • terians contemptible? A Religion founded on Pro-  
 • testant Principles: When he enjoys his own only at  
 • the Mercy of the Government, and is not included  
 • in the Act of Toleration. Some late Reflections on  
 • the Church of Scotland, published in a News-paper  
 • of this City, has induced me, as I am well acquaint-  
 • ed with the Editor, to publish his Original and Com-  
 • position; that they who are unacquainted with him,  
 • may know what Credit to pay to any of his future  
 • Publications.

• A CHURCH-MAN.

To the P U B L I C K.

• **G**REAT Jove was once resolv'd to make  
 • A Coxcomb fraught with Self-conceit;  
 • Aroud the World he cast his Eyes,  
 • But chiefly where fair Dublin lies;  
 • All Wickedness he saw there reign'd,  
 • No Folly curb'd, no Vice restrain'd.  
 • Strait he calls out for Mercury,  
 • "I'm here, an't please your Majesty."  
 • The God reply'd, "Fly quickly down,  
 • (He said) to yon fair, glittering Town,  
 • And try if in it thou can find  
 • These three Things fitting to my Mind:  
 • "Pride, Ignorance and Self-conceit,  
 • "From each of 'em some Semen take,  
 • "For I've a Mind to make a non-such,  
 • "In all the World there sha'n't be one such.  
 • "For Men are grown, I must confess,  
 • "To such a Height of Wickedness,  
 • "That I must take this Way to shame 'em  
 • "Out of their Follies, and reclaim 'em.  
 • "He shall a living Satyr be  
 • "To ridicule blind Bigotry.  
 • "Nay, what to you will seem most odd,  
 • "He will pretend to be a God.

"Assume,

" Assume your Figure, and will try  
 " To pass himself for Mercury ;  
 " Turn News-monger, and, as he flies,  
 " Diffuse his Scandal and his Lies.  
 " One Day he'll vilify a Nation,  
 " The next Day read his Recantation ;\*  
 " Publish his Books papistical,†  
 " And Queries most sophistical,‡  
 " To cheat Mankind ; but never fear,  
 " They now have bought Experience dear ;  
 " And forty-one will still remember,  
 " From January to December,  
 " Their Eyes I'll open, and, in fine,  
 " They'll see thro' all his base Design."

' Straight from Olympus' starry Height  
 ' The winged God directs his flight ;  
 ' At Finglas lights, and, spent with Toil,  
 ' He lays him down, and sleeps a while ;  
 ' Then rises fresh, walks nimbly down  
 ' The Turnpike road, and comes to Town.  
 ' He had not gone o'er half his Round,  
 ' But all of 'em he quickly found ;  
 ' Some Seed he took from ev'ry one,  
 ' And then remounts Olympus' Throne ;  
 ' To Jove presents a Bag of Leather,  
 ' In which he put 'em all together.  
 ' He gets his Moulds, his Work began,  
 ' And out completely comes the Man.

' Jove view'd him with contempt, and swore  
 ' He ne'er made such a Thing before.  
 ' Declar'd he would annihilate him,  
 ' But for the End he did create him ;  
 ' Which to fulfil, he threw him down,  
 ' Headlong from thence, to that same Town  
 ' Whence

\* His Anecdotes of the Scotch, which he attempted an Apology for in a succeeding Paper.

† Lord Taaffe's Works

‡ His Queries concerning the Papists purchasing, &c. for them.

- ‘ Whence he originally came——  
 ‘ I need not tell the Creature’s Name.
- 

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

\* \* \* *The arrival of three packets since our last, and the provocation offered us in the last Freeman’s Journal, will we hope, be accepted as an excuse for postponing some part of the entertainment we promised to our readers in this day’s MERCURY.*

*To the Freeman’s Journalist.\**

**W**E took it for *Granted*, Mr. *Freeman*, that you and your abettors, had taken a sufficient dose of *Mercury* to cure you of railing, and were inclined to peace; but we find the *salivation* is not gone off yet, and that you are still *spitting* your venom. That we have not as yet effected a radical cure on you, appears in a scabby piece, (the spawn of personal malice) in your paper of last Tuesday, that, no doubt, you call a copy of verses, but to which it has no other title than being printed in the shape of Poetry, in lines of various lengths. Indeed, if you have not a more able champion to produce, than the wretched scribbler of that miserable piece, the guantlet shall lye for ever on the ground, before we will *sloop* for it. You have found out the sure way to vanquish us:—set that *Lead beater* to work, and your business is done.

But the best way of exposing this execrable piece, is to give the reader a specimen of it. Some respect has, hitherto been paid to numbers and sense, by the worst of authors, but this vile bellman’s poet, more impatient

\* As the scribblers in the *Freeman’s Journal*, chuse to attack the printer of the *DUBLIN MERCURY*, instead of its authors; we think ourselves intitled to resolve the Committee of the Free-Press, into the *SINGLE* person who is notoriously the sole conductor and PROPRIETOR of that paper; the other two (the Compiler and Clerk) being paid for their trouble,—The Cerberean junto shall hear further from us.

impatiet of restraint, and less servile than other bad poets, has dared to put a finishing stroke to all restrictions of poetical genius, at once, by casting off the shackles of rhyme, sense, and numbers together: Judge, readers, for yourselves from the following extract——

“ Great Jove was once resolv’d to *make*  
 “ A coxcomb fraught with self *conceit* ;  
 “ Around the world he cast his eyes,  
 “ But chiefly where *fair* Dublin lies ;  
 “ Strait he calls out for *Mercury*,  
 “ I’m here, an’t please your *majesty*.  
 “ The God reply’d, fly quickly down,  
 “ (He said) to yon *fair glistening* town,  
 “ And try if in it thou can find  
 “ These three things fitting to my mind :  
 “ Pride, ignorance and self-*conceit*,  
 “ From each of ’em some *seamen* take :  
 “ He shall a living satyr be  
 “ To ridicule blind bigotry———

The rest is equally contemptible—*Query*. Where does the ridicule fall——on the *writer* or the *subject* ?

Mr. *Freeman*, are you inclined to enter the lists with pen and ink ? “ If you have a mind for a little of that “ fun,” as Sir Callaghan says, send some factious brother forward with a better head-piece, if you have any such, than the insignificant author of the above ; one whom it will not be a disgrace to measure pens with,

*And we will drive this quill of our’s, as far as  
 who goes farthest.* SHAKESP.

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*To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.*

‘ Mr. HOBV,

‘ I AM pleased with your paper ; it is no less instructive than entertaining, and deserves the encouragement  
 ‘ courage

‘couragement of all who love letters. I am no  
 ‘author, no poet : yet the dull poem and virulent let-  
 ‘ter in the Freeman’s Journal of last Saturday, roused my  
 ‘indignation so far as to make me once in my life turn  
 ‘poet, and write the following short Allegory. I have  
 ‘read some where, *facit indignatio versum*. Nothing  
 ‘but their impotent malice, could have obliged me to  
 ‘step so far out of character. I heir base and ungene-  
 ‘rous attack upon your religion, equally shews the bit-  
 ‘terness of their hearts and the weakness of their un-  
 ‘derstandings. They are like unto those cowards,  
 ‘who sheath their dagger in the blood of their enemy,  
 ‘when he is bound in fetters. The honest, generous  
 ‘Protestants of the church of Ireland, soar far above  
 ‘such mean and base ideas. I speak their sense. Con-  
 ‘tinue then to expose *Faction* and *Party* with all that  
 ‘poignancy of ridicule, which has so eminently adorned  
 ‘your paper, and you will prove yourself the true  
 ‘friend of your country.

‘I am your constant reader,

Jan. 15, 1767.

‘ATTICUS.’

‘P. S Make what use you please of this letter, and  
 ‘poem : if they are not published, I shall not be dis-  
 ‘appointed, as I am secure of a better entertainment  
 ‘from some of the pens of your more ingenious cor-  
 ‘respondents.’

### AN ALLEGORY.

**T**HE genius of ENVY and black MELANCHOLY,  
 The spirit of PRIDE, of FACTION and FOLLY ;  
 The dæmon of DISCORD, DETRACTION and SPIGHT,  
 The old god of DULLNESS, all rob’d with dark night,  
 Assembled in council at the Arch of St. Oen,  
 Where none but the Chosen are suffer’d to go in.  
 Up rose the conductor, fell FACTION, “ I grant,  
 “ That we are all ruin’d in spite of our CANT ;  
 “ Sly MERCURY mocks us, and the world in a lump  
 “ Is highly pleas’d with him for roasting our Rump.\*

V O L. I.

K

“ How

\* Allusion to the Rump Parliament.

"How shall we revenge us?"—he spoke, and—oh  
frightful!

A chink in the wall op'd wide in their fight full:

"A letter!" quoth DULNESS, "'tis all my inditing;

"A poem too! gentlemen, 'tis my hand-writing:

"Shou'd any dare claim it; all know it from hence,

"It neither has measure, rhyme, spirit, nor sense."

Here clappings of hands and plaudits arose,

With vivat the author, in verse and in prose;

For if DULNESS were dead, our Journal must after,

And leave all our Free Cits to MERCURY's laughter.



No. 49. Tuesday, January 20.

—————*Sanctus haberi*  
*Iustitiæque tenax, factus ditisque mereris?*  
*Agnosce Procerem*—————

JUV.

#### IMITATED.

Convince the world that you are just and true.  
Be just in all you say and all you do;  
Whatever be your *faith*, you're sure to be  
A peer of the first magnitude with me.

'To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq;

'SIR,

'SINCE the commencement of the DUBLIN  
'MERCURY, I have strictly observed the charge  
'delivered to me in the first paper, by you, and the  
'other gentlemen your associates, who were so kind  
'as voluntarily to undertake the support of it with  
'your pens. I have, till this day, kept to the depart-  
'ment, and within the bounds you prescribed me,  
'of "receiving articles of intelligence, advertise-  
'ments, and whatever emolument *has* accrued from  
'the undertaking, with other drudgery of that gro-  
'velling

“velling kind;” and never once let out of mind the  
 ‘adage you recommended to my observation—  
 “*Ne futor ultra crepidam*.” Nor do I mean to trans-  
 ‘gress now; all the indulgence I crave, is, that you  
 ‘will permit this letter to appear in your next BAT-  
 ‘CHELOR.

‘In the Freeman’s Journal of the 13th inst. I am  
 ‘most cruelly attacked on account of my religion, in  
 ‘a letter from some poultry scribler, who subscribes  
 ‘himself, *A Church-Man*; and attempts (in a bung-  
 ‘ling alteration of an old piece) to draw, what he  
 ‘calls, my picture, in such a sort of Prose run mad,  
 ‘that any other, but the illiterate editor of the Free-  
 ‘man’s Journal, would have been ashamed to pub-  
 ‘lish. Such rhymes, I believe, were never before  
 ‘in print: *make to conceit, Mercury to majesty, conceit*  
 ‘*to take, confess to wickedness*, and many others of  
 ‘the like kind, which you may observe, if you will  
 ‘take the trouble of reading such stuff. By way of  
 ‘illustration of his nonsense, he annexes notes, where-  
 ‘in he accuses me of publishing Lord’s Taaffe’s Ob-  
 ‘servations, and the Queries concerning the Papists  
 ‘purchasing.

‘As the reputation and character of every man lie  
 ‘open to every pick pocket, I think it incumbent on  
 ‘me to vindicate mine.—As to the first charge which  
 ‘this pick-purse of my reputation makes against me,  
 ‘concerning the anecdotes of the Scotch, any body,  
 ‘except such a blockhead, may know that I was not  
 ‘the author of them; that they were extracted from a  
 ‘book written and published many years ago: I ex-  
 ‘tracted them as an article of entertainment, in or-  
 ‘der to fill up a vacant space in my paper, but with-  
 ‘out any design, as I before declared, and do now  
 ‘again declare, of giving offence to any man, or set  
 ‘of men in the kingdom.

‘The next charge, is that of printing my Lord  
 ‘Taaffe’s Observations.—What printer in the city of  
 ‘Dublin, let his religion be Protestant, Presbyterian,  
 ‘or Papist, would refuse to print or publish a tract  
 ‘which contained nothing reflecting on either the re-  
 ‘ligion

‘ligion or laws of this country, and to which a peer of the realm had vouchsafed to affix his name as the author.—By the way,—a new edition, being the third, is now just finished (having undergone a thorough revifal) and will be published next Thursday.

‘The third, and laft charge, brought againft me by this infamous fcribler, is, that of publishing the Queries touching the Papifts purchasing. I can affure you, and the public, they were wrote by as ftaunch a proteftant as any in the kingdom of Ireland; nor fhould I have printed them, had they been fent to me by a Roman Catholic. The author, who is well known, I am fure wifhes as well to the Proteftant religion, as my accufer, who makes ufe of religion only as a pretext to wound my character.

‘It is true, I am not of the eftablifhed religion; but I appeal to you, Mr. Wagftaffe (who are an undoubted member of the eftablifhed church) whether it be not cruel and-unmanly to attack me on that fcore? May not a man be a good fubject, a good citizen, and a ufeful member of fociety, tho’ a Papift? I fufpect this malice of the proprietor of the Freeman’s Journal, is in a great meafure levelled at me, on account of your having fous’d the fcriblers for it, in the river of Dulnefs, in your laft vifion; a good deal of the mud of Stupidity and Detraction fticks to them ftill. They dare not attack your BATCHELOR, becaufe they are afraid of your pen; but, like cowards, fling their dirt at me. They would endeavour to blacken me in the eyes of Proteftants, to whom I am under the higheft obligations, and of whose favours I fhall always retain the moft grateful fense. I never did, nor ever will give offence to the eftablifhed religion of my country, not being inclined to offend my beft friends, and efpecially you, who are fo kind as to furnifh me with your fpeculations, one of the chief ornaments of my paper. I am, Sir,

‘Your obliged humble fervant,

‘JAMES HOEY.’

‘P. S.

‘ P. S. My study of the Classic authors extending little further than the title-pages, you will oblige me by prefixing to this letter, by way of motto, a few lines from any of the old gentlemen your acquaintance, with a translation. And I request also, you will hereunto subjoin such observations as occur to you on the subject.

I am concerned, that my friend Hoey should be misrepresented to the public; but let me assure him, that no man of sense will regard the vile suggestions of the Factionous Journal. It is as cowardly to fall upon him for his religion, as it would be for me, who, by the laws can wear a sword, to attack an unarmed Papist, whose hands are tied up. For my part, altho’ I love the established church, at least as well as Mess<sup>r</sup>. DRAB<sup>a</sup> and LANK<sup>b</sup>, and Mr. CANT<sup>c</sup>, (who assume the pompous title of, *Committee of the Free-Press*) or perhaps better; yet, I am not so great a bigot as to think that a man who differs from me in the mode of serving GOD, should not get bread by his trade.

It is always a sure sign that those have the worst of the argument, who bring religion into the question. Thus the scriblers in Pope’s time, finding themselves unequal to him as writers, endeavoured to vilify him, by calling him Papist and Jacobite. This I will insist upon, that any man who is a real Christian Protestant, will so far abhor *persecution*, that he will not reproach one, even in his writings, for dissenting from him in opinion.

(a) The Proprietor of the Freeman’s Journal; (b) The Clerk; (c) The Compiler.—A pretty junto, truly, to entitle themselves, The COMMITTEE, &c.

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From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

The humble Petition of JOHN CANT, late corrector of the Free-Press: addressed to the magistracy of the city of Dublin.

**P** OOR CANT, the Free-man's press-corrector,  
Reduc'd by famine to a spectre,  
As they, who once took in his paper,  
Can purchase news and scandal cheaper,  
Concludes the rulers of our city  
Will think him worthy of their pity,  
And, in compassion to his case,  
Provide him with some little place,  
Which during this inclement weather,  
May keep his life and soul together.  
And, since his former work diurnal  
Was finding stuff to fill the journal,  
He hopes, they'll fix him in a station  
Most like his quondam-occupation,  
And, if intent on his relief,  
Appoint him Scavenger in chief.

X

No. 50.

No. 50.      *Saturday, January 24.*

*Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque  
Invidia ; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,  
Offendet solido ; nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,  
Dissentis.*

HOR.

Spite of herself even ENVY must confess,  
That I the public favour do possess,  
And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,  
Shall break her teeth against JEP. WAGSTAFFE'S  
name.

This is my plea ; on this I rest my cause—  
What says my council learned in the laws ?

THE following poem, directed to me, was  
dropt by a porter at Hoey's shop. It is a se-  
vere satire against a set of men in this town, who, I  
think, deserve to be lashed for their own abortive  
monsters in this way. It is contrary to the usual  
plan of my speculations to entertain my readers with  
poetry ; yet, in justice to Hoey, who has been most  
unjustly abused, and as the piece itself contains some  
humour and much truth, I hope it will be accepta-  
ble.

*To the* BATCHELOR.

S I R,

By giving the following lines a place in your Spe-  
culations, you will much oblige, Sir, your constant  
reader,

J. A.

**D** OUBTLESS, the pleasure is as great  
Of scribbling, as it is to eat ;  
Else why shou'd ev'ry starv'd verse-monger  
Defy that craving monster, Hunger ?

K 4

*Who'd*

*Who'd rather fast with ragged muse,  
 Than earn them bread by cleaning shoes :  
 Others prefer their stupid prose,  
 To necessary food and cloaths ;  
 Witness those wretches now-a-days,  
 Who get thereby nor pence nor Bays ;  
 Those vermin that infest the town,  
 And scribble reputations down :  
 Infernal tools of JOHN COMMITTEE \*,  
 The sage reformer of the city,  
 Who, ignorant of men or letters,  
 Makes it his boast to scold his betters ;  
 By blackest falshoods even dares  
 With Kings to wage eternal wars ;  
 Nor if an angel were in pow'r,  
 Could he escape a single hour,  
 But must expect to feel the bite  
 Of all his envy, gall and spite.  
 If great ones therefore are abus'd,  
 Why shou'd inferiors be excus'd ?  
 At high and low he ever strikes,  
 'Tis cause enough that he dislikes,  
 Of any sect, or Whig or Tory—  
 Then bear with patience a true story :  
 In it these points we will discuss  
 And shew this fellow ad amissim.*

*To please the town, and earn him pence,  
 By essays and intelligence,  
 HOBY had his paper just begun,  
 And call'd it after MAIA's son † ;  
 The MERCURY all people sought,  
 Some thousands in a day were bought :  
 In short, so great was its renown,  
 No paper more was read in town.*

\* The Conductors of the Free-Press, as we have before observed, consist of only three persons, viz. Mess. DRAB and LANK, and Mr. CANT: any one of these makes, what they call, The COMMITTEE. This one is commonly Mr. John Cant.

† MERCURY.

*ENVY, who saw with baggard eyes  
 The merit of this paper rise,  
 Resolv'd, with vile malicious hate,  
 To crush it in its infant state:  
 By night and day she rackt her brains,  
 No matter how, to find out means;  
 If on no honest ones cou'd fix,  
 She'd rouse up ACHERON and STYX:  
 She search'd around to find out friends,  
 To bring about her bellish ends——  
 But all refuse: To one she bies  
 Who never ENVY's suits denies;  
 This DULNESS was, the Free-Press god,  
 Distinguish'd by his Wreath and Rod.  
 Low in a cold and lonely cell,  
 This meagre, hungry wight did dwell;  
 Pale famine in his cheeks appear'd;  
 Which bore a long and filthy beard;  
 Fixt like an owl, with stupid stare,  
 His eyes no darting flashes glare;  
 His once round face and double chin.  
 By fasting were become so thin;  
 That by his leanness, you might thence  
 Infer the wretch had common sense;  
 But this we find a certain rule,  
 That fat or lean ne'er dubs a fool,  
 Whatever be the bulk or frame,  
 Dulness for ever is the same.*

*ENVY, this miscreant wight drew near,  
 And thus accost with wicked leer,——*

- “ DULNESS, thou guardian of our press,  
 “ To thee I come to seek redress;  
 “ Shall we look on and tamely see,  
 “ That upstart bight, the MERCURY;  
 “ Sha'n't we, who hate that thing call'd merit,  
 “ Oppose it with our usual spirit?  
 “ You must exert your Billingsgate,  
 “ To drive this paper out of date;  
 “ Call him Papist, and abuse him;  
 “ Nor WAGSTAFFE then will DARE excuse him.”*

" His Speculations too I dread,  
 " Remove but them, yours will be read :  
 " Their dire effect you do not see man ;  
 " For they will hurt our darling Freeman."  
 No sooner said, no sooner done,  
 Grave DULNESS now his work begun,  
 He bit his nails, and thump'd his head,  
 Which in momentum equall'd lead ;  
 And out he drove a pompous letter,  
 (Nor did he ever write a better)  
 Fraught with invectives, not a few,  
 And Churchman he subscrib'd thereto.  
 He, not content with humble prose,  
 Must needs in verse himself expose,  
 But in such poetry and rhimes,  
 As were not seen since FLECKNO's times,  
 In stuff devoid of rhyme or reason,  
 Accuses HOEY of petit treason.  
 HERMES and JOVE were at his beck,  
 He haul'd their godships by the neck,  
 As if the gods must serve his turn all,  
 To pull down HOEY and raise the Journal.  
 His work thus done, he cross'd the city,  
 In hasty strides to JOHN COMMITTEE ;  
 His glad reception you may guess  
 From the compiler for the press :  
 DRAB, LANK, and CANT, in one loud holla,  
 All hail him, as their great Apollo.  
 He takes the chair, and out he draws  
 His prose and verse, they shout applause ;  
 " Courage, my boys, here's what will do,  
 " To knock up HOEY, and WAGSTAFFE too ;  
 " The MERCURY shall now no more  
 " Obstruct our press, as heretofore,  
 " Nor shall that Paper more appear,  
 " To stop our views another year."  
 With louder shouts the chamber rang,  
 " DULNESS is leader of the gang ;  
 " DULNESS shall at our board preside,  
 " DULNESS shall ever be our guide."

Their

*Their loud buzzas made Cook-street ring,  
And DULLNESS is proclaim'd their king.*

W

---

From the MERCURY in Parliament Street.

Mr. HOEY,      *Sackville-street, Jan. 20, 1767.*

ON the first appearance of your paper I formed an opinion of its success, and am highly pleased, by every succeeding number, to find my early judgment was built on a solid foundation. I have not met with, in my course of reading, a small piece that gave me more pleasure than the few lines in the MERCURY of this Day, intitled, *The Petition of JOHN CANT, &c.* It is so much in the style of my idol, SWIFT, that, were JONATHAN alive, I should not hesitate imputing it to him. The author, whoever he be, is really a man of true wit, and master of the exquisite vein of humour, and happy ease of expression, that distinguished the works of that eminent genius above-mentioned. I congratulate you and your readers on the acquisition of such an able writer, and beg leave to subscribe myself his admirer,

And your humble servant,

T. B.

No. 51.

No. 51. Tuesday, January 27.

*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata ; dulcia sunt.* HOR.

It is not enough that your Pudding is fat :  
(With Raisins, and Flour, eggs, milk, and all that) }  
It must be, with Currans, as black as my hat. }

THE following epistle was left at my lodgings the other day. The bearer of it enquired of my servant, if I was at home, and being answered in the negative, he said he would call again for an answer, which he accordingly did the next day : here then is the letter verbatim as I received it.

‘ To JEOPFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq;

‘ S I R,

‘ I Am the author of a poem which was inserted  
‘ in the Freeman’s Journal of the 13th of Ja-  
‘ nuary, inst. and also of the letter, signed, *A Church-*  
‘ *man*. I find by Hoey’s Mercury of the 17th, that  
‘ some critic has attacked them, and egad I hope I  
‘ have vexed him ; for he deserves it from me.  
‘ Would you believe it, he rejected my offers of  
‘ writing for him ? I hate him and all the printers,  
‘ for though I write so well as you see I do, both in  
‘ verse and prose, yet I am starving amongst them.  
‘ all, only now and then I get some trifle from Mr.  
‘ DRAB for all my labours ; for I assure you I supply  
‘ him with the best things in his paper. Now, I  
‘ don’t know whether you have seen my poem ; and  
‘ as I take you to be a judge, I will vindicate it to  
‘ you from the malicious representations of Mr.  
‘ Hoey, who, it seems, is nettled, and takes to him-  
‘ self what any other printer in town might as well  
‘ do.

do. I will therefore give you the argument of the piece, with proper specimens, annotations, and remarks. As I told you before, I hate all the printers, and therefore I bring in Jupiter as making a great PUDDING, and throwing it down among all the hungry PRINTERS in town. Now; egad, the whole sting, joke and satire against Hoey lies here. His paper is called, *The MERCURY*, and therefore I make Jupiter to employ Mercury as his penny-boy for the materials of the Pudding: wormwood! — But you will observe the beauties better by the specimens:

*Great Jove was once resolv'd to make  
A Pudding, by a new receipt.*

Is not this a sublime exordium? tho' the Mercury would pretend to criticize on my rhimes, such as *make* and *receipt*, and so-forth; but the fool does not consider the *licentia poetarum*, or, poetical licence. Egad I follow the great Tom Brown, and others, who constantly take the same liberties. If a poet is to be tied up to such strict rules of rhimes, or measure, good bye to poetry; d-mme if ever I would handle a pen more, if that were the case. But to proceed——

*Around the world he cast his eyes;  
But chiefly where fair Dublin lies.*

Here are two lines, which; had they been in Homer, Pope would have written a bushel of notes on them. Now, in order more fully to point out the beauties of them, I will reduce them to prose: (this is Mr. Pope's method) *He cast his eyes round the world, but chiefly that world where fair Dublin lies.* First, observe I give Jupiter his attribute of looking over the whole world, and next, for fear the reader should mistake, and think I meant any other world but this, I fix it to this globe of the earth, by saying it is the world where fair Dublin lies: secondly, you may remark the compliment I pay to my own city, that after Jupiter had search-

ed

‘ ed the whole world for materials for his Pudding,  
 ‘ he could not get any so good as in Dublin : thirdly,  
 ‘ what a beautiful epithet is *fair* Dublin ? what an  
 ‘ encomium on our metropolis ? or, egad, you may  
 ‘ take it in a contrary sense, by a rhetorical figure,  
 ‘ as *lucus a non lucendo*, and make it to signify *foul*  
 ‘ Dublin, from the smoke and fogs, or from the  
 ‘ foulness of the streets ; and that will be fine satire  
 ‘ on my Lord Mayor, for not watching the scavengers  
 ‘ better : lastly, what a glorious apparatus is here for  
 ‘ this *great Pudding*.

‘ Now for the stroke at Hoey and his Mercury.  
 ‘ Jupiter sends Mercury on his errand for the ingre-  
 ‘ dients. I own it is damned bitter. *Hinc illæ lacry-*  
 ‘ *mæ*, this hurts poor Hoey :

‘ *Strait he calls out Mercury ;*

“ *Coming, an’t please your majesty.*”

‘ It made me sweat confoundedly to find out rhyme  
 ‘ for *Mercury*, and egad at last I luckily hit on *ma-*  
 ‘ *jefty*. Now mind the beauty of these lines, it lies  
 ‘ in the easy familiarity of them. No stiffness, by  
 ‘ gad. Jupiter, as he is the head deity, bawls out  
 ‘ for Mercury, as you would for a waiter at a ta-  
 ‘ vern, and you see how quickly he answers, “ *coming,*  
 ‘ *fir.*” Now he sends him on his errand——

‘ ——— *Fly quickly down*

‘ *(He said) to yon fair, glittering town :*

‘ *Try if in it you can find*

‘ \* *Ingredients fitting to my mind ;*

‘ *Plumbs, raisins, sugar, fat,*

‘ *With each of them some Semen take.*

‘ Can any thing be more easy or agreeable than the  
 ‘ manner of giving him his message ? All the ingre-  
 ‘ dients are comprized in one line, except the Semen.  
 ‘ Egad here is a bone for the critics.

‘ Why, what do you think now I mean by *semen* ?  
 ‘ Why flour. Here is a metaphor for you. *Semen*,  
 ‘ you know, is *seed* ; wheat is a seed, and flour is  
 ‘ made

• Or four things•

‘ made of wheat, and Jupiter could not make his  
‘ Pudding surely without flour. Now some shallow  
‘ critics might take *semen* to signify millet or rice,  
‘ and think he wanted to make a millet or rice Pud-  
‘ ding. That would never do; for by the other in-  
‘ gredients of fruit and fat, it is plain he meant a  
‘ Plumb Pudding. But I love to puzzle. Now for  
‘ the prettiest conceit in the whole poem:

‘ *And forty-one will still remember*

‘ *From January to December.*

‘ This, perhaps, is a little obscure, but I will clear  
‘ it up in a thrice. You may recollect, in conse-  
‘ quence of the great frost, the year forty-one was a  
‘ time of great scarcity, and consequently a bad year  
‘ for making Puddings, for want of flour: this year  
‘ too is somewhat scarce, and we have had a hard  
‘ frost in December and January. I was obliged to  
‘ transpose the words for rhyme sake, or I would  
‘ have said,

‘ *From December to January.*

‘ But in order to comfort the poor devils in these  
‘ hard times, Jove gives them this consolation:

‘ *Their mouths I'll open, and in fine,*

‘ *On choice Plumb Pudding they shall dine.*

‘ Next observe, what a long journey it is from  
‘ Olympus to Dublin. Now other ignorant fellows  
‘ would have made Mercury fly at once to town  
‘ without resting, or bating on the road, but that  
‘ would border on the *impossible*; therefore I let the  
‘ poor fellow take a nap, suppose at a dry lodging at  
‘ Finglas:

‘ *At Finglas lights, and spent with toil,*

‘ *He lays him down and sleeps a while.*

‘ After this refreshment, you'll see with what spirits  
‘ he walks into town, otherwise he would come in  
‘ limping on his Caduceus, and battered in his feet,  
‘ like a poor foot soldier, after a long march: I  
‘ make

‘ make him travel the turnpike road too, as a foot  
 ‘ passenger never pays turnpike :

‘ *Then rises fresh, walks nimbly down*

‘ *The turnpike road, and comes to town.*

‘ Take notice, now, how quickly he gets all the in-  
 ‘ gredients, and what a good messenger he is. A  
 ‘ mortal servant would, perhaps, have spent half his  
 ‘ day in a brandy-shop, under pretence that the things  
 ‘ were hard to be got.

‘ *He had not gone o’er half his round,*

‘ *But all of them he quickly found.*

‘ Then observe how vastly careful he is to guard  
 ‘ against accidents : he would not entrust these choice  
 ‘ materials in a common wallet, or linen bag, lest  
 ‘ the seams might rip, or a dog on the road might be  
 ‘ tempted by the smell of the suet, to cut so thin a  
 ‘ substance ; he therefore secures them in a good  
 ‘ strong leather knapsack.

‘ *To Jove presents a bag of leather,*

‘ *In which he put them all together.*

‘ When Jupiter has got the ingredients, mind what a  
 ‘ hurry he is in to fall to work to his cookery. He  
 ‘ gets his Pudding bags directly in order :

‘ *He gets his moulds all on a sudden,*

‘ *And out compleatly comes a PuddING.*

‘ Quick work ! now for the per-oration of the work.  
 ‘ Jove by this time has dish’d the Pudding, and en-  
 ‘ joys the effluvia of it with such raptures, that his  
 ‘ teeth water —

‘ *Jove lick’d his lips, by Styx he swore,*

‘ *He ne’er made such a one before ;*

‘ *And declar’d he would have eat it,*

‘ *But for the end he did create it.*

‘ Now for sport : Jove throws down the Pudding  
 ‘ amongst all the hungry printers in town, and you  
 ‘ see

‘ see them all with gaping throats fighting, scib scab  
‘ for it. The whole satire of the poem lies here, a-  
‘ gainst those fellows who would fain starve me :

‘ *Which to fulfil he threw it down*  
‘ *Headlong from thence, to that same town,*  
‘ *Whence it originally came.*—————

‘ That is, from Dublin, where all the ingredients of  
‘ the Pudding were bought.

‘ Now, Mr. Wagstaffe, from the specimen I have  
‘ given you, if you will view my poem at full length,  
‘ you must allow it to be vastly clever. If not, I will  
‘ attack your Batchelor, and call you a damn’d, stupid,  
‘ senseless, humdrum old fellow ; for you see I can  
‘ write ; therefore beware of your criticisms on me.

‘ Yours as you behave,  
‘ BAYES CHURCHMAN.’

‘ P. S. I shall be much obliged to you to lend me  
‘ half a crown to get my shoes soal’d.’      W



No. 52.      *Saturday, January 31.*

*Aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.*

OVID.

Ev’n that evil had its use.

**T**HERE is no animal in the creation, however insignificant or contemptible it may appear to us, that may not, very essentially, be the occasion of good or evil to mankind. We find instances in history, that even some of the brute species have been very instrumental agents in the mighty affairs of states and kingdoms : for instance, the capitol at Rome was saved by Geese, at the time of the invasion of the Gauls under Brennus. We also meet in Pausanias with so remarkable a story of a Fox, that I cannot help repeating it.

When

When the great Aristomenes, the Messenian general, was taken prisoner by the Lacedæmonians, they were so incensed against him, that they barbarously decreed that that brave man, and about fifty more, his fellow prisoners, should be thrown together into a deep cavern, which was the common punishment at Sparta, of the lowest kind of offenders. This sentence was executed with its utmost severity ; and the only indulgence granted to Aristomenes, was, that of putting on his armour. Three days he continued in this dismal place, lying upon, and covered with dead bodies ; the third day, after he was almost famished for want of food, and almost poisoned with the stench of corrupted carcases, he perceived, just by him, a fox gnawing a dead body ; with one hand he seized its hind leg, and with the other defended his face, by catching hold of the fox's jaw when he attempted to bite him. Following, as well as he could, his straggling guide, the fox at last thrust his head into a little hole, and Aristomenes then letting go his leg, he forced his way through, and opened a passage to the welcome rays of light, from which our noble hero had been so long debarred. Weak as he was, Aristomenes wrought himself an outlet with his nails, and so escaped out of that horrid dungeon, and was delivered from that cruel death his enemies had decreed him.

Nay, if we look nearer home, we shall find that creatures of as little consequence in the scale of beings, as the Geese and Fox I have mentioned, have had their uses too ; I mean the *three* wretches who assume the pompous title of, *Conductors of the Free-Press*. They have been to the MERCURY, what the Fox was to Aristomenes, for by endeavouring to bite at its reputation, they have undesignedly been of vast service to it, by causing many ingenious pieces to appear, which would not, probably, have thrown their lights on the Mercury, had not the Freeman gnawed at its character.

There is scarce a day that I have not many letters and poems sent to me from different hands, with requests

quests of inserting them in my speculations, ever since that nonsensical letter and stupid libel of *Churchman* appeared in the *Freeman* : so that we may very properly compare him to the toad, which, although he carries poison in his carcase, yet at the same time he bears a valuable medicine for the use of mankind.

As I have not room to insert all that is sent me on this occasion, all I can do is to select such as I think may be most agreeable to my readers ; and shall therefore make no apology for presenting them with the following lines, which I have just received from an unknown hand :

*Not far from Newgate, if you search,  
You'll find a place call'd Audeon's Arch,  
Where three poor boobies of this city,  
Assume the title of COMMITTEE.  
Here DULNESS keeps his solemn court,  
And dunces here in flocks resort ;  
Where mighty DRAB, and CANT, and LARK,  
(None can be of less noble rank,)  
As his chief ministers of state,  
At his imperial levees wait.  
Happy to serve so great a king.  
His subjects here their tribute bring ;  
By weak endeavours they contrive  
To keep their monarch just alive,  
While he receives with gracious smile,  
(With venom fraught) their doggrels vile ;  
And worse, if possible, than those,  
The starvings bring their hungry prose :  
Be't true or false, is not his care,  
Nonsense is welcome if severe.  
Here MALICE sits, with blackest hue ;  
ENVY detracting merit's due ;  
And all the vices which infest  
The human heart, to rob its rest.  
I'll then explain it if I can,  
How this great empire first began ;*

*In*

*In Pandæmonium, when the devils  
In council met, t'invent us evils,  
They need wou'd send us something new,  
So up a shoal of scriblers flew;  
And then to make the matter worse,  
Sent a Free Press t'increase the curse.*

T



No. 53. Tuesday, February 3.

*Ecce iterum Crispinus.*

JUV.

Crispinus once more behold.

I Hinted in my last Speculation, that the blundering nonsense of the Freeman, has been of vast service to me in these my labours; inasmuch, as it has been the cause of my having received so many helps from my correspondents in verse and prose. In his paper of January the 24th, he sets forth a very specious epistle, as if written by a clergyman; and this has produced me a letter from a real clergyman, who is beneficed, and lives at a distance from this metropolis, but happens at present to be in town. He is a very worthy man, and in his principles neither a High Flyer nor a Sectary, but a true church of England man. I shall present my readers with the letter, just as I received it, though I shall conceal the writer's name.

To GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

IT is natural for us country folks when we arrive in this great city, to be somewhat curious to know what news is stirring. For that purpose I have ransacked all the news-papers since my arrival, and I assure you I am vastly pleased at your attacks on the scurrilous trash of the Freeman's Journal,

ON

on many accounts, but particularly as I was shocked at one of the most glaring instances of effrontery in his paper of the 24th of January, that ever I met with. He there inserts a most scandalous letter, as if written by a clergyman, with a design, as I suppose, to affront our whole order.

In the first place, he makes this pretended clergyman *associate*, as he says, *where opportunity offers, in all sorts of company*. In his *nightly peregrinations he saunters*,—where? Why into a common beer house on Aston's-Quay, *there to tipple beer amongst porters, carmen, and journeymen bakers*. And what was his business there? was it to visit the sick, or to endeavour to reform some of the wretches he might find there from cursing or swearing, or getting drunk? (this, indeed, would be an act of humanity.) No; this clergyman goes to this beer house, to be the pot companion of these vagabonds, and to pick up lies and scandal among them: to quote their authority for traducing the character of a worthy gentleman, an alderman of this city, who has been Lord Mayor and president of the Court of Conscience; and that in a most notorious lye, as I am well informed from good authority. This I am certain of, that that infamous letter could never have been written by a clergyman of the church of England, but was the ingenious composition of one of the three fellows who have the impudence to call themselves the Committee of the Free-Press.

These Two THIMBLES and a BURTON, would go any lengths to abuse an alderman, and in order to make their lyes carry some weight, with ignorant people, they must, forsooth, pretend that this scandalous stuff is the composition of a clergyman. Is this all their pretended zeal for the Protestant religion? but I suppose they make a distinction between it and the church of England.

You know it has ever been the artifice of the enemies of our church, to endeavour to lessen the clergy in the opinion of the laity, and it is at present  
sent

‘ sent the wicked practice of sectaries and swadlers.  
 ‘ This I look upon to be one part of the scheme of  
 ‘ that letter, as well as to have a stroke at the lord  
 ‘ mayor and aldermen. I am sure it neither has the  
 ‘ style or manner of a scholar or a gentleman, who  
 ‘ has ever got a liberal education, or kept the com-  
 ‘ pany of gentlemen; therefore, I once more insist,  
 ‘ that it is a bastard of the Freeman, father’d on a  
 ‘ clergyman.

‘ Before I came to town, I imagined that by this  
 ‘ pompous title of, *Committee of the Free-Press*, that  
 ‘ paper was carried on by people of some conse-  
 ‘ quence; but, on my arrival hither, how was I sur-  
 ‘ prized to find that three such insignificant reptiles  
 ‘ as DRAB, LANK, and CANT, should assume an au-  
 ‘ thority of villifying their betters: they clap on it a  
 ‘ florid frontispiece of *Hibernia*, with *three* snakes in  
 ‘ her hand, which they call a *Rod*, by which I sup-  
 ‘ pose, they would present an emblem of them-  
 ‘ selves.

‘ It is wonderful, in this island, (which has the pe-  
 ‘ culiar property of not nourishing noxious animals)  
 ‘ that these *three* have been able to breathe so long.  
 ‘ If the great dean of St. Patrick’s were alive, how  
 ‘ soon would he free this country from these poison-  
 ‘ ous serpents, who thus dare to dart their venom at  
 ‘ the clergy, by making use of their name to autho-  
 ‘ rize the blackest falshood and scandal. How finely  
 ‘ would he ridicule this *Committee of Shreads and Pat-  
 ‘ ches*? They would be a second PATRIDGE for  
 ‘ him.

‘ Their idle cant goes down with the ignorant vul-  
 ‘ gar, who love to see people in power reduced, as  
 ‘ they imagine, to their own level, by scandalous in-  
 ‘ vectives.

‘ Do, Mr. Wagstaffe, go on to expose these  
 ‘ wretches in their proper colours, and you’ll oblige  
 ‘ many of your readers, and in particular, a constant  
 ‘ one,

Your humble servant,

J

H. R.

From

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

On the death of Mr. JOHN CANT, late corrector of the Free-Press, who, on Saturday the 31<sup>st</sup> ultimo, departed this life at his house in \*\*\*\*\*-street, and is generally supposed to have perished thro' want.

**P** O O R CANT, the prince of press correcters,  
Is gone to see the king of spectors,  
But what misfortune made him march,  
And quit his post at Owen's Arch,  
To visit mansions dark and dreary,  
By what I find, is yet a query.

Some say, that HOEY, that cruel Turk,  
Gave him a pill, that did the work;  
Others assert, some young collegians  
Dispatch'd him to the nether regions,  
And found the means to cut his weazon,  
For utt'ring blasphemy and treason.

But most believe, poor CANT's disasters  
Proceeded from his wicked masters,  
Old DRAB and LANK, those seditious cits,  
Who first depriv'd him of his wits;  
And then, because a slender diet  
They thought was best to make him quiet,  
Most wisely all support deny'd,  
And so the creature starv'd and dy'd.

#### E P I T A P H.

**H** E R E lies the poor, unhappy CANT,  
Who dy'd of ev'ry human want;  
The want of pence, the want of place,  
The want of intellect and grace;  
The want of vigour, health and youth,  
Of common honesty and truth;

*In*

*In short (what one would hardly think)  
He wanted rayment, meat and drink ;  
Nay wanted all this world could give,  
And dy'd————because he could not live !*



No. 54.      Saturday, February 7.

To JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq.

‘ S I R,

‘ T H E following paper, I must ingenuously confess, was intended for the *Freeman's Journal*, until I was informed that all the avenues to that source of *bonest* intelligence, were so securely guarded by the *tarriers* and *scandal collectors* of that grand monarch in falsehood, *detractiōn*, and callumny, the Dictator, that nothing could find admission there, until his *majesty* had affixed his seal to it himself, or by his prime secretary and nocturnal club-spy, the late little CANT, of immortal memory. This information induced me immediately to alter my intentions ; for I was certain that *political truth*, when it seemed to clash with the *novel* opinions of the old friend to liberty, would never find its way into the world through that channel.—You will, I hope, excuse the intended preference, and permit me to lay before the publick a transaction, which has furnished the *free elector* with a pretext for abusing the merchants and traders of this city, and for *stabbing* the reputations, and endeavouring to injure the *private credit* of individuals, as far as his impotent rage, or declining abilities for slander, would permit him.

‘ The author of the *Free Elector*, will be candid enough, to permit others to form *SUGGESTIONS* as well as himself,—and indeed it would not argue  
‘ great

' great discernment in me to assure him, that in my  
 ' opinion, the *crutch* is very visible through the whole  
 ' progress of these *limping* productions. Infirmities,  
 ' perhaps, should never be sported with; but it is a  
 ' melancholy reflection to see the early defender of li-  
 ' berty, one who gave the prime and vigour of his  
 ' youth to the service of the city, dedicating the *fee-*  
 ' *ble* remains of being, the *dregs of life*, to the purposes  
 ' of discord; and all for what?—for the pitiful ambi-  
 ' tion of endeavouring to obtrude upon this city, “ a  
 ' *bungling* i——y, without parts, and without pro-  
 ' peity,” to represent her in parliament.—It is tru-  
 ' ly lamentable, indeed, to perceive the *reverend* sena-  
 ' tor of C——green, struggling for his country, a-  
 ' gainst power and corruption, metamorphosed into  
 ' the hoary minister of sedition in G——hall. Per-  
 ' haps I am mistaken (and I would to God, for the  
 ' sake of injured liberty, that I was) when I suppose  
 ' that this gentleman conjured up the stalking horse  
 ' ERECTUS, in order to shoot at the reputation of his  
 ' *friend*;—but as that injured *friend* can never re-  
 ' ceive a wound from this blind archer, as the arrows  
 ' of falshood will rebound from the armour even of  
 ' *mercantile* honesty, and strike the breast from whence  
 ' they flew, he receives with a most frigid tranquility;  
 ' all that the whole Committee can say, (with the dic-  
 ' tator at their head, even in their own partial Jour-  
 ' nal, under the feigned names of Free-Electors, &c.  
 ' or otherwise) touching his *honesty*, *truth*, or *integrity*  
 ' —He would, however, give it as, a piece of advice  
 ' to the monarch of the press, not to enter too far in-  
 ' to disquisitions upon *paper credit*; as in the first place  
 ' he seems totally ignorant of its nature, not very  
 ' much acquainted with its utility:—of its nature he  
 ' never can, but from his own mouldering tomes of lo-  
 ' cal scandal, personal slander, and temporary abuse:  
 ' —what *credit* these may have with himself, he is  
 ' best judge; with his banker in W——street they  
 ' would scarcely bring as much money as would de-  
 ' fray the expence of entertaining the Committee even  
 ' for a single day, when the monarch is disposed to fill

V O L. I.

L

their

' their bellies with mutton, their heads with porter,  
 ' and their hearts with *sedition*: of its utility he may,  
 ' by an extraordinary exertion of his rare talents, form  
 ' some adequate opinion, particularly in contemplat-  
 ' ing upon a late *voyage to Chejier*, or a late decision of  
 ' a few *paultry* merchants, who by their determination  
 ' quickened the circulation of some *stagnated* paper,  
 ' which bore the *image* of the dictator, and by that  
 ' transmutary power which *he* ascribes to traders in  
 ' general, converted the *tardy-paid something more than*  
 ' *bill of exchange or note*, into *ready money*. How far  
 ' *bankers* may be qualified, as well as *physicians*, to  
 ' serve in parliament, and how far the present candi-  
 ' date *banker* is possessed of these qualifications, and  
 ' the *dictator's* *minion* destitute of them, shall be here-  
 ' after set forth, as well as some strictures upon the  
 ' conduct of those bankers, who were sacrifices to their  
 ' own imprudence, in lending out public money on  
 ' private mortgages; not to the vice-roy's tyranny:  
 ' and a slight history of the transactions in W——  
 ' street, during the establishment of the *short-lived*  
 ' bank which was instituted there, upon the *true* prin-  
 ' ciples of liberty; and how, tho' *unconnected with*  
 ' *government* or viceroy, it was totally overturned by  
 ' a *grand* assertor of freedom.—In the mean time, per-  
 ' mit me to give a brief narrative of the proceedings  
 ' of the guild of merchants upon their last quarter  
 ' day;—proceedings, which have been *made* the cause  
 ' of those unkind, those *ungrateful* animadversions,  
 ' which have appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*; per-  
 ' mit me, I say, to state that transaction in its true  
 ' light, to the impartial public, that they may judge  
 ' with how much justice, and with what regard to  
 ' *bonesty*, to *simple bonesty*, and to yet more *simple truth*,  
 ' that affair has been already represented to the junior  
 ' corporations, in seditious harangues, at their halls,  
 ' and to the citizens at large, by false, scurrilous para-  
 ' graphs, denominated the productions of *free-elec-*  
 ' *tors*.

' After the business of the hall was finished, a gen-  
 ' tleman in a very sensible manner introduced the fol-  
 ' lowing

lowing motion, viz. "Resolved, that it is the opinion of THIS guild, that JOHN LATOUCHE, Esq; is a proper person to represent this TRADING city in parliament."—He observed, that in the British house of commons, the representatives for the city of London had ever preserved a due weight and influence in the deliberations of that august assembly; that this was, in a great measure, owing to the prudent choice of the electors; as they generally selected such persons as possessed independency of fortune and of *spirit*; persons, whose connections and personal characters, necessarily challenged regard and esteem; whose understandings and knowledge rendered them competent judges of the constitutional and *commercial* interests of their country; whose actions were influenced by nothing but their *duty*, and supported by an unblemished integrity.—The hall contained at the time when this proposition was offered to their consideration, near two hundred freemen, and received the general sanction of every voice, for it was agreed to UNANIMOUSLY.—Immediately after this UNANIMOUS determination, a gentleman proposed the same question, only with this *immaterial* difference, that he substituted the name T—— G——, Esq; in place of JOHN LATOUCHE. It struck many freemen then present with amazement, that the friends of Mr. G—— should attempt to impose so far upon the assembly, as to endeavour to procure a second resolution in his favour, consisting of the very individual terms in which the first was conceived, save the change of the names. Some of the members endeavoured to persuade the gentleman, that it would argue great levity in the corporation, if not absurdity, to agree with his motion, therefore intreated him to withdraw it:—he persisted, however, with a Spartan firmness, in urging the question. A previous question was proposed, as the gentlest and most decent method of extricating the assembly from that dilemma, which the zeal and precipitancy of Mr. G——'s friends had thrown them into; nay, the propounder was

‘ expostulated with in the most friendly manner,  
 ‘ and conjured, for the sake of order and harmony, not  
 ‘ to proceed; he was desired to consult Mr. G ———  
 ‘ and his *political* guide, who were in the next room;  
 ‘ which he agreed to: but he returned rather with  
 ‘ augmented inflexibility, and even with Lucasian zeal  
 ‘ pressed the question; it was at length put and deter-  
 ‘ mined as follows:

‘ Against Mr. G ——— - - - 110

‘ For Mr. G ——— - - - 57

‘ In this latter number were included aldermen, and  
 ‘ all those whom the *free elector* stiles the commiserat-  
 ‘ ers of Mr. G ———’s discomfiture.

‘ Just as the question was determined, a member  
 ‘ that is an *honorary* freeman of the corporation, came  
 ‘ into the hall: this gentleman, who is well known  
 ‘ since the publication of the ever memorable *letter of*  
 ‘ *the 6th of October, last*, to be the *supporter, director,*  
 ‘ and CONFESSOR of Mr. G ———, enquired of some  
 ‘ about him, what had been done? — though at the  
 ‘ door, he had received full intelligence from those  
 ‘ whose credibility was never very sceptically examin-  
 ‘ ed, and whose authority was next to infallible; —  
 ‘ having however procured a slight hint, which, to a  
 ‘ creative genius, such as his, is fully sufficient: — he  
 ‘ immediately pronounced the proceedings — the *disa-*  
 ‘ *tor* pronounced the proceedings of the guild of mer-  
 ‘ chants *unjust, illegal, unconstitutional*; and said with  
 ‘ a *face*, which the person supposed on that day to  
 ‘ have *skulked* behind this *tremendous* tribune, that mo-  
 ‘ ment LOOKED full at, with AMAZEMENT indeed,  
 ‘ not *terror*, because it was filled with the *patriotic*  
 ‘ *furor*, and because it was raised without *blushing*, in  
 ‘ an assembly of freemen, to pronounce that THEY  
 ‘ had NOT a right to declare whom THEY thought  
 ‘ was PROPER to represent *them*, and whom *they*  
 ‘ thought IMPROPER to represent them in parliament.  
 ‘ — This, then, is the proceeding of that day, which  
 ‘ gave rise to all that abuse which has been so liberal-  
 ‘ ly thrown out against the merchants and traders of  
 ‘ this city; which has been made such a handle of, to  
 ‘ foment

foment divisions and animosities between the citizens at large, and to disunite ONE corporation from the rest, merely for saying, that in THEIR opinion one man appeared to THEM more eligible than another; for having only exercised their right of *private judgment*, a right which every individual (if we can believe the dictator in the days of his humility) has an undoubted power to exercise: for this are they said, by the dictator and his echo, to *prejudge*, to *dictate*, to *command*. Indeed, I must just observe, we were informed upon that day, in the hall, by the *dictator*, that our proceedings would be productive of *discord*; that it would set the minds of the junior corporations on *fire*, and that sedition would break out into a *flame*, that might in the end *conflagrate* the whole city:—and never were *predictions* more industriously attempted to be verified; for the PROPHET burbling from the assembly, with a lighted torch in his hand, became the *agent* for fulfilling his *own prognostications*. Now if it is the business of a good citizen to endeavour, by every art, to disunite the freemen of this city, and to villify, and callumniate the characters of all who shall take the liberty of *thinking for themselves*, surely the writer of the FREE ELECTORS is a most excellent citizen, and the eulogist of al——n D——n no abject flatterer. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

A MERCHANT.



No. 55. *Tuesday, February 10.*

———*Cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.* HOR.

We will compel ye to come into this croud.

IT is my custom every night before I go to sleep, to take up some entertaining book to compose my spirits

its after the hurry and fatigue of the day. This I find to be as refreshing to my mind, as rest is to my body. For this purpose, I often use the lucubrations of my cousin Bickerstaffe, or the delightful speculations of my short-faced friend, the SPECTATOR. I happened the other night to dip into the latter, where he has got possession of Trophonius's Cave, which had that wonderful quality of making those who entered it extremely grave, and at the same time makes the reader laugh very heartily.

I closed the book and fell asleep, with my thoughts full of this Cave, when methought I had a Cave entrusted to my care, but of a quire different nature from that of Trophonius, and had entirely other qualities. I fancied this of mine had the peculiar property of rendering all those who entered it good-natured, and that it was called the Cave of HUMANITY. I thought there was a vast concourse of people of all ranks assembled at the mouth of it, in order to gain admittance from me, as I imagined. As the entrance was narrow, consequently but few could enter at once; I look around for the objects who stood most in need of it. I heard a very clamorous set of people at a distance, and saw them coming up to me. I enquired who these were, and was told they were married people who lived on very bad terms together. The clamour I found was occasioned by these couples dragging each other to the Cave. In one place you saw a husband beating his wife before him; in another, the meek wife buffeting her poor henpeck, and dragging him along: these were the first, therefore, whom I admitted, and thrust them all in as fast as I could, in order to get rid of their noise. They were not in the Cave many minutes, when all this hurricane was hushed, and a dead calm ensued; when I found this, I let them out; and behold, they who went in fighting and scratching, came out embracing as fond as turtles.

I then tried another expedient: I thrust a number of wives (who lived on very bad terms with their husbands, and had often complained they were ill used by them) by themselves, and found on their coming out, they

they no more complained of ill usage, and afterwards lived very happily in the married state. This made me conclude, that in matrimonial disputes, the fault is often on the female side. I observed several old maidens amongst the croud, who came either out of curiosity to make their remarks, or to pick up news, as they do at the Exhibition. I wanted to lay hold on some of them, to try if the Cave could have any effect on them, but they were aware of my design and kept aloof.

I persuaded a few men of rank and condition to go in, and on their coming out laid aside that supercilious air and haughtiness which they had before, and now considered their inferiors as fellow-creatures. Amongst them, three or four right reverend prelates, whom the Cave had such an effect on, that they declared they would for the future look out for indigent merit, and not heap all their preferments on their sons, nephews, and sycophants. Few of the rich beneficed doctors would come within reach of the Cave, but such as entered, immediately raised the salaries of their poor curates, without compulsion. As for the curates themselves, I thought it needless to put them in, because in the general, they have little occasion for this remedy.

The next group I observed was a number of writers. I laid violent hands on such of them as I could get within my gripe; these I thrust in; and oh, wonderful, those whom neither the dread of Newgate, fines or the pillory, could deter from railing, now breathed nothing but Philanthropy and good nature. I wanted to apprehend, if possible, my friends of the *Free-Press*, whom I espied at a *considerable distance*, among the croud; but neither threats nor persuasion could induce them to come near me. They told me that if they went into the Cave, their paper would be spoiled, and that none of their customers would value it, and therefore absolutely refused to enter, as their high title of, *Committee of the Free-Press*, and *Free-man's Journal*, must drop, if they even approached the Cave.

It would be tedious to recount the numbers I admitted and forced in, who, from ill-natured, became humane; from being the wretched tools of corroding passions, were now the happiest beings; and from wicked satyrists, came out panegyrists. I was wishing most sincerely that I could have gotten the king and senate of Poland into my Cave, to try, if possible, it could by any means cure them of that infernal spirit of persecution with which they at present torment their unhappy fellow christians, and that for no other reason but their endeavouring to serve their God in a way they think most acceptable to him.

Whilst I was in search for these deluded persecutors, I was awaked by the ill-timed courtship of two noisy cats at my chamber door, who prevented my finding out the king and senate of Poland. W

*From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.*

Mr. MERCURY,

THE following is a copy of a letter which I sent to the Committee of the Free-Press on Thursday last. The courteous answer which I received to it last Saturday was, "that it is exceptionable, *deficient in wit*, and in principle." My intention was to make known to my friends, what secret objections were made against their writings, and the candidate whose interest they have espoused; and surely this was the duty of a friend. I did not say, that any part of them was true, I only wanted a refutation of them; and you see how they have treated me! What sort of men must they be, who refuse to confirm the wavering, and instruct the ignorant? Do you and the public judge between them and me. *Wit* I don't pretend to, but *they of all men might let that pass*; and as for honesty, not to make a sputter about nothing; when I die of a surfeit of it, you may prepare their Elegy. Many

Many a jobb have I done for them, and well am I rewarded ! But I submit it all to you, and am, Sir, &c.

STANDFAST DICK.

STANDFAST DICK *must excuse our omitting the letter\* that followed the above ; we have not room for it. However, we cannot forbear declaring, that Mess. Drab, Lank, and Cant, have in our opinion, acted under prejudice in rejecting THIS CORRESPONDENT, for they rarely have A BETTER. If Mr. Standfast will try his hand at verse, he may, perhaps, be appointed poet in ordinary to the Freeman's Journal: he will certainly carry it hollow against Mr. Churchman.*

Mr. HUEY,

I Am a man who seldom commit my thoughts to print, but the remarkable occurrences of the times induce me to offer my sentiments; which if you think worth insertion, you may publish at discretion.

\* \* \* \* \* Our correspondent having submitted his epistle to our discretion, we hope he will not take it amiss, that we suppress all that part of it which precedes the following paragraph, as too personal, and favouring more of the fool than the reasoner. \* \* \*

You are told from the declining *Freeman*, much of paper credit : Indeed the author seems to be little acquainted with credit of any sort, or even the trade of this country, for sure if he did, he would look upon every person who promoted credit as an enlarger of trade,

L 5

and

\* The letter begins thus,—" My dear gentlemen, I am as honest a free-citizen, as ever trod in broken leather. I caught the spirit of liberty in the year 1749," &c.

and consequently a friend to that, and the manufactures. It is well known, were every person confined to the current cash of the nation, that one tenth part of the business could not be done; consequently every banker, or other person, who discounts for legal interest, not only serves himself, but the publick, by circulating that cash which otherwise might lie stagnated.

I myself have often paid discount, and be assured I never did but when I saw my own interest thereby; and let me observe, that the good bills, and notes, which go through my hands, finding a currency at the banks, have been a means of encreasing the small fortune with which I began trade, to a handsome competency, insomuch, that I now am enabled to let many of them bills and notes lie by in my drawer till they fall due; for which comfortable situation I am entirely indebted to paper credit, for were it not for that assistance, I could not have done one fourth part of that business which has been the means of making my little fortune.

It has been observed, that discounting has been the means of encouraging young merchants into trade, causing them to write for goods on the presumption of turning paper into cash, and consequently these young merchants sometimes selling cheaper than they buy, to answer credits, have occasioned failures; but how is the banker blameable? this I'm certain of, from my own experience, that a well regulated bank, has, and ever must be, serviceable to the fair trader, and consequently support and enlarge our trade.

'Tis said every banker must be subject to be crushed by g——t, in case they should disoblige; which I entirely deny. Indeed, one worthy banker did feel the effects of following the dictates of his own honest heart; but let it be remembered, that that gentleman's trade was purchasing, and taking mortgages, not discounting and supporting the trade of the city, as in the present case,

I am your humble servant,

AN EXTENSIVE TRADER.

No. 56.



No. 56. Saturday, February 14.

---

*Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes  
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*

HOR.

They're funk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,  
Oppress'd with darkness; and the fabled ghosts.

THE RE has been, no doubt, a great mortality this season amongst authors of every rank : not to mention Tragic and Comic poets, novelists, farce writers, but even of news-papers. Falstaffe (who in Harry the fourth only lay down in the field of battle as a counterfeit dead man,) is really *embowelled* at his Wedding\*. He is no longer the living Jack Falstaffe of Shakespeare, but a *caput mortuum* of blasphemy and obscenity.

I could mention numberless others who have visited Pluto's gloomy regions ; some, however, have escaped this general rot, and are likely to enjoy vigour and health, even to extreme old age : such as the *Earl of Warwick*, *Love in a Village*, the *Maid of the Mill*, and a few more in the dramatic way. The *Vicar of Wakefield* will enjoy the bloom of youth, whilst our language lives. But the list of deaths of other performances, would swell a volume ; and so dreadful and contagious has this pestilence been, that it has descended to the very printers and publishers of Journals. I protest, I could scarce believe, that poor JOHN CANT was departed, and I imagined that the elegy and epitaph on him, which I saw in the *Mercury*, were a contrivance of that rogue Hoey, to affright the poor fellow out of his wits, until I was confirmed in the certainty of it, by the following letter, which I received.

\* A new Comedy, called, Falstaffe's Wedding.

ed from himself, and which now puts the reality of his death beyond all manner of doubt.

*To the* JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq; at the Mercury*  
*in Parliament-street.*

From the Ferry-boat-slip of the Styx, Feb. 5, 1767.

S I R,

' This is to let you know, I arrived here safe yesterday morning, after a life spent in want, wretchedness and misery. Ah, sir, if I had minded my shop, and never listened to the wicked delusions of Drab and Lank, to embark in that wicked Journal, I might now be alive, and as well as my neighbours. They were the people who led me in to print their factious nonsense, for which all the reward I got, was hungry guts and empty purse. Here am I, poor Pillgarlick, without a halfpenny to pay Charon his fare; for, believe me, sir, I expired through want. All my comfort is, that I see many writers here as poor and as wretched as myself, and the whole banks of Styx are more crouded with them, than ever you saw the Quays in Dublin with beggars, for Charon will not ferry one of us gratis.

MERCURY too, is very much my enemy, on account of my printing that foolish poem where his name was hauled into such vile stuff, which greatly affronted him; so that I have no friend here that can serve me. For goodness sake, dear sir, send those three fellows, GRIPE, DRAB, and LANK after me, as soon as you can, and that will be some comfort to me: for I may now say, "had I served my shop with half the zeal I served their wicked printing press, at St. Audeon's Arch, it had not now left me naked, on the banks of Styx." It would amaze you to see the numbers of books, pamphlets, sheets, half sheets and journals, which arrive here, and are thrown into Lethe as fast as they come. I assure you the river is almost full of them, and I can plainly discover

cover

‘ cover some of my own handy-work among them, by  
‘ the lady with the *Rod and Wreath*.

‘ I cannot find any of the poppy tea here, or the  
‘ warm liquors made of the waters of Lethe, mention-  
‘ ed by your cousin Bickerstaffe ; or if I could, have  
‘ I money to buy them. I beg, therefore, you will,  
‘ for charity, remit me a little cash by the first safe  
‘ hand bound for this place, but do not send it by  
‘ Gripe, (who I hear died yesterday) and you will  
‘ greatly comfort the afflicted ghost of

‘ J. CANT.’

I shall conclude this day’s Batchelor with the follow-  
ing lines (which my printer lately received) on the  
death of Mr. — GRIPE the attorney, one of the  
scribblers for the Freeman’s Journal, who, on Wed-  
nesday the 4th of this inst. February, expired sudden-  
ly at his house in \* \* \* -street, while he sat at sup-  
per with some of his friends.

*Cum semel occideris, & de te splendida Minos  
Fecerit arbitria.*

HOR.

Soon shall stern Minos, thron’d in awful state,  
O’er thee pronounce the solemn words of fate.

**H**ERE under arrest lies a limb of the law,  
On whom the grand catch-pole hath fasten’d his  
paw,

And hurry’d him hence, to account for his tricks,  
Before my lord MINOS, chief justice of Styx ;  
Where neither demurrers, delays nor evasions,  
(Tho’ found so successful on former occasions.)  
The bribing of votes and the packing of juries,  
Shall save his long back from the lash of the Furies.  
Not all his invention, so fruitful and clever,  
Shall keep the black vulture from gnawing his liver ;  
Nor shall the deceipts, which he us’d to rely on,  
Suspend his career on the wheel of Ixion.  
The quirks, which he hereoften practis’d to bite us,  
There nought will avail for repassing Cocytus ;  
Nor must he suppose, that the fame of his Journal  
Will yie’d him relief in those regions nocturnal ;

Or

*Or dream that his friends of the factions committee,  
Can wheedle old PLUTO to treat him with pity;  
For, oh, the attempt were the grossest of errors,  
To move, or to soften that monarch of terrors!*

*Then think of these horrors, O think in due season,  
Ye traders in scandal, fraud, faction and treason,  
O think and repent, e'er you take a long journey,  
And shun the sad fate of poor GRIPE the attorney. X*

Dublin, Feb. 13. We hear, that Messrs. DRAB, and LANK have taken the death of poor CANT so much to heart, that they have kept their beds ever since his departure. And it is imagined the sudden death of Mr. GRIPE will precipitate their own. If this melancholy event should happen before Tuesday next (and it is rumoured they cannot survive this night) the public may be assured of having proper intelligence thereof in the Mercury of that day.



No. 57. Tuesday, February 17.

*Syllogismus est oratio in quâ quibus dam positis,  
Diversum quid oppositis, propter eaque opposita  
Sunt, necessario sequitur.* BURGESSD.

**T**HERE are numberless authorities to prove, that there is no art or science of equal antiquity to, or that has been so universally used, among the human species, as that of SCOLDING. We find in Milton, that no sooner had our first parents fallen from the state of innocence, than they directly fell into conjugal disputes, and scolded just as our modern couples do. Their whole quarrel is finely painted in the Spectator.

The next authority I shall bring to support my argument, is Horace, who says,

*Cum*

*Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris.  
Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,  
Unquibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro  
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus;  
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,  
Nominaque invenerent.*——

- “ When the first mortals crawling rose to birth,  
“ Speechless and wretched, from their mother  
“ earth,  
“ For caves and acorns, then the food of life,  
“ With nails and fists they held a bloodless strife,  
“ But soon improv’d, with clubs they bolder fought,  
“ And various arms, which sad experience wrought,  
“ Till words, to scold with, happily were found,  
“ And names impress’d a meaning upon sound.”

Thus we see, that this noble science has had its date almost as early as the beginning of the world ; but in its infant state must have fallen infinitely short of that perfection to which it has since been carried. The world has been vastly indebted to the logicians in particular, who have improved it prodigiously, by reducing it to mode and figure, and taught men to scold *secundum artem*. Whoever will be at the pains of construing my motto, will find that my friend Burgesdicius was no small assistant : for what are all the syllogistical cavils and disputations in the schools, but logical scolding matches ? and yet, whoever will be curious enough to go into the fish-market at Ormond-quay, will find stronger syllogisms formed, and better conclusions drawn from the premises, than in Burgesdicius or the art of thinking. They sometimes, it is true, transgress a little the rules of logic, by drawing universal conclusions from particular premises ; such for instance, as that because one of a family was hanged, all the rest must, of course, follow him.

But to leave this lower class of logicians ; the great Mr. Locke, in his chapter on the abuse of words

words, (by which, no doubt, he means scolding) gives rules for ladies and people of fashion to scandalize, abuse, scold and defame one another. I shall give his rules in his own words, and explain them as well as I can, for the benefit of my female readers: and first, he says, *By using words without clear and distinct ideas.* By this, I suppose he means the abusing one another in polite, hard words, which neither party understand the real meaning of, but picked up from others; such as words derived from Latin or Greek. *Animal* is a name of great reproach with the fair sex; *Penurious* with them signifies nice, or conceited, and many others. This may be called hypothetical scolding upon trust, as they abuse by supposition in words which they intend for abusive.

Secondly, *by inconstancy in the use of words.* Can any thing be more natural than this rule? How often do we find the word *creature*, for example, made use of as an expression of the greatest encomium; as, the *dear creature*; the *sweet creature*, or, on the contrary, as a term of the highest contempt, as, *the creature*.

Thirdly, *by an affected obscurity.* By this, no doubt, he means inuendoes; that she could say a great deal more if she pleased, or thought her worth her while: or else, she may hint at some slip which the other has made, and gives her broad hints of it: Swift had this in view when he says,

*Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,  
Far better than a printed book:  
Convey a libel in a frown,  
And wink a reputation down;  
Or, by the tossing of a fan,  
Describe the lady and the man.*

Fourthly, *by taking words for things.* The meaning of this is obvious, and points out those tattling females, who gad about to pick up scandal, and  
take

take every thing they hear for fact : and Swift again says,

*And, madam, if it be a lie,  
You have the tale as cheap as I :  
I must conceal my author's name,  
But now 'tis known to common fame.*

Fifthly, *the setting them in the place of things which they can by no means signify.* This relates to those who may, perhaps, make some small mistake with regard to the person defamed ; as suppose one should say, Lady Sneer lov'd gallantry, when she should have said Lady Sackbut ; or that Billy Fribble lov'd drinking, when she ought to have spoke of Bob Red Nose,

Sixthly, he says, *the more general and less observed rule is, they are apt to imagine so near and necessary a connection between the names, and the significations they use them in, that they forwardly suppose one cannot but understand what their meaning is.* This is, no doubt, very provoking, as if people were obliged to know her meaning by her mumping. You'll often hear old ladies transgress in this particular ; as *the one I mean, you know who* ; or, *the tall, black gentleman, the old fat lady*, and so forth. They use this rule to be thought of some importance, or else when they are afraid to speak out.

Seventhly, *figurative speech.* This last precept is not so much intended for the use of the fair sex, as for indigent scriblers. It points out the method to them of raising the wind, when they are starving. For example, any of them whom the little Committee of the Free Press cannot maintain, have nothing to do but write an impudent letter in figurative speech, to any person, that they will libel him if he does not give them a sum of money.

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P. S. Mess. DRAB and LANK departed this life about 10 o'clock last night, in a mutual embrace. I heard of their death too late to enlarge on it this day,

day, but shall devote my next speculation to that  
doleful subject.

W

From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

[The following came to hand before the death of  
Mr. Gripe happened, but was mislaid.]

*The HUMBLE PETITION of Mess. DRAB, LANK,  
and GRIPE, the remaining Members of the Com-  
mittee of the Free Press; to his HIGHNESS, MER-  
CURY.*

GOOD MERCURY, we send you greeting,  
DRAB, LANK, and GRIPE, at present meeting;  
Poor CANT is gone! our good director,  
Alas! alas! he's now a spectre:  
But we have still a mind to live,  
And fear the deadly blows you give.  
Old CHARON is a surly fellow,  
Or CANT would sure have made him mellow;  
He drinks no porter,\* but we love it,  
(Nor punch nor cyder are above it;)  
E'en let the two now fadge together,  
CANT after all was but a feather.  
So, apprehending dissolution,  
We, Pillars of the constitution,  
Send these our letters of submission,  
Nor dare to make the least conditions  
Our folly was t'attack your printer,  
As Papist, Churchman, or Dissenter:  
Twas more than folly, we were mad,  
Who no religion ever had.  
Forgive us, sir, and by your leave,  
Sweet MERCURY we only crave  
To deal, as usual, in sedition,  
Scandal and lies our ammunition:

To

\* Cant dealt in London Porter, of the best quality and flavour  
and warranted FREE from adulteration. Vide, Freeman's  
Journal.

*To lash at viceroys and their minions,  
 Unless they jump in our opinions ;  
 To abuse the members of the senate,  
 Who differ in a single tenet  
 From our designing factious party,  
 Who to inflame are ever hearty :  
 Nor can we leave the aldermen  
 Without a scurging from our pen ;  
 The chief magistrate of the city,  
 In vain, from us, shall hope for pity :  
 Whether these men be good or bad,  
 Unless they please us, they are sad ;  
 For if they have one private vice,  
 The world shall know it in a thrice ;  
 So let them help us by the bye  
 To put the Green\* goose in the pye,  
 Or else—but soft, we ask your pardon,  
 Good Mercury, for sure 'tis hard on  
 Men like us, who live by faction,  
 To write so much without detraction,  
 Scandal or calumny, our food,  
 By which we live, we breathe, we brood.*

*Be it your's to guard fair virtue's cause,  
 To growing merit give applause :  
 Wit, with good-nature, ever blend,  
 Of innocence the guardian friend,  
 And human failings kindly mend.  
 Be this thy glory ; ours the shame  
 To lash, to scold, to scourge and blame,  
 And hate mankind : 'tis our delight  
 With mischief sweet to glut our spite,  
 But lo ! the ghost of CANT appears !  
 He beckons to us ! how he stares !  
 Oh, MERCURY save us ! let us say,  
 And your petitioners shall pray, &c. &c. &c.*

F Signed, DRAB, LANK, GRIPE ;  
 the whole Committee.

No.

\* Mr. Gr—n, was, at this time, a candidate for the seat in Parliament, vacant by the death of JAMES GRATTAN, Esq.



No. 58. Saturday, February 21.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres.*

HOR.

All human things are subject to decay,  
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

MAC FLECKNO.

**I**T has often happened that before misfortunes either to themselves or others, men have had certain presages, omens and forebodings of them, either by dreams, or by various other ways: We find Julius Cæsar had many warnings of his approaching fate. We read in history of numerous instances of prognostics of the same kind. Providence, no doubt, has had very wise and just reasons for thus giving some men, as it were, a fore-knowledge of what is to happen, in order to prepare their minds for some great event, or for other causes which are above our comprehensions to pry into.

I shall now acquaint my readers with ill omens which have within this week happened to me, and tho' I am not apt to be superstitious, or to credit things of this sort, yet they were so strong, that I thought some accident must happen either to myself or others. In short, they were as follow:—My cook took, by mistake, for waste paper, two of my speculations to singe fowl; yesterday morning I broke the utensil under my bed; but the worst of all is, oh fatal dream, I thought last night that the *Wreath* in Hibernia's hand was turned into *Rosemary*, and her *Snakes* into *three Lampyris Eels*. I awaked in great horror, and as soon as it was day I got up. I immediately conjectured that some ill had befallen to my friends of the Free-Press, and therefore dispatched my

my servant to enquire how they were: he soon returned with the melancholy news that poor Mess. Drab and Lank had departed this life at ten o'clock last night. I own I was the less shocked at this intelligence, on account of the presages mentioned. I instantly dressed and went out, in order to find out the particulars, and cause of their sudden departure. I was informed that they took the Death of their faithful Cant, and trusty Gripe, so much to heart, that they never held up their heads since, nor were observed so much as to smile. I hear, that as they were partners in their lives, in their deaths they will not be divided, but are to be buried in one grave in the *Cabbage Garden*: there, no doubt, as from the headless stalks of *cabbages*, new sprouts will spring from them to form fresh *Committees*. I am told they are to be interred in great pomp, and that the corporation of printers will attend at the funeral, as that of the button-makers did at that of poor Cant. Hoey has borrowed one of his father's great wigs, under which he intends to tuck up his hair, to appear the more solemn on the occasion. Four poets and four prose writers, are to bear the pall; no doubt free citizens. Innumerable cobblers, porters and chairmen, will attend their obsequies. Goody Bates, their book-keeper, is to attend as chief mourner.

As Mr. Cant and Mr. Gripe have had the honour of epitaphs, I do not think it fitting that their masters should go without one. As they lie in the same grave, one will serve them both, which is killing two birds with one stone.

I have always thought the style of an epitaph should be as plain and simple as possible, without any affectation of humour or wit. In mine I think I have not transgressed in either; and if my readers approve of it, I will have it engraved on the tomb-stone.

*Interr'd beneath this marble slab,  
A cloth-yard deep lies brazen DRAB,  
Who when alive was wise and witty,  
And leader chief of the Committee.*

*In*

*In the same grave reposes LANK,  
 Whose prize grim death has made a blank ;  
 As in their lives they parted not,  
 So here together do they rot.  
 Their many CANT, first snatcht away,  
 Fill'd both their hearts with such dismay,  
 'Tis said they died of fear, not pain,  
 Ah ! " when shall three such meet again."*

*Their wit, alas, is now laid low :  
 By this, kind reader, thou may'st know,  
 Quiddits and quilllets cou'd not save  
 This great committee from the grave  
 Porters and chairmen, pray draw near ;  
 Ye cobblers, shed a silent tear ;  
 The freedom of your press is fled,  
 Since DRAB, LANK, CANT and GRIPE are dead.*

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By the last advices from the infernal regions, we hear, that J. Cant has, at last, passed the river Styx in the Brim-stone Wherry, Capt. Charon, and arrived safe on the other side.

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#### A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**O be sold by Goody Bates, sole executrix of the late Mess. Drab and Lank, deceased, at St. Audoen's Arch, a vast quantity of foul paper, being their stock in trade ; consisting of Freeman's Journals, foul copies in prose and verse, of invectives against my Lord Mayor and aldermen, and many other particulars too tedious to insert ; they would be very useful for snuff shops, hucksters cellars, or gentlemen's necessary houses. For further particulars, enquire of Goody Bates above-mentioned. J.

No. 59. *Tuesday, February 24.*———*Cur eget indignus quisquam?**Te divite*———

HOR.

Whilst you are rich, why do the worthy want?

**A**S there cannot be a greater blessing than a plentiful share of the goods of fortune, if we make a proper use of them; so on the contrary, I think, there cannot be a greater curse, if they are misapplied from those Purposes for which they were committed to us by the Great Giver of all things. We should look upon them as talents entrusted to us by Providence, for the due management of which we are undoubtedly accountable to the Donor. Now, if we squander these in idle pomp and luxury, in gaming and debauchery, in corrupting the morals of others, as well as our own, in laying snares to defraud the innocent virgin of her virtue; how vastly will this swell the account against us? How much better would it have been for us to have been born beggars, and lived a life of indigence and misery, than to inherit an estate in these circumstances? How horrid must such wretches appear to him, *who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity?* when even to the thinking part of mankind, they are the objects of contempt and hatred. But what shall we say of that man who hoards up riches, whilst indigent merit is expiring for want of a small share of that gold, which lies useless in his coffers? His avarice is, in some measure, his punishment, as he is incapable of feeling that exalted joy which springs up in a noble and generous mind on the doing a beneficent action.

Although we have many instances of those infamous fellows I have been speaking of, yet I must do justice

justice to this kingdom, by saying, that in proportion to its wealth, there is not a more charitable country in Europe ; and that the city of Dublin, in particular, is remarkably humane to the distressed : witness the number of hospitals and public charities of all sorts ; the concerts, assemblies and charitable plays, for the relief of widows and orphans, or to prevent our miserable fellow-creatures from perishing in a loathsome jail. These are acts, which the great Source of love and benevolence, smiles on with pleasure ; and surely if we had no other motive for it than that of pleasing him, our gratitude should oblige us to them, as we receive all things from him.

There was, not many years ago, a nobleman in England, who employed his great interest and vast fortune, in relieving those whom unavoidable misfortunes had reduced to poverty. Common beggars he detested, as he looked on those imposing vagrants to be the pests of society, and unworthy of relief : he was as industrious to look out for those who could not work, and to beg were ashamed, as another, perhaps, would be to find out a fine girl to gratify his vicious appetite : when he found out a person worthy of it, he was unbounded in his beneficence : he often concealed his quality, and disguised himself in various habits, in order to discover fit objects for his charity, and many received his bounty without knowing the giver. What a glorious foretaste must that great man have had, even in this life, of that happiness which he now enjoys !

Of the many distressed people I see advertised in the publick papers, I do not observe a more real object of distress, than poor Mynit the player. Swift says, *that players are hardly savers*, and therefore I fancy few of them lay up any thing against what is called, *a rainy day*, that is, against age and infirmities. This poor man, whom I remember to have been a decent and useful actor, kept the stage as long as he could, till age and sickness obliged him to make his exit. Though he never was advanced to a theatrical throne, yet I remember him no less a man than  
prime

prime minister to the king of Denmark; and it had been now happy for the poor old fellow, if Hamlet had really put an end to his miseries in the closet scene. I would therefore recommend this fallen minister of state, as an object worthy of the compassion of my readers. The retrenching the smallest superfluity in any article of expence, and bestowing it on this wretched fellow creature, would make him happy; the giver will receive infinitely more pleasure from it than in throwing it away on the butler of a gentleman at whose house he dines, who, perhaps, will squander it at a brandy-shop. Had this Mynit been an idle debauched fellow, I would not be thus solicitous about him; but I can assure my readers, that he always was a sober regular man, and that it is owing to unavoidable misfortunes that he is obliged to have recourse to an advertisement in the Mercury for charity.

P. S. By the last advices received from the infernal regions, we are informed, that Gripe the attorney has set all the ghosts by the ears, and is attempting the same sort of tricks in the infernal courts, which he practised here. We are told, a writ, similar to our Habeus Corpus, is likely to be issued out against him, to remove him into Tartarus\*, where my lord chief baron Radamanthus will probably trounce him. J

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From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

**T**O evince our candour, and that we do not mean in any remarks that may appear in this paper on the following desperate Bravado, to make false quotations from it, distort the expression, or take advantage of its not being *publicly* seen; we shall insert it verbatim, as it stands in the Freeman's Journal of last Saturday. In this fair, ingenuous manner, we treated a former attempt at an attack on the Mercury; for the most infallible way of exposing dulness, is to make it public.

VOL. I.

M

T.

\* Tartarus is somewhat like our Newgate.

‘ To the COMMITTEE (1) for the conducting the  
FREE-PRESS.

‘ GENTLEMEN,

‘ **W**HO could imagine, that the respectable whole-  
‘ sale merchant should condescend to be the re-  
‘ tailer of old libel lumber, the refuse of other men’s shops?  
‘ Or that the once patriotic writer, and assertor of liber-  
‘ ty, should now denounce the most unalterable friend  
‘ to liberty, an incendiary? (2) The stolen invective again  
‘ the son of freedom, was heard with rapture in an as-  
‘ sembly, where a professor of virtue was considered as  
‘ a natural enemy; and where a convert from it, could  
‘ not give more certain signs of his sincerity, than by  
‘ traducing the principles which he had before, with  
‘ the most remarkable zeal and abilities, supported. For  
‘ them, this was a triumph indeed. But with the disin-  
‘ terested, virtuous citizens, that false and impudent  
‘ slander found a very different reception; and at this  
‘ day, to give it to them stewed and hashed up again, is  
‘ intolerable to the last degree. It is for this reason,  
‘ doubtless, that this gentleman has *taken* for his saint,  
‘ *Mercury*, (3) who was the saint of thieves as well as of  
‘ merchants; *under his sign he points out the place of his*  
‘ *abode*; (4) and, in order to terrify, I suppose, he has  
‘ given his shopkeeper the tremendous name of Wag-  
‘ staffe. But it is very well known who this wag is,  
‘ this reverend club-footed spirit, that the merchant has  
‘ raised to help him in his spelling. But let me tell both  
‘ the

(1) For Committee, read, Goody Bates: the Committee be-  
ing defunct.

(2) Do you feel it, Dr. Phlogos?

(3) It would have been well for your Eye-Sight that you had  
never TAKEN any MERCURY.

(4) We with the writer would get some one to explain what  
he means by saying——“Under his sign he points out the place  
of his abode.”——We have consulted Hoey’s sign of MER-  
CURY, and all the information we can make out from the words  
under it, is, that James Hoey, is a Bookseller, and printer of the  
DUBLIN MERCURY.

‘ the merchant, and his ally the gowmsman, that it is very dangerous to throw the first stone. What parts or property have either the one or the other of these gentlemen? And who will take either of their words for the parts or properties of others? As I am a *North country* man, if I see the public papers again stained with the slime of these devouring animals, I shall trouble you with a short history of their birth and adventures, (5) that the town may see what they have to trust to, when they depend upon the credit of such *mercenaries*. ‘ T. B.’ (6)



No. 60. *Saturday, February 28.*

————— *At ingenium ingens*  
*Inculco latet hoc sub corpore.* ————— HOR.

And underneath this rough, uncouth disguise,  
 A genius of extensive knowledge lies.

**I** Made a visit the other day to an old friend and acquaintance of mine, the Widow CAPER. She is the relict of poor WILL CAPER, whom I knew intimately. He was one of those harmless beings who never gave offence, and in the common acceptation of the word, passed on that account for a polite, well bred gentleman. Nature, though she denied him sense, yet she gave him a talent for dancing. He was reckoned the best dancer, and the genteelest man in his person, of any in the kingdom. The ladies all adored him for

M 2

this

(5) Indeed you cannot; for you have now proved yourself a very Blind Archer, by your random shots at a knowledge of our authors. Neither——“ Reverend Club footed Spirit——Gowmsman———or, North Country Man”———carry the least mark whereby any one of them is pointed out:———by Mercury, we swear, you are TOTALLY blind in this matter.

(6) T. B. we suppose, signifies THOMAS BLUNDERBUSH.

this captivating accomplishment, and he had nothing to do but pick and choose her he liked best.

WILL had but a small fortune, but at length Miss JENNY SPRIGHTLY, who had a good estate in her own power, and had refused several men of good sense and fortune, fell a victim to his heels, and married him. When I entered the parlour, I saw her seated in an arm chair, in the utmost agony of distress. I was about to retire, and told her I was sorry I had come at so unseasonable a time, but that I would take another opportunity of waiting on her. "Not at all, Mr. Wagstaffe," says she, "pray sit down, I am very glad to see you, particularly at this time, to ask your advice in an affair of the utmost importance, and which is the cause of this trouble you see me in."

I saw her so much moved, that she affected me exceedingly; for a handsome woman in distress is the most moving object in the world: and I told her, 'Madam, there is nothing in which my sword, my fortune or advice, can be of any service to you, that is not entirely at your command.' She thanked me, and said, "I am afraid it will not be in your power to serve me, for oh! Mr. Wagstaffe, my son Jack; oh my Jack, my only child."—Here a flood of tears stopt her. 'What, madam, I hope he is not dead,' cried I hastily; 'if that be the case, madam, we must all resign.' "Not at all, sir," says she, interrupting me, "he is well enough in health, but he is turned out the arrantest blockhead upon earth." 'How, madam,' exclaiming in some surprise, 'how is that possible? I examined him not a month ago in Horace, and thought him one of the brightest geniuses I ever knew of his age; and his master gives me the same character of him.' "You quite mistake the point, Mr. Wagstaffe," cried she, warmly, "I did not care if he did not know a word of your nasty Horace, or of Latin or Greek, for they will never make a gentleman; but my whole cause of grief is this; Monsieur RIGADOON, his dancing master, told me no later than this morning, that he was the greatest dunce he ever met with in  
" all

“ all his life, and advised me to take him not only  
“ from under his care, but of that of every master  
“ whatever. Ever since you first commended him as  
“ a scholar, I never could get any good of him, but  
“ his whole time and thought is taken up about those  
“ odious filthy books; so that he has quite forgot his  
“ minuet step. Is it not shocking, Mr. Wagstaffe,  
“ that the son of my dear WILL. CAPER will be fit  
“ for nothing else but a lawyer or a parson? That  
“ when I thought to have bred him up for the army,  
“ and made him a pretty gentleman, and that he might  
“ in time, as his father often did, offer his hand to a  
“ D——s, and be master of the—” Here her spirits  
funk under her, and she fainted away. I called her servants to recover her, (which I suppose they did by the means of smelling bottles) and I came away.

As I walked home, I ruminated on the absurd folly of the widow CAPER; I considered that her case is not singular; that the greater part of the fair sex are not only more careful in improving their persons than their understandings, but that they also make a judgment of our sex at the wrong end. FRANK TATTLE, who never could get through his grammar at school, nor ever read a page of any author in his life, and cannot put three words of common sense together, is a prodigious favourite among the ladies, because he plays at cards with the old ones, and dances with the young ones; *the dear creature* has an easy slide into a room, and approaches a lady in a minuet step. I have seen this meer outside of a man tittering with three or four silly girls in the corner of a room, at the ungraceful bow of a man of sense, and a scholar, whose whole life had been taken up in rendering the most noble part of him graceful and beautiful, his mind.

The person supposed to be hinted at by Horace, in the passage of which my motto is a part, is no less a man than the great Virgil. He is here described as an awkward sloven, and though he could neither dance, speak French, nor hum an air of an Italian Opera, yet was he received as a favourite into one of the most polite courts that ever was upon earth, that of Augustus.

As I love my own species, and particularly the fair part of it, I could heartily wish they would lay aside their false taste, and that a man who is well acquainted with the works of him, and other great geniuses of Greece and Rome, should be better received into their company, than any dancing, skipping fop, or pert, ignorant, illiterate coxcomb whatsoever.

P. S. I have Mr. T. B's. alias Mr. Thomas Blunderbus's letter in the Freeman's Journal of Tuesday last, now before me, and shall give the public my sentiments thereon next Tuesday. J

From the MERCURY in Parliament street.

On the death of *Messrs. DRAB and LANK.*

**P** OOR DRAB and LANK for judgment ripe,  
 Last Monday se'nnight follow'd GRIPE,  
 And both together took their journies  
 Down to the region of attornies.  
 But how their friends receiv'd them there,  
 What fate they met, and how they fare ;  
 Whether by MINOS doom'd at last  
 For all their sins and errors past ;  
 For all the ills they wrought in life,  
 Fraud, faction, treason, malice, strife ;  
 Must still be wrapt in gloom profound,  
 Like all transactions under ground,  
 Till CANT returns, to let us know  
 The secrets of the scenes below

X



No. 61.

Tuesday, March 3.

————— *Uno avulso*

*Non deficit alter* ————— , VIRG.

One being pluckt, another still succeeds.

**I** Imagined that when those worthy members of the late Committee, Messieurs Drab, Lank, Cant and Gripe were laid in the Cabbage Garden, that scandal, nonsense and calumny *were interred with their bones*; but alas! I find those hideous monsters *live after them*. Some fresh blockheads have taken their place, so that it is an Herculean labour to attempt to cut off this Hydra of Committees, or to cleanse that Augeas's stable at St. Audeon's-Arch. Those of the former committee were scarce rotten, when a new race of vermin crawls forth from their bowels, by a kind of equivocal generation, like maggots from the carcase of a dead dog.

It is observed by naturalists, that if you cut a polypus into ever so many pieces, each piece will form an entire polypus: in like manner, it is possible, that any vagabond wretch belonging to that tremendous printing press, might become an entire committee, and be as much so as all the pristine members were, when united. Now, for instance, why might not Goody Bates form an entire polypus of a committee? Phlogos, no doubt, will feed her up with declamatory nonsense, as this press is the only chymical apparatus he has now left him for transmuting his liberty, freedom and independency, into gold. He also has the presumption to imagine, that by clapping those paper wings of Journals to the shoulders of his *green* Icarus, he shall be able to fly over the heads of his superiors. I can assure this old Dædalus, that all he will get for his pains,

M 4

is

is to lament bitterly the loss of his boy, and that he will not have even a stipend to comfort him.

As this new committee pretends to deal with the devil for intelligence, why may it not be possible that the deceased members may still continue to lend their assistance, by sending stuff from the infernal regions. Virgil tells us that the same desires which we have on earth, pursue us after death—*Eadem sequitur tellure repostos*. So that it is natural enough that they should continue to assist the cause, by emitting their spite and venom from the nether abodes, and that their troubled spirits should still haunt the purlieus of St. Audeon's Arch.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion, by a letter signed T. B. which lately appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*. This, I am certain, must have been of their inditing, as no man or men alive could write such nonsense. It smells most strongly of the *winding-sheet*, and is entirely void of any thing like *life*; besides, what mortal living would dare to affront, in such a manner, so respectable a body of men as the merchants of the city of Dublin, by ranking them with thieves? for this he does plainly, by saying that *Mercury is the Saint of thieves as well as of merchants*. Now it is well known, that every corporation in the city is under the tutelage of some particular saint; but this infernal legion of hobgoblins, in their letter, would fain unite the guild of merchants and the thieves of Newgate into one corporation, and place them under one tutelary saint; and all this abuse, forsooth, is thrown out against them for no other reason, but because the principal merchants of the city of Dublin will not be led by the nose, to aggrandize Phlogos and his faction.

In the next sentence are these words; "*Under his sign he points out the place of his abode.*" This, in my opinion, is downright nonsense; it may be good infernal language, but to me it is unintelligible. I suppose, if they have any meaning at all, it is this,—that Mercury, from his sign *above*, shews that he lives *below*. This I look upon as a compliment to me, tho' not

not intended, for he was the god of genius as well as of thieves.

Next he says, "in order to terrify, he has given his "shop-keeper the tremendous name of Wagstaffe." By this shop-keeper, no doubt, he means Hoey, who keeps that shop where Mercury points out the place of his abode; and yet, in the very next breath he calls Wagstaffe a reverend club-footed spirit; so that Hoey is Wagstaffe and a clergyman. Was there ever such stuff before seen any where, except in the Freeman, where things of this sort are common? After this there is a threat pronounced against the "*merchant and his ally the gownsmen,*" (by whom he means Hoey,) that it is dangerous to throw the first stone. Here these hellish spirits grow angry, and menace to pelt their adversaries with stones, perhaps *brimstone*.—*Furor arma ministrat.* They are thus courageous, as they know they are bodiless phantoms, and that it would be only beating the air to attack them. Æneas, indeed, very stoutly draws his sword upon a parcel of ghosts, *irruit & frustra ferro dixerberat auras.*

Next these spirits say, *as I am a North country man,* that they will publish the birth and adventures of these devouring animals, if they see the public papers stained with their slime. I should be glad to know what has a North country man to do with the slime of the merchant or Hoey, more than a man of this province. I never before heard that slime belonged to devouring animals, but rather to harmless ones, such as snails; but this blunder is like the rest. I shall conclude, with wishing these blockheads would learn to spell, before they presume to write, as this is rather more inexcusable than making fritters of English, and for this let them look at the last word of their nonsensical epistle, — *Mercinaries.*



No. 62.      Saturday, March 7.

————— *Gentisque canam primordia?*      STATIUS.

————— And shall I trace  
From their first origin the race.

**T**HE Freeman has threatened to give the public a full account of my *Birth and Adventures*: but lest people should be imposed upon by the lying insinuations of those my *ghostly* enemies, I shall trouble my readers with a true, genuine history of my family for some generations; and shall also gratify their curiosity, by relating to them as much of my life and conversation, as is material for them to know.

My great grandfather, Moses Wagstaffe, was a London merchant, in the reign of Charles the first: he was born of Protestant parents, and bred up strictly in the true church of England principles, and consequently in loyalty to his prince; but having married the daughter of Praise-God Barebones, he was led astray by his father-in-law and his wife, and entered into the party of Cromwell. He, like many others, turned preacher, and used to whine and cant for hours together (like the swadling mountebanks now-a-days) on the favourite text of those times, *of binding their kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron*: in short, to such a pitch of enthusiasm did this old man work himself up, that he quitted his business, and joined the army, headed by the usurper. At the battle of Naseby, he signalized himself against his lawful sovereign, and obtained a company of foot in the rebel army. He afterwards attended Cromwell into Ireland, where he obtained a grant of those lands which I now enjoy. Our captain then returned to England, and continued in the army till the death of Cromwell.

On

On the restoration of Charles the second, captain Wagstaffe, like others of the independant faction, was received into the king's favour, and was more countenanced by him than many of those were who had lost their whole fortunes in his cause; for it is very well known, that it was the wicked maxim of that monarch, to care for his foes, and neglect his friends, as being sure of them. So great was the king's regard for him, that he not only got Cromwell's grant confirmed, but also had my grandfather Jeoffry, then a boy, appointed one of the pages at court.

My grandfather, as he was bred in that dissolute court, adopted the principles of the fine gentlemen of those days; for as the king pretended to be a deist, in order to disguise his real religion, which was Popery, so Jeoffry affected to imitate the fashion of the court, by having no religion. He was, notwithstanding, said to be a very handsome man, and a fine dancer. He held several honourable employments during Charles's reign; and on the death of that monarch, retired to a small estate left him by a relation in Leicestershire. There he married a lady of good family, and there my father, Ambrose Wagstaffe was born.

My father, who was the eldest son, was a lad of genius, was bred at Eaton, and from thence sent to Oxford, where he made a very shining figure; but could never be prevailed upon to enter into any profession. His younger brother, Humphry, went into orders, and obtained good church preferments. My grandfather dying, his Irish estate descended to my father, and he left his small one in England to my uncle Humphry. My father came to Ireland to take possession of his lands, and married a lady in this kingdom. He soon grew tired of this country, and carried over my mother (then with child of me) to England. He took a seat near London, where he resided till his death. At the age of ten years he sent me to Eaton, and from thence to Oxford; and as he had no children but my sister Letitia and me, and as his estate was become considerable, I had no occasion to enter into any of the learned professions: however, to please my father

father I entered my name in the Temple books, where I staid a year, but disliking the law, I quitted it, and went to travel.

I first went to France, where I remained for two years ; from thence to Holland, Flanders, Germany, Italy, and, in short, through every part of Europe worth seeing. From Leghorn I embarked for Egypt, visited the Pyramids and Cataracts, went to mount Sinai, travelled over Syria, and a great part of Asia Minor, and from thence came to Constantinople, where I saw some mosques and the Grand Signior, and returned to England. In short, it would make as large a work as Grandison to relate all my life and adventures, and would be to the full as entertaining, if I were inclined to be long-winded. Let it suffice, that I came to this country some years ago, and have lived in such obscurity that I am very little known. I live mostly in the country on my estate, and my books are my chief companions. I find more real pleasure in conversing with those dead sensible authors, than with living blockheads. Thus, whilst I am in the country, I am, I may say, *oblitus meorum, obliviscendus & illis*.

Sometimes I vary the scene, and go to the Metropolis, where I have a few select friends, and not many acquaintance. This, no doubt, is the reason, that the blundering Freeman mistook me for a gownsmen, but why a club-footed one, I cannot imagine. I suppose they meant to say cloven-footed, as they look upon all the clergy of the church of England to be so. As they are in the dark, with regard to my place of abode, e'en let them be so still. I will not find spectacles for that purblind committee. After flinging all the dirt they could rake up from the bottom of the River Dulness, they menace to publish my life and adventures : they are very welcome to do so, and I defy them to find out more of me than what I have published in this speculation. It is sufficient, that I am Jeoffry Wagstaffe, Esq; and a man of more property than Phlogos, and their whole beggarly committee put together.

No. 63. *Tuesday, March 10.**Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor biatu?* HOR.

“ I will do deeds both wonderful and great ! ” —  
 How will the boaster hold this vaunting rate ?

‘ To GEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, Esq; at the MERCURY,  
 ‘ *Parliament-street.*

‘ S I R,

‘ **T**HERE is nothing more common than to see  
 ‘ mankind imposed upon by meer words ; nay,  
 ‘ you’ll see men gulled by the use of those very cant  
 ‘ turns, which impostors have used over and over to  
 ‘ cheat withal. Let but a mountebank get a parcel  
 ‘ of hard words by heart, and he shall pick people’s  
 ‘ pockets by his brick-duft, or rotten stick. If a cob-  
 ‘ ler can roar out the words grace, peace, and faith,  
 ‘ or hell and brimstone, he shall be a heart-breaking  
 ‘ preacher amongst the Swadlers, or Methodists, as  
 ‘ they call themselves ; and shall prevail on the sister-  
 ‘ hood to rob their husbands for money, which he  
 ‘ bestows on his trulls in another part of the town.

‘ Thus it is also with candidates of all sorts, whe-  
 ‘ ther for honours or offices. How will you hear  
 ‘ these fellows when they want votes, cry out, “ Li-  
 ‘ berty and property, freedom and independency ; my  
 ‘ dear fellow-citizens,” —and so forth. All their talk  
 ‘ is of Habeas Corpus acts, of a national militia, a  
 ‘ bankruptcy bill, and the limitation of parliaments :  
 ‘ in short there is no one thing which the meanest vot-  
 ‘ er will propose to have done, which these promisers  
 ‘ will not engage to perform. How they have already  
 ‘ fulfilled them, or been able so to do, I leave the  
 ‘ world to judge. If a man sets up for a borough,  
 ‘ which

‘ which does not consist of perhaps a dozen houses,  
 ‘ and the electors are a parcel of beggars, you see a  
 ‘ flaming advertisement, that, “ gentlemen, I will sup-  
 ‘ port the freedom of your corporation, and your in-  
 ‘ structions shall be the invariable rule of my con-  
 ‘ duct ;” though, probably, he does not think of them  
 ‘ till the next vacancy : and yet, both in town and  
 ‘ country, we find the same delusions go on, and ever  
 ‘ will to the end of time.

‘ I remember once, (to compare small things to  
 ‘ great) there was a vacancy for the place of beadle  
 ‘ to the corporation of Taylors in London : as it is a  
 ‘ place of some profit, there were many candidates,  
 ‘ and, amongst the rest, one Timothy Thimble, who  
 ‘ had been a taylor formerly in some repute, but by  
 ‘ becoming a violent party man, and a free-citizen, was  
 ‘ reduced to poverty. Thimble accordingly stood  
 ‘ candidate, and by means of the following advertise-  
 ‘ ment, carried the place from all his competitors.

‘ *To the free and independent electors of the corporation  
 ‘ of taylor’s.\**

‘ My worthy fellow-citizens,

‘ **A**FTER the indulgent reception given to the  
 ‘ late humble offers of my service to be beadle  
 ‘ of your corporation ; I should be wanting in my du-  
 ‘ ty,

‘ **TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF  
 DUBLIN.**

**MY WORTHY FELLOW-CITIZENS,**

**A**FTER the indulgent Reception given to the late humble Of-  
 fers of my Service to represent you in Parliament ; I should  
 be wanting in duty ; did I any longer decline to declare myself a  
 Candidate for the present vacant Seat.

I therefore think it incumbent upon me thus to declare, my In-  
 tentions to stand the Poll at the next ensuing Election.

I shall only add to my former Professions, that, as I have used  
 every Endeavour, in the different Stations in which I have served  
 in this City, to support the Honour of Magistracy, to preserve the  
 dignity

ty, did I any longer decline to declare myself a candidate for the present vacant beadle'ship. I shall only add to my former professions, that as I have used every endeavour always to behave as an honest taylor, and to preserve the dignity of my trade, by never working under price, or by taking a smaller pattern of cloth from my customers than others of my trade; so shall I, if I be found worthy of your choice, exert my utmost means to discharge the duties of the high trust reposed in me, and steadily and faithfully adhere to those principles which have directed my conduct as a tradesman. I shall, in particular, think it incumbent upon me to use every means, such as duly summoning the members, by driving dogs from the hall gate, and preventing boys from playing marbles or p——g on the steps thereof. I shall also, as a member of the corporation, always give my vote as the master and wardens shall direct; and above all, I shall procure a beesom for sweeping the hall clean every *seven* days. In these, and all other respects, it is my fixed purpose to make  
the

dignity and authority of the Civil Power inviolate; and to promote a Law for limiting the duration of Parliaments, on which the strengthening and securing the national Constitution apparently depends; so shall I, if I have the Honour of being found worthy of your Choice, exert my utmost Means to discharge the duties of the high Trust reposed in me, and steadily and faithfully adhere to those Principles which, have directed my Conduct in a less distinguished Sphere. I shall in particular think it incumbent upon me, to use every Means of obtaining Laws for PRESERVING THE LIBERTY of the Subject, by enforcing the due Execution of the Writ of HABEAS CORPUS; for establishing a NATIONAL MILITIA; for putting Trade upon a more respectable Footing, by a BANKRUPTCY Bill; and above all for procuring a Law for LIMITING THE DURATION OF PARLIAMENTS.

In these and all other Respects it is my fixed Purpose to make the INSTRUCTIONS OF MY CONSTITUENTS the invariable Rule of my political Conduct.

I am, Gentlemen,

with the greatest Deference and Respect,  
your most obliged and devoted  
humble Servant,

T—— G——.

‘ the INSTRUCTIONS of my MASTERS, the invariable  
 ‘ rule of my conduct as a beadle. I am, gentlemen,  
 ‘ with the greatest deference and respect,

‘ Your most obliged and devoted humble servant,  
 ‘ TIMOTHY THIMBLE.

‘ By this pompous, high-flown stuff, Thimble ca-  
 ‘ joled the taylor; but he soon forgot all his fine  
 ‘ professions, and became as careless and good for no-  
 ‘ thing as any beadle in town: infomuch, that they  
 ‘ repented of their choice, and were resolved never to  
 ‘ be caught by words again. I have heard scholars  
 ‘ say, that in Latin, the phrase to *give words*, signifies  
 ‘ the same thing as to cheat or impose: how far such  
 ‘ base coin may pass upon others of my fellow citi-  
 ‘ zens, I know not, but they never shall upon, Sir,

‘ Your most humble servant,  
 W ‘ *A free and Impartial* ELECTOR,’

### POPPY TEA,\*

OF the *best* QUALITY and FLAVOUR, and war-  
 ranted *free* from ADULTERATION, to be had at  
 the Ware-house of J. Cant in STYX-STREET, where a  
 constant supply will be kept. The *Poppy Tea* and  
*Tea Pot* will be sold together, on terms more advan-  
 tageous to the retailer, than any of *equal* quality heret-  
 ofore.

[FOR READY MONEY.]

\* The following Advertisement appears constantly in the  
 Freeman's Journal, of which the above is thought to be a  
 burlesque.

### LONDON PORTER,

OF the best QUALITY and FLAVOUR, and warranted *free*  
 from ADULTERATION, to be had at the Ware-house of  
 Mr. JOHN OF GAUNT in ——— street, where a constant  
 supply will be kept. The *Porter* and *Cask* will be sold together,  
 on Terms more advantageous to the Retailer, than any of *equal*  
 Quality heretofore.

[FOR READY MONEY.]

No. 64.

No. 64. *Saturday, March 14.*

—————*Vis tu*  
*Curtis Judæis oppedere ?*—————

HOR.

I'm now resolv'd t' expose the leathern-  
 Curtail'd Jews—In knavery, brethren.

**A**S the two circumcised jugglers have been for some time past the general topic of conversation, \* so I have received many letters from my correspondents on that subject. I have selected one out of the number, which I shall make no apology for presenting to my readers, as it is full of good sense, and as I think it sets that flight-of-hand madness, in a very proper light. I shall be much obliged to the ingenious writer of this letter, for a continuance of his correspondence.

\* *To* JEOFFRY WAGSTAFFE, *Esq;* *at the Mercury in*  
*' Parliament street.*

*' SIR,*

*'* **T**O a person professed of common understanding, it must prove a mortifying circumstance, *'*  
*'* (that in a nation which has ever been characterised *'*  
*'* for good sense, compassion and humanity) to find *'*  
*'* that the whole attention of the town, should have *'*  
*'* been so long taken up by two such insignificant be- *'*  
*'* ings, as the *Israelites* who have imposed their leger- *'*  
*'* demain tricks upon the publick ; and to raise contri- *'*  
*'* butions,

\* **BRESLAU** and **PRUSSIA**, two jugglers, or flight-of-hand men, both Jews, who harrassed the public with their advertisements of defiance to each other, to exhibit the most capital tricks in the art of legerdemain.

‘ butions, which might be employed to so much better purposes; in the relief of indigent merit; in the encouragement of some useful art or manufacture; or in aid of the funds of some hospital. With great deference to those fine ladies and fine gentlemen, who are their chief encouragers, is not this throwing the children’s meat to dogs, and those of the worst kind too, circumcised curs, who would gladly bite off the hands that feeds them?’

‘ From the extravagant countenance shewn, from time to time, to these pick pocket jugglers, it is very possible that the money thus wantonly thrown away upon them, may have amounted to a sum sufficient to have established for ever one bed, if not a whole ward, in each of the hospitals, founded in this city, for alleviating the misfortunes, and healing the infirmities of our wretched fellow-creatures. Boundless as our charities are, yet numberless are the objects who stand in need of them, and therefore many must perish for want of our assistance, whilst we misapply those means of relief to such shameful purposes.

‘ It may, perhaps, be objected by those who make the whole business of their lives diversion, that the same objection lies against every other amusement, which the affluence of individuals can procure them, as well as against this fashionable one of JUGGLING: but will any creature, who pretends to rationality, put these childish tricks on a footing with theatrical entertainments? What idea can the dexterity of a Breslau or a Prussia excite in a judicious mind, but that of a sudden wonder and surprize, which, on a little reflection, is succeeded by contempt? the mind receives no useful instruction from it; whereas, theatrical entertainments, when judiciously selected, and properly conducted, at once unbend the mind and improve the heart; they impart to the susceptible breast, those fine feelings which harmonize the soul, and make it thereby capable of receiving the noblest impressions. In them, we behold virtue reflected to us from a true mirror, in all its native  
‘ lustre;

‘ lustre ; and vice in all the horror of its natural deformity. What a noble idea do we conceive of the scholar, the soldier, and the gentleman, from *SHERIDAN* in *Hamlet* ? Does he not better our understandings, and mend our hearts ? Who does not doubly abhor filial impiety, who sees *BARRY* in the well wrought distresses of *Lear* ? Must not the person who has been guilty of the like ingratitude with *Goneril* or *Regan*, feel the bitterest remorse from seeing the distress of the good old king so exquisitely represented ? What a delightful image of a noble disinterested patriot does *Mossor* present to us in *Zanti*, and excites in us that exalted virtue of loving our country, which should be the first, the ruling principle in all honest minds ?

‘ Will any body, therefore, pretend to compare Mr. Bresslau’s puppet-show tricks with the theatres ? No ; — comparisons are odious. Children, indeed, whose ideas are contracted within a narrow circle, may take delight in Bresslau’s theatre, (if I may use the expression) as they do at *Stretch’s* ; but that the children of a larger growth, I mean the adult, nay, the aged ; of both sexes, and almost of all orders, should throng to such scenes of puerile folly, is abundantly more astonishing, than the tricks there exhibited, dextrous as they seem. What their inducement can be to go a second time to see the same tricks played over again, is to me amazing, unless it be in order to improve themselves in the refined arts of knavery, villainy, and deception, on which the whole art of these fellows is evidently and confessedly founded.

‘ Perhaps, it will be said these amusements are harmless, and in this class let them stand, whilst circumscribed within the limits of a room in a private house ; nor do I grudge to a few persons in high life, the exquisite pleasure of imposing upon one another, by playing off these *Rabbinical* instruments of deception, the one against the other ; provided they had not played them upon the public also. But when I reflect, that we have children amongst us of fifty, as well as of ten years old, my wonder at the  
‘ number

‘ number of Breslau’s followers ceases. It is a pity,  
 ‘ however, that the well meaning part of the public  
 ‘ should be any longer duped of their money (under  
 ‘ the mask of charity) by the private machinations of  
 ‘ those impostors, who abet their knavery in print ;  
 ‘ and that the national character should be thus ex-  
 ‘ posed to the contempt and ridicule of foreigners. I  
 ‘ hope, therefore, Mr. Wagstaffe, you will use your  
 ‘ utmost endeavours in assisting me to banish such ac-  
 ‘ tors of imposition as I have mentioned, out of the  
 ‘ kingdom, by remonstrating against the vitiated pre-  
 ‘ vailing taste for the silliest diversions that ever found  
 ‘ entrance into, or were countenanced in, any coun-  
 ‘ try where the inhabitants pretended to be civiliz-  
 ‘ ed.

‘ From your past endeavours in the cause of virtue  
 ‘ and good sense, I promise myself your aid on this oc-  
 ‘ casion, since, in my opinion, it would be criminal in  
 ‘ a writer who aims at the instruction, as well as the  
 ‘ entertainment of the public, to look on with a cold  
 ‘ indifference at the further progress of this very egre-  
 ‘ gious folly. Let me assure you, in the mean time,  
 ‘ that I am your constant reader and admirer ; and that  
 ‘ I am, with particular attachment, &c.

‘ PHILANTHROPOS.’

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From the MERCURY in Parliament-street.

EPICRAM ON GOODY BATES [the old woman who  
 published the Freeman’s Journal] surviving the rest  
 of the Committee.

**H**OW comes it, says one, that our old GOODY BATES  
 Went not to the d—l, as well as her mates ?—  
 From his clutches she ’scap’d, by some magic art :—  
 “ I leave her,” says Satan, “ to grace the black cart.”



No. 65. Tuesday, March 17.

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*Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice veris & Favoni. HOR.*

Now winter melts in vernal gales.

THE Spring season is universally allowed to be the pleasanter in the whole year : why it is so, every reader is just as good a judge as I am. A man must be very insensible who is not delighted with the beauties of this delicious season. The returning warmth of the sun, the earth and trees resuming their youthful enlivening colours, the musick of birds, and the blowing of flowers, are objects which must unavoidably excite the most pleasing ideas in the mind. It is like viewing a lively Italian landscape after a dull Dutch frost piece.

If I had a mind to discant on this subject, I might, in imitation of other writers, make a collection from the poets, magazines, and news-papers, and present my readers with a nosegay of pretty flowers, gathered from those extensive gardens of poetical romance. I could rob Virgil, Horace, Milton, Pope and Thompson, and many other poets of millions of posies, to form a garland for the Spring ; but this I shall leave to the poetical rhymers, who will pester the town at this season. There is nothing I dread so much as these vernal haberdashers, who will just stiffen up their old flimsy conceits, and put them off for new. There is not a street in Dublin that will not be strow'd over with tulips, pinks, daffodils and cowslips, by these rhiming florists: Nigh ingales will be hawking at twelve a penny, and there is not a lark, a linnet, or a thrush, that will not be brought to town by these poetical bird-catchers. They will make them perch on their rugged stanzas in new-papers and ballads,  
and

and sing as sweet in Corn-market, as in their native woods.

Many of these fellows will pester the town with madrigals, odes, songs, sonnets, and pastorals, who have no other ideas of the country, or the beauties of it at this season, than by seeing the vegetable product of it in the Root-market, or by hearing the melodious cries of *charming fine radishes*, or *dainty fine sparagras*; yet will they form in their confined imaginations, a flowery Arcadia from the marshes about Ringsend, and talk of shepherds and shepherdesses, as familiarly as if they were porters or cinder-wenches. If any, therefore, of our city bards, who have spent their lives in the garrets of this smoky city, find in themselves an irresistible itch for this subject, I would advise them to rusticate themselves for a while, to pick up matter for it.

Notwithstanding the many and various pleasures which this charming season affords, yet I tremble to relate the ill consequences of it to many. It will affect the crazed constitutions of the old and sickly, and will make the blood circulate a little too fast in the veins of many of the young females. Horace, in his Ode from whence my motto is taken, says, that

*Jam Cytherea chorus ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ.*

Now joyous thro' the verdant meads,  
Beneath the rising Moon, fair Venus leads  
Her various dance—————

So that this is really a dangerous time of the year. As a further proof of this, I can assure my readers, I did not receive one letter on the subject of love from any of my correspondents during the hard frosts, or great snow of the cold winter; now the Zephirs blow them in faster on me than I can insert them. I shall, therefore, produce one as an instance, from a young lady who seems to labour greatly under the reigning distemper of this love-sick season.

‘ Mr.

‘ Mr. BATCHELOR,

‘ I’LL tell you what it is; I have two young col-  
‘ legians in love with me, Mr. Myrtle and Mr.  
‘ Logic. Mr. Myrtle has fine black eyes, he dances  
‘ delightfully, and sings and plays the fiddle like an  
‘ angel. Indeed, indeed, he sings *Water parted from*  
‘ *the Sea* as well as Tenducci. He has bad teeth, but  
‘ what signifies that; you know Cassidy can mend  
‘ that. Mr. Logic has better, and dances too, but  
‘ not well, nor does he make a bow like Mr. Myrtle;  
‘ but they say he is a great scholar: my papa says he  
‘ is a very pretty, modest, sensible young man; and  
‘ that poor Mr. Myrtle is a conceited coxcomb; but  
‘ I don’t think so, nor my mamma neither. Now  
‘ the thing is this; I long to be married, as I dread  
‘ being an old maid; and as you are a man of sense,  
‘ should be obliged to you for your advice which of  
‘ them I should have. My papa too will mind what  
‘ you say, for he likes your Batchelors vastly. I wish  
‘ you were to hear Mr. Myrtle sing; Mr. Logic can’t  
‘ sing at all. I wish you were to see how sweetly Mr.  
‘ Myrtle dresses his hair: and am, Sir,

‘ Your humble servant,

‘ KITTY CATGUT.’

‘ P. S. I forgot to tell you, Mr. Myrtle acts Romeo,  
‘ that you would swear it was Barry, and calls me his  
‘ Juliet.’

No.



No. 66. Saturday, March 21, 1767.

*Qui sibi promittit cives, urbem, sibi curæ  
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra Deorum,  
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,  
Omnes mortales curare et quærere cogit.* HOR.

Thus when on thrusts himself upon the state,  
And cries, "Come, I'll sustain the nation's weight,  
"The empire and religion be my care,  
"I'll manage all:"—This makes the people stare,  
This makes them ask, what is he, whence came he?  
What was his mother, what his family?  
Or is he base, his fire of mean degree.

' To the BATCHELOR.

' Mr. WAGSTAFFE,

' ON a premature report of the death of  
' Dr. PHLOGOS, I endeavoured to draw a  
' fair outline of his character, by way of Epitaph,  
' intending to offer it as his monumental inscription;  
' but finding myself very much disappointed by the  
' unexpected resuscitation of that extraordinary cha-  
' racter, I had resolved to suppress it, at least for  
' some time; till it was suggested to me by a friend,  
' that, if he was not *naturally*, he must be consider-  
' ed as *politically* dead, to all intents and purposes,  
' having confessed himself useless in the f—te, *i. e.*  
' dead.—And that by his late practices in the city,  
' an honest inquest would certainly bring him in, *felo*  
' *de se*. This suggestion, I confess, Sir, has encour-  
' aged me to offer it to your consideration and dis-  
' posal.

‘ posal. I have the honour to be, with the greatest  
‘ respect,

‘ Yours, &c.’

HERE LYETH INHUMED

The body of Doctor CORNELIUS PHLOGOS:

Sometime, professor of *political*,  
As well as *medical* Pharmacy.

He was a man  
Of mean parentage,  
Moderate parts,  
And a restless and perturbed spirit.  
He found favour with the ignorant  
By professing every *public*,  
Without possessing one *private*,

V I R T U E.

Defective in the  
Conjugal,  
Paternal,  
and  
Social,  
D U T I E S.

His family and friends had most cause to complain  
of him.

He pretended to reform the language of his country,

Without *grammatical* ;  
Its constitution, without *political* ;  
And

Its practice, without *physical*,

K N O W L E D G E.

As a writer, he was *incorrect* ;  
And as an orator, declamatory :  
He could write two hundred lines

*Stans pede in uno* ;

Yet never composed a sentence  
Worthy of remembrance.

He first in this kingdom

“ Bid Liberty take Government by the nose,”

And raised himself

To unmerited honour

On the ruin of Civil Magistracy.

He was  
 Seditious,  
 Vindictive,  
 And  
 L—b—d—n—s  
 To a degree inconsistent with the character of  
 A good subject,  
 A good christian,  
 Or,  
 A good man.  
 To his friends ungrateful,  
 To his enemies implacable,  
 Yet,  
 Servilely obsequious to both.  
 As a representative of the people,  
 He was  
 A constant opponent to G——t,  
 Not because he thought G——t to be always wrong,  
 But,  
 Because the multitude on whom he depended,  
 Generally thought so.  
 He insulted Kings,  
 Traduced Governors,  
 Abused Magistrates,  
 And cultivated sedulously the favour of the undis-  
 tinguishing vulgar,  
 To the corruption of the *principles*,  
 The dissipation of the *time*,  
 And the ruin of the *fortunes*  
 Of many.  
 He was luxurious without health to enjoy,  
 And  
 Expensive without means to support.  
 He derived no inheritance from his immediate  
 ancestors,  
 except  
 A distempered constitution,  
 And a pragmatistical spirit:  
 The former, proved a curse to himself;  
 The latter, to a whole city.

This

This extraordinary man,  
 After having, for a course of thirty years, pro-  
 moted civil discord and dissention, between

Father and son,  
 Brother and Brother,  
 Neighbour and Neighbour,  
 Citizen and Citizen :

And after having (to the irreparable injury of the  
 good order and police of the city of D——n)  
 Reduced the magistracy almost to a degree of con-  
 tempt, Deserted by his friends,  
 And Despised by all good men,  
 He departed this mortal life, the ninth day of March,  
 1767, in the                      year of his age.

Stay traveller, nor yet depart,  
 Whate'er your tenets be ;  
 Whether an alderman thou art,  
 Or son of Liberty.

Whatever passion led thee here,  
 To laugh, or else to mourn ;  
 Whether thou com'st to drop a tear,  
 Or p—s upon his urn.

Whether of low church or of high,  
 Or neither church thou art ;  
 Whether thou'rt come to to vent a sigh,  
 Or, eke, to vent a f—t.

Learn here how vain all human things,  
 But most the love of fame ;  
 That low ambition is in kings,  
 And PHLOGOS, still the same.

'Tis like a squib—awhile to blaze,  
 And catch the vulgar eye ;  
 To forfeit virtue, sense, and ease ;  
 'To hiss,—bounce—crack, and die.

*The* END of the First VOLUME.

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